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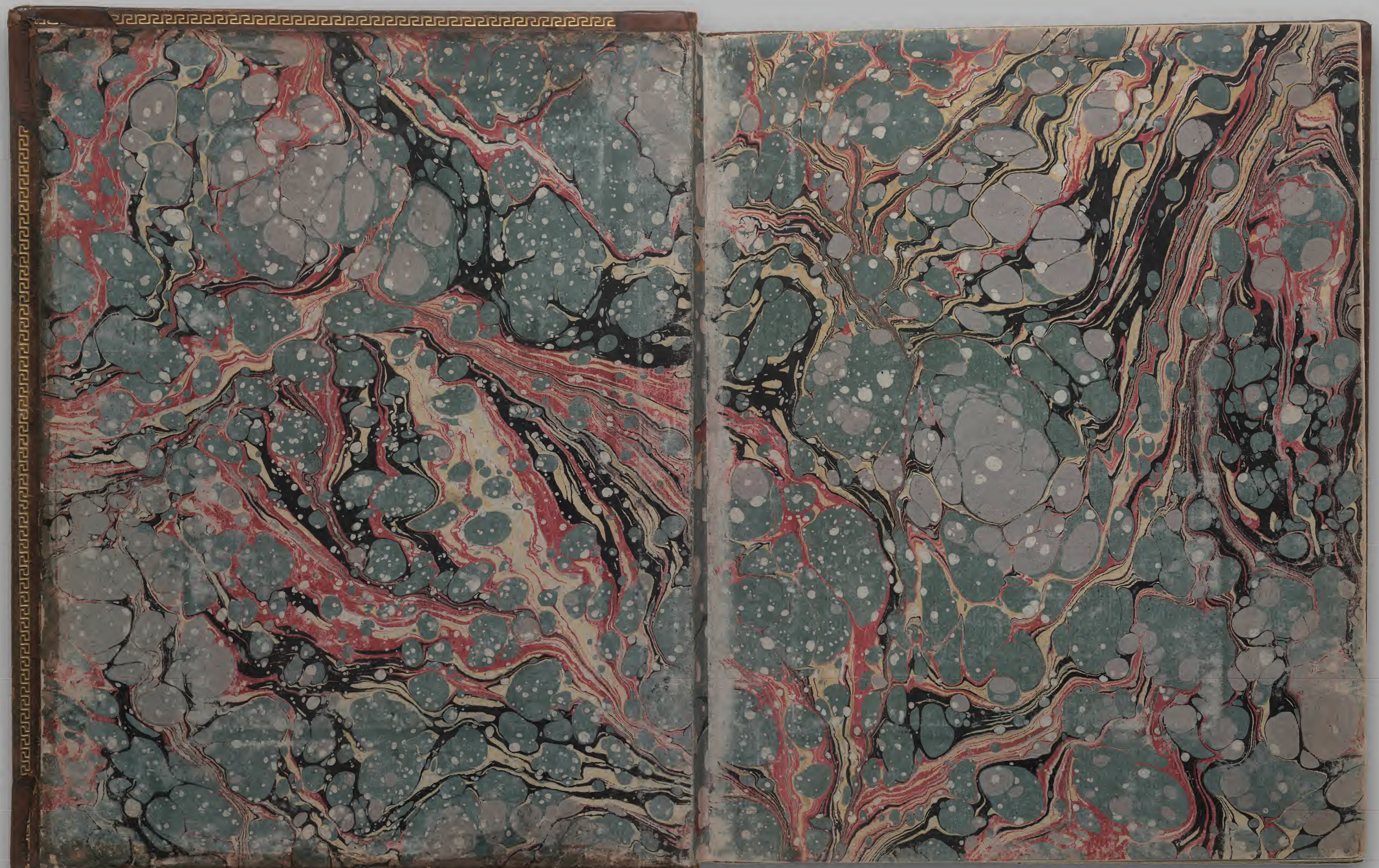

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Malone 32.

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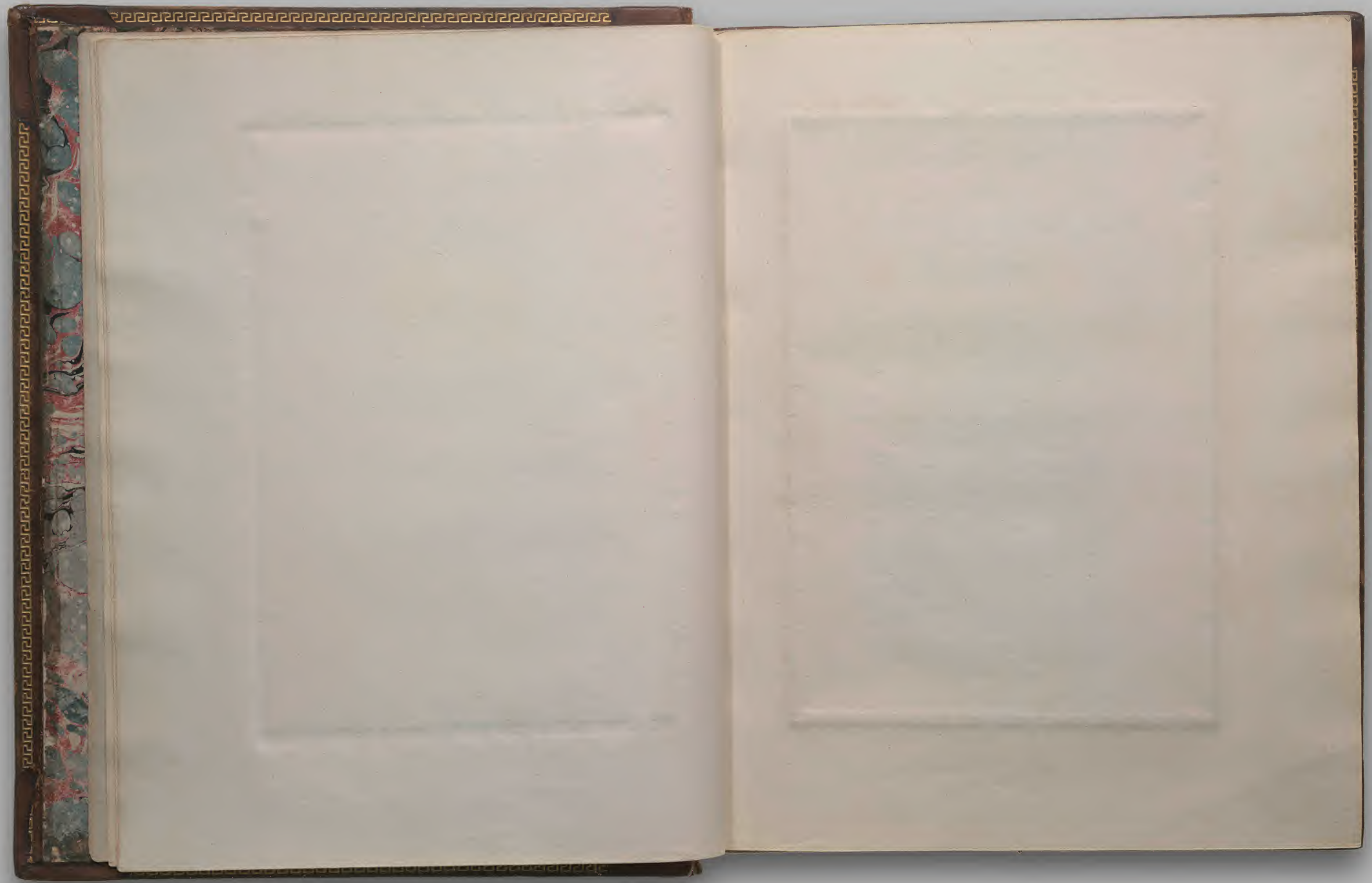

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A Midſommer nights dreame.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

As it hath beene ſundry times publickely acted, *by the Right honourable*, the Lord Chamberlaine his *ſeruants.*

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

George Steevens.

¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fiſher*, and are to be ſoulde at his ſhoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in *Fleeteſtreete*. 1600.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, *with others.*

Theſeus.

NOw faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apaſe: fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how ſlow
This old Moone waues! She lingers my deſires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.
Hip. Fower daies will quickly ſteepe themſelues in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a ſiluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, ſhall beholde the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Goe *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hyppolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.
Enter Egeus *and his daughter* Hermia, *and* Lyſander *and* Helena, *and* Demetrius.
Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned duke.
The. Thankes good *Egeus*. What's the newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint

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Againſt my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth Liſander.
And my gratious Duke,
This man hath bewitcht the boſome of my childe.
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt, by moone-light, at her windowe ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her phantaſie:
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,
Knackes, trifles, noſegaies, ſweete meates (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailement in vnhardened youth)
With cunning haſt thou filcht my daughters heart,
Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And, my gratious Duke,
Be it ſo, ſhe will not here, before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens*:
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be, either to this gentleman,
Or to her death: according to our lawe,
Immediatly prouided, in that caſe.
The. What ſay you, *Hermia*? Be aduiſd, faire maid.
To you, your father ſhould be as a God:
One that compoſd your beauties: yea and one,
To whome you are but as a forme in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is *Liſander*. *The.* In himſelfe he is:
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father lookt but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt, with his iudgement, looke.
Her. I doe intreat your grace, to pardon mee.
I know not by what power, I am made bould;
Nor how it may concerne my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence, here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may knowe
The worſt that may befall mee in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dy the death, or to abiure,
For euer, the ſociety of men.
Therefore, faire *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce)
You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady cloyſter, mew'd
To liue a barraine ſiſter all your life,
Chaunting faint hymnes, to the colde fruitleſſe Moone.
Thriſe bleſſed they, that maſter ſo there bloode,
To vndergoe ſuch maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlyer happy is the roſe diſtild,
Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe.
Her. So will I growe, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent, vp
Vnto his Lordſhippe, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſouerainty.
The. Take time to pawſe, and by the next newe moone,
The ſealing day, betwixt my loue and mee,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhippe,
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would,
Or on *Dianaes* altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſteritie and ſingle life.

Deme. Relent, sweete *Hermia*, and, *Lysander*, yeeld
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermias*: doe you marry him.
Ege. Scornefull *Lysander*, true, he hath my loue:
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,
As well possest: my loue is more than his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all these boastes can be)
I am belou'd of beautious *Hermia*.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his heade,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweete Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much;
And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof:
But, being ouer full of selfe affaires,
My minde did loose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall goe with mee:
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies, to your fathers will;
Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vowe of single life.
Come my *Hyppolita*: what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus*, goe along:
I must employ you in some businesse,
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of

Of some thing, nerely that concernes your selues.
Ege. With duety and desire, we follow you, *Exeunt.*
Lysand. How now my loue? Why is your cheeke so pale?
How chance the roses there doe fade so fast?
Her. Belike, for want of raine: which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of my eyes.
Lis. Eigh me: for aught that I could euer reade,
Could euer here by tale or history,
The course of true loue neuer did runne smoothe:
But either it was different in bloud;
Her. O crosse! too high to be inthrald to loue.
Lis. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares;
Her. O spight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.
Lis. Or else, it stoode vpon the choyce of friends;
Her. O hell, to choose loue by anothers eyes!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choyce,
Warre, death or sickneesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentany, as a sound;
Swift, as a shadowe; short, as any dreame;
Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And, ere a man hath power to say, beholde,
The iawes of darkenesse do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.
Her. If then true louers haue bin euer crost,
It stands as an edict, in destiny:
Then let vs teach our triall patience:
Because it is a customary crosse,
As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes; and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lys. A good perswasion: therefore heare mee, *Hermia*;
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenew, and she hath no childe:
From *Athens* is her house remote, seauen leagues:
And she respectes mee, as her only sonne:

There,

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There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee:
And to that place, the ſharpe *Athenian* law
Can not purſue vs. If thou loueſt mee, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe, to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*
To do obſeruance to a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by *Cupids* ſtrongeſt bowe,
By his beſt arrowe, with the golden heade,
By the ſimplicitie of *Venus* doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loues,
And by that fire, which burnd the *Carthage* queene,
When the falſe *Troian* vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed mee,
To morrow truely will I meete with thee.

Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue: looke, here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*: whither away?

Hel. Call you mee faire? That faire againe vnſay.
Demetrius loues your faire: ô happy faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweete aire
More tunable then larke, to ſheepeheards eare,
When wheat is greene, when hauthorne buddes appeare.
Sickneſſe is catching: O, were fauour ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia*, ere I goe,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweete melody,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O, teach mee how you looke, and with what Art,
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.

Her. I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee ſtill.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.

Her. I giue him curſes; yet he giues mee loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection mooue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes mee.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth mee.

Her. His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty; would that fault were mine.

Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and my ſelfe will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Liſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradiſe to mee.
O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,
That hee hath turnd a heauen vnto a hell!

Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our mindes wee will vnfould:
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth beholde
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking, with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time, that louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuiſ'd to ſteale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beddes, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld,
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes,
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions.
Farewell, ſweete playfellow: pray thou for vs:
And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander*: we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu:
As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you. *Exit* Lyſander.

Hele. How happie ſome, ore other ſome, can be!
Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as ſhee.

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But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not knowe, what all, but hee doe know.
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes:
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantitie,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignitie.
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde:
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to bee a childe:
Becauſe, in choyce, he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boyes, in game, themſelues forſweare:
So, the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where.
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine:
And when this haile ſome heate, from *Hermia*, felt,
So he diſſolued, and ſhowrs of oathes did melt.
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then, to the wodde, will he, to morrow night,
Purſue her: and for this intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deare expenſe:
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and back againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, *the Carpenter; and* Snugge, *the Ioyner; and* Bottom, *the Weauer; and* Flute, *the Bellowes mender; &* Snout, *the Tinker; and* Starueling *the Tayler.*

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to cali them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bott. Firſt good *Peeter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: & ſo grow to a point.

Quin.

Quin. Mary, our Play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a merry. Now good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Actors, by the ſcrowle. Maſters, ſpreade your ſelues.

Quin. Anſwere, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

Bott. Readie: Name what part I am for, and proceede.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bott. What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe, moſt gallant, for loue.

Bott. That will aſke ſome teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes: I wil mooue ſtormes: I will condole, in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging rocks: and ſhiuering ſhocks, ſhall breake the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make & marre the fooliſh Fates. This was loſtie. Now, name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the Bellowes mender?

Flu. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Flute, you muſt take *Thiſby*, on you.

Fla. What is *Thiſby*? A wandring knight?

Quin. It is the Lady, that *Pyramus* muſt loue. (ming.

Fl. Nay faith: let not me play a woman: I haue a beard co-

Quin. Thats all one: you ſhall play it in a Maſke; and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bott. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thiſby* to: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voice; *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus*, my louer deare, thy *Thyſby* deare, & Lady deare.

Qu. No, no: you muſt play *Pyramus*: & *Flute*, you *Thyſby*.

Bot. Well, proceede. *Qui. Robin Starueling*, the Tailer?

Star. Here *Peeter Quince*.

Quin. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thyſbyes* mother.

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Tom Snowte, the Tinker?

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thiſbies* father; *Snugge*, the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: And I hope here is a Play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? Pray you, if it bee, giue it mee: for I am ſlowe of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it, *extempore:* for it is nothing but roaring.

Bott. Let mee play the Lyon too. I will roare, that I will doe any mans heart good to heare mee. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay; Let him roare againe: let him roare againe.

Quin. And you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe, and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike: and that were inough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs, euery mothers ſonne.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion, but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice ſo, that I wil roare you as gently, as any ſucking doue: I will roare you, and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*: for *Piramus* is a ſweete fac't man; a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you muſt needes play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well: I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why? what you will.

Bot. I wil diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw colour beard, your Orange tawnie bearde, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maiſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you

you, to con them by to morrow night: and meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by Moone-light; there will wee rehearſe: for if wee meete in the city, wee ſhal be dogd with company, and our deuiſes known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bot Wee will meete, & there we may rehearſe moſt obſcenely, and coragiouſly. Take paines, bee perfit: adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oke wee meete.

Bot. Enough: holde, or cut bowſtrings. *Exeunt.*

¶ Enter a Fairie *at one doore, and* Robin goodfellow *at another.*

Robin. How now ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fa. Ouer hill, ouer dale, thorough buſh, thorough brier,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough fire:
I do wander euery where; ſwifter than the Moons ſphere:
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the greene.
The cowſlippes tall her Penſioners bee,
In their gold coats, ſpottes you ſee:
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie fauours:
In thoſe freckles, liue their ſauours.
I muſt goe ſeeke ſome dew droppes here,
And hang a pearle in euery couſlippes eare.
Farewell thou Lobbe of ſpirits: Ile be gon.
Our Queene, and all her Elues come here anon.

Rob. The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
Take heede the Queene come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath:
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtollen, from an Indian king:
She neuer had ſo ſweete a changeling.
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe,
Knight of his traine, to trace the forreſts wilde.
But ſhee, perforce, withholds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.

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And now, they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleare, or ſpangled ſtarlight ſheene,
But they doe ſquare, that all their Elues; for feare,
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.
Fa. Either I miſtake your ſhape, and making, quite,
Or els you are that ſhrewde and knauiſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin goodfellow*. Are not you hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villageree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſſelead night wanderers, laughing at their harme?
Thoſe, that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweete Puck,
You doe their worke, and they ſhall haue good luck.
Are not you hee?
Rob. Thou ſpeakeſt aright; I am that merry wanderer of (the night,
I ieaſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile;
Neyghing, in likeneſſe of a filly fole,
And ſometime lurke I in a goſſippes bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roſted crabbe,
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop, poure the ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime, for three foote ſtoole, miſtaketh mee:
Then ſlippe I from her bumme, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cryes, and falles into a coffe;
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare
A merrier hower was neuer waſted there.
But roome Faery: here comes *Oberon*.
Fa. And here, my miſtreſſe. Would that he were gon.
Enter the King of Fairies, at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, at another, with hers.
Ob. Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania*.

Qu.

Qu. What, Iealous *Oberon*? Fairy ſkippe hence.
I haue forſworne his bedde, and company.
Ob. Tarry, raſh wanton. Am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou haſt ſtollen away from Fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſat all day,
Playing on pipes of corne, and verſing loue,
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the farthеſt ſteppe of *India*?
But that, forſooth, the bounſing *Amaſon*,
Your buſkind miſtreſſe, and your warriour loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come,
To giue their bedde, ioy and proſperitie.
Ob. How canſt thou thus, for ſhame, *Tytania*,
Glaunce at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing, I know thy loue to *Theſeus*.
Didſt not thou lead him through the glimmering night,
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him, with faire Eagles, breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?
Quee. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie:
And neuer, ſince the middle Sommers ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or meade,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the Sea,
To daunce our ringlets to the whiſtling winde,
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturbd our ſport.
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuckt vp, from the Sea,
Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,
Hath euery pelting riuer made ſo proude,
That they haue ouerborne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretcht his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attainde a beard:

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The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke.
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde:
And the queint Mazes, in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere.
No night is now with hymne or carroll bleſt.
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And, thorough this diſtemperature, wee ſee
The ſeaſons alter: hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lappe of the Crymſon roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icy crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddes
Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries: and the mazed worlde,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention;
We are their Parents and originall.
Oberon. Doe you amend it then; it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I doe but begge a little Changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.
Queene. Set your heart at reſt.
The Faiery Land buies not the childe of mee.
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order:
And in the ſpiced *Indian* ayer, by night,
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt, by my ſide,
And ſat, with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood;
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceaue,
And grow bigge bellied, with the wanton winde;

Which ſhe, with prettie, and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with marchandiſe:
But ſhe, being mortall, of that boy did dye,
And, for her ſake, doe I reare vp her boy:
And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.
Ob. How long, within this wood, entend you ſtay?
Quee. Perchaunce, till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently daunce in our Round,
And ſee our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs:
If not, ſhunne me, and I will ſpare your haunts.
Ob. Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee.
Quee. Not for thy Fairy kingdome. Fairies away.
We ſhall chide downeright, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*
Ob. Well: goe thy way. Thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee, for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither: thou remembreſt,
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and hermonious breath,
That the rude ſea grewe ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.
Puck. I remember.
Ob. That very time, I ſaw (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth,
Cupid, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by weſt,
And loos'd his loue ſhaft ſmartly, from his bowe,
As it ſhould pearce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But, I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone:
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little westerne flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
Fetch mee that flowre: the herbe I shewed thee once.
The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league.
Pu. Ile put a girdle, roũd about the earth, in forty minutes.
Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,
Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a sleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes:
The next thing then she, waking, lookes vpon
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it, with the soule of Loue.
And ere I take this charme, from of her sight
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.
But, who comes here? I am inuisible,
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Deme. I loue thee not: therefore pursue me not.
Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile slay: the other slayeth me.
Thou toldst me, they were stolne vnto this wood:
And here am I, and wodde, within this wood:
Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.
Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant:
But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart
Is true as steele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And I shall haue no power to follow you.
Deme. Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truthe,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?
Hele. And euen, for that, do I loue you, the more:
I am your Spaniell: and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vse me but as your Spaniell: spurne me, strike mee,
Neglect mee, loose me: onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.
What worser place can I begge, in your loue
(And yet, a place of high respect with mee)
Then to be vsed as you vse your dogge.
Deme. Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my spirit.
For I am sick, when I do looke on thee.
Hele. And I am sick, when I looke not on you.
Deme. You doe impeach your modestie too much,
To leaue the citie, and commit your selfe,
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trust the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.
Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: For that
It is not night, when I doe see your face.
Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then, how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here, to looke on mee?
Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beastes.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
[illegible] when you will: The story shall be chaung'd:
Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chase:
The Doue pursues the Griffon: the milde Hinde

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Makes ſpeede to catch the Tigre. Booteleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.
Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, Let me goe:
Or if thou followe mee, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe, in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fielde,
You doe me miſchiefe. Fy *Demetrius.*
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe:
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dy vpon the hand I loue ſo well.
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, Ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it mee.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanopi'd with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muſke roſes, and with Eglantine:
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with daunces and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld ſkinne,
Weed wide enough to wrappe a Fairy in.
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull phantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue:
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue,
With a diſdainefull youth: anoint his eyes.
But doe it, when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Ladie. Thou ſhalt know the
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care; that he may prooue

More

More fond on her, then ſhe vpon her loue:
And looke thou meete me ere the firſt Cocke crowe.
Pu. Feare not my Lord: your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tytania *Queene of Fairies, with her traine.*

Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong:
Then, for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill cankers in the muſk roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their lethren wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates, and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now a ſleepe:
Then to your offices, and let mee reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted Snakes, with double tongue
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy queene.
Philomele, with melody,
Sing in our ſweete Lullaby;
Lulla lulla lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harme nor ſpell nor charme
Come our lovely Lady nye;
So good night with Lullaby.

1 Fairy. Weaving ſpiders come not heere,
Hence you long legd Spinners hence;
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor ſnaile do no offence.
Philomele with melody &c.
2 Fai. Hence away; now all is well;
One aloofe ſtand Centinel.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languiſh for his ſake:
Be it Ounce or Catte or Beare,

 Pard

Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare:
Wake, when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander: *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Faire loue, you fainte, with wandring in the wood:
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way.
Weele reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfor of the day.

Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bedde:
For I, vpon this banke, will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue, as pillow, for vs both,
One heart, one bedde, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good *Lyſander*: for my ſake, my deere,
Lie further off yet, do not lye ſo neere.

Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweete, of my innocence.
Loue takes the meaning in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two boſomes interchained with an oath,
So then two boſomes and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide no bed-roome me deny;
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay *Lyſander* lied.
But, gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off in humane modeſtie;
Such ſeperation as may well be ſayd
Becomes a vertuous batchellor and a mayde:
So farre be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend;
Thy loue ne're alter till thy ſweete life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her.

Her. With halfe that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Through the forreſt haue I gone:
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence. Who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is hee (my maſter ſaide)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And here the maiden, ſleeping ſound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty ſowle, ſhe durſt not lye,
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curteſie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throwe
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let loue forbidde
Sleepe, his ſeat, on thy eye lidde.
So awake, when I am gon:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running*.

Hel. Stay; though thou kill mee, ſweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and doe not haunt mee thus

Hele. O, wilt thou darkling leaue me? doe not ſo.

De. Stay, on thy perill: I alone will goe.

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chaſe,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happie is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies:
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No, no: I am as vgly as a Beare:
For beaſtes that meete mee, runne away, for feare.
Therefore, no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe, as a monſter, fly my preſence, thus.

What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe, of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyen!
But, who is here? *Lyſander*, on the ground?
Dead, or a ſleepe? I ſee no blood, no wound.
Lyſander, if you liue, good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And runne through fire, I will for thy ſweete ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature ſhewes arte,
That through thy boſome, makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? Oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſworde!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo.
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you: then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No: I doe repent
The tedious minutes, I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I loue.
VVho will not change a Rauen for a doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſwai'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier maide.
Things growing are not ripe, vntill their ſeaſon:
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reaſon.
And touching now, the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'relooke
Loues ſtories, written in loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When, at your hands, did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you doe me wrong (good ſooth you doe)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to woo.
But, fare you well: perforce, I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.

O,

O, that a Ladie, of one man refuſ'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abuſ'd! *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*. *Hermia*, ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere.
For, as a ſurfet of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing, to the ſtomacke bringes:
Or, as the hereſies, that men doe leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceiue:
So thou, my ſurfet, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt, of mee:
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe mee *Lyſander*, helpe mee: do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent, from my breſt.
Ay mee, for pittie. What a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke, how I doe quake with feare.
Me thought, a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And you ſate ſmiling at his cruell pray.
Lyſander what, remou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gon? No ſound, no word?
Alacke where are you? Speake, and if you heare:
Speake, of all loues. I ſwoune almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue, you are not ny:
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Enter the Clownes.

Bott. Are wee all met?
Quin. Pat, pat: and heres a marualles conuenient place, for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe, and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke.
Bott. Peeter Quince?
Quin. What ſaieſt thou, bully, *Bottom?*
Bot. There are things in this Comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thiſby*, that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſworde, to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.

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How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue, we muſt leaue the killing, out, when all is done.

Bott. Not a whit: I haue a deuiſe to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay; we wil do no harme, with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tel them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer: this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well: wee will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight & eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, to bring in (God ſhielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to looke toote.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue muſt tel, he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay: you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lions necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to trēble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No: I am no ſuch thing: I am a man as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainely he is *Snugge*, the Ioyner.

Quin. Well: it ſhall be ſo: but there is two hard things; that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine, that night, we play our Play?

Bot.

Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack: finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Quin. Yes: it doth ſhine that night.

Cet. Why then, may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I: or els, one muſt come in, with a buſh of thorns, & a lātern, and ſay he comes to diſſigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then, there is another thing; we muſt haue a wal in the great chāber: for *Pyramus* & *Thiſby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What ſay you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him haue ſome plaſter, or ſom lome, or ſome rough caſt, about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus: and through that crany, ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and reherſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you beginne: when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Ro. What hempen home ſpunnes haue we ſwaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,
An Actor too perhappes, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thyſby* ſtand forth.

Pyra. *Thiſby* the flowers of odious ſauours ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours ſauours ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thiſby* deare.
But harke, a voice: ſtay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

Quin. A ſtranger *Pyramus*, then ere played heere.

Thyſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

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Quin. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtãd, he goes but to ſee a noyſe, that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lillie white of hewe,
Of colour like the redroſe, on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eeke moſt louely Iewe,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Pyramus*, at *Ninnies* toumbe.

Quin. Ninus toumbe, man. Why? you muſt not ſpeake That yet. That you anſwere to *Pyramus*. You ſpeake Al your part at once, cues, and, all. *Pyramus*, enter: your cue is paſt: It is; neuer tire.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Py. If I were faire, *Thyſby*, I were onely thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! We are haunted. Pray maſters: fly maſters: helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you: Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer:
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe Beare, ſometime a fier,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bott. Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of them to make mee afeard. *Enter* Snowte.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd. What do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What doe you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe head of your owne. Do you?

Enter Quince. *(Exit.*

Quin. Bleſſe thee *Bottom*, bleſſe thee. Thou art trãſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knauery. This is to make an aſſe of mee, to fright me, if they could: but I wil not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing, that they ſhall heare I am not afraide.
The Wooſel cock, ſo blacke of hewe,
With Orange tawny bill,

The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren, with little quill.

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray:
Whoſe note, full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.
For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a birde?
Who would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortall, ſing againe.
Myne eare is much enamoured of thy note:
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,
On the firſt viewe to ſay, to ſweare, I loue thee.

Bott. Mee thinks miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that. And yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now a daies. The more the pitty, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can gleeke, vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bott. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owe turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, doe not deſire to goe:
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit, of no common rate:
The Sommer, ſtill, doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee: therefore goe with mee.
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee:
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels, from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou, on preſſed flowers, doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt, like an ayery ſpirit, goe.
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, and *Muſtard-ſeede?*

Enter foure Fairyes,

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Fairies. Readie: and I, and I, and I. Where ſhall we goe?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries,
The hony bagges ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bedde, and to ariſe,
And pluck the wings, from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy, hartily: I beſeech your worſhippes name,

Cob. Cobwebbe.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bolde with you. Your name honeſt gentleman?

Pea. Peaſe-bloſſome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod*, your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſt. Muſtardſeede.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeede*, I know your patience well. That ſame cowardly, gyantlike, Ox-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water, ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeede*.

Tita. Come waite vpon him: leade him to my bower.
The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye:
And when ſhee weepes, weepes euery little flower,

Lamen-

Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie.
Ty vp my louers tongue, bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, *and* Robin goodfellow.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was, that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extreamitie.
Here comes my meſſenger. How now, mad ſpirit?
What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

Puck. My miſtreſſe with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower.
While ſhe was in her dull, and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread, vpon *Athenian* ſtalles,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhalloweſt thickſkinne, of that barraine ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take:
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thiſbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Minnick comes. When they him ſpy:
As wilde geeſe, that the creeping Fouler eye,
Or ruſſet pated choughes, many in ſort
(Ryſing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)
Seuer themſelues, and madly ſweepe the sky:
So, at his ſight, away his fellowes fly,
And at our ſtampe, here ore and ore, one falles:
He murther cryes, and helpe from *Athens* cals,
Their ſenſe, thus weake, loſt with their feares, thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to doe them wrong.
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell, ſnatch:
Some ſleeues, ſome hats; from yeelders, all things catch.
I led them on, in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Pyramus* tranſlated there:

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When in that moment (ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania wak't, and ſtraight way lou'd an Aſſe.
Ob. This falles out better, then I could deuiſe.
But haſt thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman, by his ſide;
That when he wak't, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.
Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.
Ob. Stand cloſe: this is the ſame *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman: but not this the man.
Demet. O, Why rebuke you him, that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter, on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide: but I ſhould vſe thee worſe,
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe.
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander*, in his ſleepe; (to,
Being ore ſhooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, & kill mee
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As hee to mee, Would hee haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue, as ſoone,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be, but thou haſt murdred him.
So ſhould a murtherer looke; ſo dead, ſo grimme.
Dem. So ſhould the murthered looke, and ſo ſhould *I*,
Pearſt through the heart, with your ſterne cruelty.
Yet you, the murtherer, looke as bright, as cleere,
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering ſpheare.
Her. Whats this to my *Lyſander*? Where is hee?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him mee?
Deme. I had rather giue his carcaſſe to my hounds.
Her. Out dog, out curre: thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.

O,

O, once tell true: tell true, euen for my ſake:
Durſt thou haue looke vpon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kild him, ſleeping? O braue tutch!
Could not a worme, an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: For with doubler tongue
Then thyne (thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.
Deme. You ſpende your paſſion, on a miſpriſ'd mood:
I am not guilty of *Lyſanders* bloode:
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell mee then, that he is well.
De. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A priuiledge, neuer to ſee mee more:
And from thy hated preſence part I: ſee me no more;
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*
Deme. There is no following her in this fierce vaine:
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier growe.
For debt that bankrout ſlippe doth ſorrow owe:
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay;
If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Ly doune.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid the loue iuice on ſome true loues ſight.
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turnd, and not a falſe turnd true.
Robi. Then fate orerules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh blood deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here:
Ile charme his eyes, againſt ſhe doe appeare.
Robin. I goe, I goe, looke how I goe.
Swifter then arrow, from the *Tartars* bowe.
Ob. Flower of this purple dy;

 hit

Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple o'his eye,
When his loue he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Begge of her, for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hande,
And the youth, mistooke by mee,
Pleading for a louers fee.
Shall wee their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals bee!
Ob. Stand aside. The noyse, they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.
Pu. Then will two, at once, woo one:
That must needes be sport alone.
And those things do best please mee,
That befall prepost'rously.

Enter Lysander, *and* Helena.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in scorne?
Scorne, and derision, neuer come in teares.
Looke when I vow, I weepe: and vowes so borne,
In their natiuitie all truth appeares.
How can these things, in mee, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning, more, and more,
When truth kills truth, ô diuelish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath, with oath, and you will nothing waigh.
Your vowes to her, and mee (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh; and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lys.

Lys. *Demetrius* loues her: and he loues not you.
Deme. O *Helen*, goddesse, nymph, perfect diuine,
To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!
Christall is muddy. O, how ripe, in showe,
Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fand with the Eastern winde, turnes to a crowe,
When thou hold'st vp thy hand. O, let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.
Hel. O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent
To set against mee, for your merriment,
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe mee thus much iniury.
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne, in soules, to mocke mee too?
If you were men, as men you are in showe,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure, you hate mee with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*:
And now both Riualles, to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,
With your derision None, of noble sort,
Would so offend a virgine, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.
Lysand. You are vnkinde, *Demetrius*: be not so,
For you loue *Hermia*: this you know I know.
And heare, with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeelde you vp my part:
And yours of *Helena*, to mee bequeath:
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath.
Deme. Lysander, keepe thy *Hermia*: I will none.
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

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My heart to her, but as guestwise, sojourn'd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returned,
There to remaine.
Lys. *Helen*, it is not so.
Dem. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;
Least to thy peril, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.
Enter Hermia.
Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lysander*, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy sound.
But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?
Her. What loue could presse *Lysander*, from my side?
Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so?
Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.
Hel. Lo: she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite mee, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the howres that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie footed time,
For parting vs: O, is all forgot?
All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence?
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voyces, and minds
Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an vnion in partition,
Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creast.
And will your rent our auncient loue asunder,
To ioyne with men, in scorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone doe fele the iniury.
Her. I am amazed at your words:
I scorne you not. It seemes that you scorne mee,
Hel. Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne,
To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote)
To call mee goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
Pretious celestiall? VVherefore speakes he this,
To her he hates? And wherfore doth *Lysander*
Deny your loue (so rich within his soule)
And tender mee (forsooth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
VVhat, though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue vnlou'd)
This you should pittie, rather then despise.
Her. I vnderstand not, what you meane by this.
Hel. I doe. Perseuer, counterfait sad lookes:
Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back:

Winke each at other, holde the sweete ieast vp.
This sport well carried, shall bee chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*: heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Herm. Sweete, doe not scorne her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lys. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praise.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe:
I sweare by that which I will loose for thee;
To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not.
Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to.
Dem. Quick come,
Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you *Ethiop*.
Dem. No, no: heele
Seeme to breake loose: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.
Lys. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent.
Her. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?
Lys. Thy loue? Out tawny *Tartar*, out:
Out loathed medicine: o hated potion hence.
Her. Doe you not ieast?
Hel. Yes sooth: and so doe you.
Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. Ile not trust your word.

Lys.

Lys. What? should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.
Her. What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?
Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what newes, my loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet since night, you left mee.
Why then, you left mee (o the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. I, by my life:
And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt:
Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no ieast,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
Her. O mee, you iuggler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue: what, haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart, from him?
Hel. Fine, I faith.
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient answeres, from my gentle tongue?
Fy, fy, you counterfait, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? Why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare,
Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (for sooth) she hath preuaild with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake:
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mocke me, gentleman,
Let her not hurt me. I was neuer curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse:

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I am a right maid, for my cowardize:
Let her not ſtrike mee. You perhaps, may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with mee.
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wrongd you;
Saue that in loue, vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you: for loue, I followed him.
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee
To ſtrike mee, ſpurne mee; nay to kill mee too.
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me goe.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Herm. Why? get you gon. Who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue here behind.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. With *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid: ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Deme. No ſir: ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe is angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchoole:
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gon, you dwarfe;
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe, made;
You bead, you acorne.
Deme. You are too officious,
In her behalfe, that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone: ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhewe of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holdes me not:
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.
Deme. Follow? Nay: Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.
Her. You, miſtreſſe, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay: goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray:
My legges are longer though, to runne away.
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay. *Exeunt.*
Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaueries wilfully.
Puck. Beleeue mee, king of ſhadowes, I miſtooke.
Did not you tell mee, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments, he had on?
And ſo farr blameleſſe proues my enterpriſe,
That I haue nointed an *Athenians* eyes:
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe louers ſeeke a place to fight:
Hy therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarry welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teaſty Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue:
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp, with bitter wrong:
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*:
And from each other, looke thou lead them thus;
Till ore their browes, death-counterfaiting, ſleepe,
With leaden legs, and Batty wings doth creepe:

 Then

Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eye;
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eyebals roule with wonted ſight,
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruiteleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the louers wend,
With league, whoſe date, till death ſhall neuer end,
Whiles I, in this affaire, doe thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene and beg her *Indian* boy:
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſters viewe, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Faiery Lord, this muſt be done with haſte.
For nights ſwift Dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger:
At whoſe approach, Ghoſts, wandring here and there,
Troope home to Churchyards: damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe waies and floods haue buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone:
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues exile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black browed night,
Ober. But we are ſpirits of another ſort.
I, with the mornings loue, haue oft made ſport,
And like a forreſter, the groues may tread
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes, into yellow golde, his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding, haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Pu. Vp & down, vp & down, I will lead them vp & down:
I am feard in field & town: *Goblin*, lead them vp & downe.
Here comes one. *Enter* Lyſander.
Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* Speak thou now,
Rob. Here villaine, drawne & ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ.

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.
Deme. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh. Where doeſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward art thou bragging, to the ſtarres,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for warres,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whippe thee with a rodde. He is defil'd,
That drawes a ſword on thee.
De. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice: weele try no manhood here. *Exeũt.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on:
When I come where he calles, then he is gon.
The villaine is much *lighter* heel'd then I;
I followed faſt: but faſter he did fly;
That fallen am I in darke vneauen way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day,
For if but once, thou ſhewe me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this ſpight.
Robin, *and* Demetrius.
Robi. Ho, ho, ho: Coward, why comſt thou not?
Deme. Abide me, if thou darſt, For well I wot,
Thou runſt before mee, ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor looke me in the face,
Where art thou now?
Rob. Come hither: I am here.
De. Nay then thou mockſt me. Thou ſhat buy this dear,
If euer I thy face by day light ſee.
Now, goe thy way. Faintneſſe conſtraineth mée,
To meaſure, out my length, on this cold bed:
By dales approach looke to be viſited.
Enter Helena.
Hele. O weary night, O long and tedious night,

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Abate thy houres, shine comforts, from the east;
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,
From these that my poore company detest:
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Heare shee comes, curst and sadde.
Cupid is a knauish laddie,
Thus to make poore females madde.
Her. Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the deaw, and torne with briers:
I can no further crawle, no further goe:
My legges can keepe no pase with my desires.
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day:
Heauens shielde *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground, sleepe sound:
Ile apply your eye, gentle louer, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight, in the sight, of thy former ladies eye:
And the country prouerbe knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be shown.
Iacke shall haue *Iill*: nought shall goe ill:
The man shall haue his mare again, & all shall be well.
Enter Queene of Faieries, *and Clowne, and* Faieries: *and the king behinde them.*
Tita. Come sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleeke smooth head,
And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clown. Where's *Pease-blossome?*
Pea. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome.* Wher's Mounsieur *Cobweb? Cob.* Ready.

Clo.

Clo. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt Humble Bee, on the toppe of a thistle: and good Mounsieur, bring mee the hony bagge. Doe not fret your selfe too much, in the action, Mounsieur: and good Mounsieur haue a care, the honybagge breake not, I wold be loath to haue you ouerflowen with a honibag *signior*. Where's Mounsieur *Mustardseede?*
Must. Readie.
Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur *Mustardseede*. Pray you, leaue your curtsie, good Mounsieur.
Must. what's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to helpe Caualery *Cobwebbe*, to scratch. I must to the Barbers, Mounsieur. For me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face. And I am such a tender Asse, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I must scratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musique, my sweete loue?
Clo. I haue a reasonable good eare in musique. Lets haue the tongs, and the bones.
Tyta. Or, say sweete loue, what thou desirest to eate.
Clo. Truely a pecke of prouander. I could mounch your good dry Oates. Me thinkes, I haue a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow. (hoord,
Ty. I haue a venturous Fairy, that shall seeke the Squirils And fetch thee newe nuts.
Clo. I had rather haue a handfull, or two of dryed pease. But, I pray you: let none of your people stirre me: I haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon mee.
Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes. Faieries be gon, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweete Honisuckle,
Gently entwist: the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*, Seest thou this sweete sight?
Her dotage now I doe beginne to pittie.
For meeting her of late, behinde the wood,
Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same deawe which sometime on the buddes,
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares, that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in milde termes, begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe:
Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent
To beare him, to my bower, in Fairie land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalpe,
From of the heade of this *Athenian* swaine;
That hee, awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fearce vexation of a dreame.
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.
Be, as thou wast wont to bee:
See, as thou wast wont to see.
Dians budde, or *Cupids* flower,
Hath such force, and blessed power.
Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my sweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!
Me thought I was enamourd of an Asse.

Ob. There lyes your loue.

Tita.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin*, take off this head:
Titania, musicke call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe: of all these, fine the sense.

Ti. Musick, howe musick: such as charmeth sleepe. (peepe.

Rob. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes

Ob. Sound Musick: come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnely
Daunce, in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
And blesse it to all faire prosperitie.
There shall the paires of faithfull louers be
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in iollitie.

Rob. Fairy King, attend, and marke:
I do heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene, in silence sad,
Trippe we after nights shade:
We, the Globe, can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt*

Enter Theseus *and all his traine.* *Winde horne.*

The. Goe one of you, finde out the forrester:
For now our obseruation is performde.
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Vncouple, in the westerne vallie, let them goe:
Dispatch I say, and finde the forrester.
Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

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Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare,
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweete thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartane* kinde:
So flew'd, ſo ſanded: and their heads are hung
VVith eares, that ſweepe away the morning deawe,
Crooke kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls:
Slowe in purſuit; but matcht in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tunable
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*.
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft. What nymphes are theſe?
Egeus. My Lord, this my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*.
I wonder of their being here together.
The. No doubt, they roſe vp earely, to obſerue
The right of May: and hearing our intent,
Came heere, in grace of our ſolemnitie.
But ſpeake, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choyce?
Egeus. It is, my Lord. (hornes.
Theſe. Goe, bid the huntſmen wake them with their
Shoute within: they all ſtart vp. Winde hornes.
The. Good morrow, friends. Saint *Valentine* is paſt.
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple, now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my Lord.
The. I pray you all, ſtand vp.
I know, you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde,
That hatred is ſo farre from iealouſie,

To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie,
Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhal reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But, as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truely ſay how I came here.
But as I thinke (for truely would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke mee, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia*, hither. Our intent
Was to be gon from *Athens*: where we might
Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe,
Ege. Enough, enough my Lord: you haue enough.
I begge the law, the law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and mee, of my conſent:
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Deme. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee.
But my good Lord, I wote not by what power
(But by ſome power it is) my loue,
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnowe)
Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betrothed, ere I ſee *Hermia*:
But, like a ſickneſſe, did I loath this foode.
But, as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now I doe wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.
The. Faire louers, you are fortunately met,
Of this diſcourſe, we more will here anon.

Egeus, I will ouerbeare your will:
For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is ſomthing worne,
Our purpoſ'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs, to *Athens*. Three and three,
Weele holde a feaſt, in great ſolemnitie. Come *Hyppolita*.
Deme. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall and vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into clouds.
Her. Me thinks I ſee theſe things, with parted eye,
When euery thing ſeemes double.
Hel. So mee thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.
Dem. Are you ſure
That we are awake? It ſeemes to me,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him?
Her. Yea, and my father.
Hel. And *Hyppolita*.
Lyſ. And he did bid vs follow to the Temple.
Dem. Why then, we are awake: lets follow him, and by the way lets recount our dreames.
Clo. When my cue comes, call mee, and I will anſwere. My next is, moſt faire *Pyramus*. Hey ho. *Peeter Quince*? *Flute*, the bellowes mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left mee a ſleepe? I haue had a moſt rare viſion. I haue had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay; what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if hee goe about expound this dreame. Me thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me thought I was, and me thought I had, But man is but patcht a foole, if hee will offer to ſay, what mee thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeene, mans hand

hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his hearte to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dreame: it ſhall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*; becauſe it hath no bottome: and I will ſing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gratious, I ſhall ſing it at her death.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby *and the rabble*.

Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottoms* houſe? Is he come home, yet?
Flut. Hee cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſported.
Thyſ. If hee come not, then the Play is mard. It goes not forward. Doth it?
Quin. It is not poſſible. You haue not a man, in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.
Thyſ. No, hee hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man, in *Athens*.
Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon to, and hee is a very Paramour, for a ſweete voice.
Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug, *the Ioyner*.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our ſport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men.
Thyſ. O ſweete bully *Bottome*. Thus hath hee loſt ſixpence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue ſcaped ſixe pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſix pence a day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hanged. He would haue deſerued it. Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*,

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or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? Where are theſe harts?

Quin, Bottom, ô moſt couragious day! O moſt happy houre!

Bott. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders: but aske me not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian.* I will tell you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, ſweete *Bottom.*

Bot. Not a word of mee. All that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together, good ſtrings to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes, meete preſently at the palace, euery man looke ore his part. For, the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferd. In any caſe let *Thiſby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him, that plaies the Lyon, pare his nailes: for they ſhall hang out for the Lyons clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke: for we are to vtter ſweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweete Comedy. No more wordes. Away, go away.

Enter Theſeus, Hyppolita, *and* Philoſtrate.

Hip. Tis ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, that theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtraunge then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe antique fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes.
Louers, and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more,
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends. The lunatick,
The louer, and the Poet are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels, then vaſt hell can holde:
That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Ægypt.*
The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy, rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen. And as
Imagination bodies forth the formes of things

Vnknowne: the Poets penne turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to ayery nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppoſ'd a Beare?

Hyp. But, all the ſtory of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancy:
But howſoeuer, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Louers; Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

The. Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth.
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh daies
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde.

The. Come now: what maskes, what daunces ſhall wee haue,
To weare away this long age of three hours, betweene
Our after ſupper, & bed-time? Where is our vſuall manager
Of mirth? What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hower? Call *Philoſtrate.*

Philoſtrate. Here mighty *Theſeus.*

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske, what muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy tyme, if not with ſome delight?

Philoſt. There is a briefe, how many ſports are ripe.
Make choyce, of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

The. The battell with the *Centaures* to be ſung,
By an *Athenian* Eunuche, to the Harpe?
Weele none of that. That haue I tolde my loue,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules.*
The ryot of the tipſie *Bachanals,*

Tearing the *Thracian* singer, in their rage?
That is an olde deuise: and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came last a conquerer.
The thrise three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceast, in beggery?
That is some *Satire* keene and critticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young *Pyramus*
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth?
Merry, and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is hot Ice,
And wõdrous strange snow. How shall we find the cõcord
Of this discord?

Philost. A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long;
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play:
But, by ten words, my Lord it is too long:
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is. For *Pyramus*,
Therein, doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
But more merry teares the passion of loud laughter
Neuer shed.

Thes. What are they, that doe play it?

Phil. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now:
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this same Play, against your nuptiall.

The. And wee will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnlesse you can finde sport in their entents,
Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you seruice.

The. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duety tender it.

Goe

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duety, in his seruice, perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He sayes, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

The. The kinder we, to giue them thanks, for nothing.
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake.
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed
To greete me, with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying mee a welcome. Trust me, sweete,
Out of this silence, yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Philost. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

Duk. Let him approach.

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. If wee offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We doe not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
Wee are not here. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand: and, by their showe,
You shall know all, that you are like to knowe,

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The. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colte: hee knowes not the ſtoppe. A good moral! my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake; but to ſpeake true.

Hyp. Indeed he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child on a Recorder, a ſound; but not in gouernement.

The. His ſpeach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisby, *and* Wall, *and* Moone-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prologue. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow.
But, wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would knowe:
This beautious Lady *Thſby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough caſt, doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through wals chinke, poore ſoules, they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with lanterne, dogge, and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe louers thinke no ſcorne
To meete at *Ninus* tombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thyſby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall:
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweete youth, and tall,
And findes his truſty *Thiſbyes* mantle ſlaine:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breaſt.
And *Thiſby*, tarying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-ſhine*, *Wall*, and louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe, while here they doe remaine.

The.

The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to ſpeake.

Demet. No wonder, my Lord. One Lyon may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thysby, *and* Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame enterlude it doth befall,
That I, one *Flute* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would haue you thinke
That had in it a cranied hole or chinke:
Through which the louers, *Pyramus*, and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This lome, this rough caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhowe,
That I am that ſame wall: the truth is ſo.
And this the cranie is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull louers are to whiſper.

The. Would you deſire lime and haire to ſpeake better?

Deme. It is the wittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

The. *Pyramus* drawes neare the wall: ſilence.

Py. O grim lookt night, o night, with hue ſo blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbyes* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô wall, ô ſweete, ô louely wall,
That ſtandſt betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, O ſweete and louely wall,
Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through, with mine eyne.
Thankes curteous wall. *Ioue* ſhield thee well, for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thiſby* doe I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whome I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones, for thus deceiuing mee.

The. The wall mee thinkes, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pyr. No, in truth Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiuing mee* is *Thiſbyes* cue: ſhe is to enter now, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall

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Pat as I told you: yonder she comes. *Enter* Thisby.
This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
Thy stones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.
Pyra. I see a voice: now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thisbyes* face. *Thysby?*
This. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.
Py. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:
And, like *Limander*, am I trusty still.
This. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.
Pyra. Not *Shafalus*, to *Procrus*, was so true.
This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pyr. O kisse mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.
This. I kisse the walles hole; not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meete me straight way?
Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.
Wal. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part discharged so;
And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.
Duk. Now is the Moon vsed between the two neighbors.
Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to heare without warning.
Dutch. This is the fillieſt stuffe, that euer I heard.
Duke. The best, in this kinde, are but shadowes: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
Dutch. It must be your imagination, then; & not theirs.
Duke. If we imagine no worse of them, then they of themselues, they may passe for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, *and* Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse, that creepes on floore)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildest rage, doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the Ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor else no Lyons damme,
For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife,
Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.
Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.
Deme. The very best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.
Lys. This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.
Duk. True: and a goose for his discretion.
De. Not so my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his discretion: and the fox carries the goose.
Duk. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour. For the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leaue it to his discretion, and let vs listen to the Moone.
Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present.
Deme. He should haue worne the hornes, on his head.
Duk. He is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible, within the circumference.
Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone present,
My selfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be.
Duke. This is the greatest errour of all the rest; the man should be put into the lanthorne. How is it else the man ith Moone?
Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already in snuffe. (change.
Dutch. I am aweary of this Moone. Would hee would
Duke. It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curtesie, in all reason, wee must stay the time.
Lysan. Proceede, Moone.
Moon. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge.
Deme. Why? All these should be in the lanthorne: for all these are in the Moone. But silence: here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Th. This is ould *Ninies* tumbe. Where is my loue? *Lyon.* Oh.

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Dem. Well roard, Lyon.
Duke. Well runne, *Thiſby.*
Dutcheſſe. Well ſhone *Moone.* Truly, the Moone ſhines, with a good grace.
Duk. Well mouz'd, *Lyon.*
Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*
Lyſ. And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweete Moone, I thanke thee, for thy ſunny beams.
I thanke thee, Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright.
For by thy gratious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to take of truеſt *Thiſby* ſight.
But ſtay: o ſpight! but marke, poore knight,
What dreadfull dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it bee!
O dainty duck, o deare!
Thy mantle good, what, ſtaind with blood?
Approach ye Furies fell,
O fates come, come, cut thread and thrumme,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
Duke. This paſſion, & the death of a deare friend would goe neere to make a man looke ſad.
Dutch. Beſhrewe my heart, but I pitty the man.
Pyr. O, wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon vilde hath here deflour'd my deare.
Which is, no, no: which was the faireſt dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere.
Come teares, confound, out ſword, and wound
The pappe of *Pyramus*:
I, that left pappe, where heart doth hoppe.
Thus dy I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the ſky.
Tongue looſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dy, dy, dy, dy, dy.
Dem. No Die, but an ace for him. For he is but one.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace, man. For he is dead, he is nothing.
Duke. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer, and yet prooue an aſſe.
Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before? *Thiſby* comes backe, and findes her louer.
Duk. Shee will finde him, by ſtarre-light. Here ſhee comes, and her paſſion ends the Play.
Dut. Me thinkes, ſhe ſhould not vſe a long one, for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope, ſhe will be briefe.
Demet. A moth will turne the ballance; which *Pyramus*, which *Thiſby* is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs: ſhe, for a woman; God bleſſe vs.
Lyſ. She hath eſpied him already, with thoſe ſweete eyes.
Deme. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicet*;
This. A ſleepe my loue? What, dead my doue?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe,
Speake, ſpeake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tumbe
Muſt couer thy ſweete eyes.
Theſe lilly lippes, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlippe cheekes
Are gon, are gon: louers make mone:
His eyes were greene, as leekes,
O ſiſters three, come, come, to mee,
With hands as pale as milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his threede of ſilke.
Tongue, not a word: come truſty ſword,
Come blade, my breaſt imbrew:
And farewell friends: thus *Thyſby* ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Duke. *Moone-ſhine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead.
Deme. I, and *Wall* to.
Lyon. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you, to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomaske daunce, between two of our cõpany?

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Duke. No Epilogue, I pray you. For your Play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe: For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it, had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himſelfe in *Thiſbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come your Burgomaske: let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.
Louers to bed, tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall outſleepe the comming morne,
As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.
This palpable groſſe Play hath well beguil'd
The heauie gate of night. Sweete friends, to bed.
A fortnight holde we this ſolemnitie,
In nightly Reuels, and new iollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares.
And the wolfe beholds the Moone;
Whilſt the heauie ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske foredoone.
Now the waſted brands doe glowe,
Whilſt the ſcriech-owle, ſcrieching lowd,
Puts the wretch, that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowde.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Churchway paths to glide.
And wee Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollick: not a mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent, with broome, before,

To ſweepe the duſt, behinde the dore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euery Elfe and Fairy ſpright,
Hop as light as birde from brier,
And this dittie after mee, Sing, and daunce it trippingly,
Tita. First rehearſe your ſong by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.
Ob. Now, vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe, each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt bride bed will wee:
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue, there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of natures hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field deaw conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this palace, with ſweete peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trippe away: make no ſtay:
Meete me all, by breake of day. *Exeunt.*
Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)

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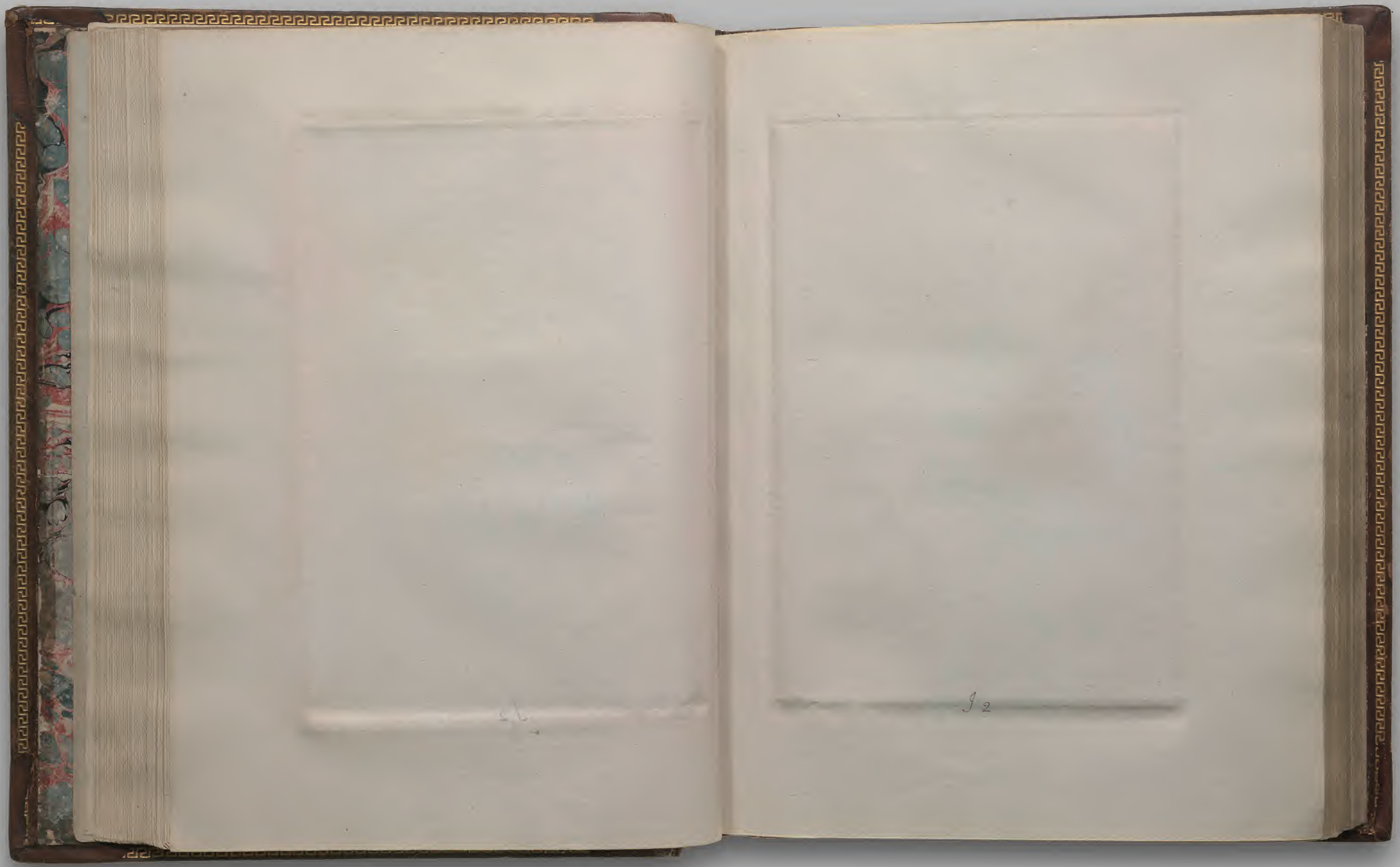
That you haue but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yielding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, wee will mend.
And, as I am an honeſt *Puck*,
If we haue vnearned luck,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends, ere long:
Elſe, the *Puck* a lyer call.
So, good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends:
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends,

FINIS.



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The most excellent Hiſtorie of the *Merchant of Venice*.

VVith the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Iewe towards the ſayd Merchant, in cutting a iuſt pound of his fleſh: and the obtayning of *Portia* by the choyſe of three cheſts.

As it hath beene diuers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

BIBLIOTHECA

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be ſold in Paules Church-yard, at the
ſigne of the Greene Dragon.
1600.

The comicall Hiſtory of the Mer-chant of Venice.

Enter *Anthonio*, *Salaryno*, and *Salanio*.

An. IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me, you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and ſuch a want-wit ſadnes makes of mee,
That I haue much adoe to know my ſelfe.

Salarino. Your minde is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portlie ſayle
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curſie to them do them reuerence
As they flie by them with theyr wouen wings.

Salanio. Beleeue mee ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroade. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the wind,
Piring in Maps for ports, and peers and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Miſ-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
vvould blow me to an ague when I thought
vvhat harme a winde too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie howre-glaſſe runne
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes and of flatts,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand

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Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
vvhich touching but my gentle vessels side
vvould scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a-word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
Sola. Why then you are in loue.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinigar aspect,
That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter *Bassanio*, *Lorenso*, and *Gratiano*.

Sola. Here comes *Bassanio* your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenso*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.
Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.
Bass. Good signiors both when shal we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously changd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies
By beeing peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a wilful stilnes entertaine,
With purpose to be dresst in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauitie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio* I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise

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For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares
vvhich hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But ſiſh not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.
Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* neuer lets me ſpeake.
Gra. Well keepe me company but two yeeres moe
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.
An. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
Gra. Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neates togue dried, and a mayde not vendable. *Exeunt.*
An. It is that any thing now.
Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all Venice, his reaſons are as two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the ſearch.
An. VVell, tell me now what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecrete pilgrimage
That you to day promiſd to tell me of.
Baſſ. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely of from the great debts
vvherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the moſt in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purpoſes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Anth.

An. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
vvithin the eye of honour, be aſſurd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lie all vnlockt to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe ſame flight
The ſelfe ſame way, with more aduiſed watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both: I vrge this child-hood proofe
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is loſt, but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
vvhich you did ſhoote the firſt, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.
An. You know me well, and heerein ſpend but time
To wind about my loue with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong
In making queſtion of my vttermoſt
Then if you had made waſt of all I haue:
Then doe but ſay to me what I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt vnto it: therefore ſpeake.
Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, ſometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
vvhich makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,

And

And many *Iasons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.
Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commoditie
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That ſhall be racke euen to the vttermoſt
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe preſently enquire and ſo will I
vvhere money is, and I no queſtion make
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia* with her wayting woman *Nerriſſa*.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is awearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame aboundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfeite with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no meane happines therfore to be ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces, it is a good diuine that followes his owne inſtructions, I can eaſier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe mee a husband, ô mee the word chooſe, I may neyther chooſe who I would, nor refuſe who I diſlike, ſo is the will of a lyuing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde

Nerriſſa,

Nerriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your Father was euer vertuous, and holy men at theyr death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lottrie that he hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning chooſes you, will no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightlie, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towardes any of theſe Princelie ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I thats a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. Hee doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, & you will not haue me, chooſe, he heares merry tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will prooue the weeping Philoſopher when hee growes old, beeing ſo full of vnmannerly ſadnes in his youth,) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to eyther of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune?*

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, he falls ſtraght a capring, he will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, *I* would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnes, *I* ſhall neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England?

Por. You know *I* ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor *I* him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor *I*talian, & you will come into the Court and ſweare that *I* haue a poore pennie-

 worth

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worth in the Engliſh: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly hee is ſuted, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hoſe in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerriſſa. What thinke you of the Scottiſh Lorde his neighbour?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Engliſhman, and ſwore hee would pay him againe when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew?

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is ſober, and moſt vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, & when he is worſt he is little better then a beaſt, and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee ſhoulde offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reyniſhe vvine on the contrarie Casket, for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Nerriſſa. You needs not feare Ladie the having anie of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home, and to trouble you with no more ſute, vnleſſe you may be wonne by ſome other ſort thē your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskers.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, I will die as chaſt as Diana, vnleſſe I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his very abſence: & I pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerriſſa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marqueſſe of Mountferrat?

Portia.

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke ſo was he calld.

Ner. True maddam, hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Ladie.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthie of thy prayſe.

How nowe, vvhat newes?

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſeeke for you maddam to take theyr leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maiſter will be heere to night.

Por. Yf I could bid the ſift welcome with ſo good hart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I ſhould bee glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a deuill, I had rather he ſhould ſhriue mee then wiue mee. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra goe before: whiles we ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Baſſanio* with *Shylocke* the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which as I told you,
Anthonio ſhalbe bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me?
Shall I know your aunſwere.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your aunſwere to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shylocke. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying hee is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand mee that hee is ſufficient, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: hee hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, hee hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,

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and other ventures he hath squandred abroade, but ships are but boordes, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, *I* meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, *I* thinke *I* may take his bond.

Bas. Be assurd you may.

Iew. *I* will be assurd *I* may: and that *I* may bee assured, *I* will bethinke mee, may *I* speake with *Anthonio*?

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarit conjured the deuill into: *I* wil buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but *I* will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter *Anthonio.*

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio.*

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in Venice.
Yf *I* can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the auncient grudge *I* beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate-
On me, my bargaines, and my well-wone thrift,
vvhich hee calls interrest: Cursed be my Trybe
if *I* forgiue him.

Bass. *Shyloch*, doe you heare.

Shyl. *I* am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that,
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

An. *Shylocke*, albeit *I* neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
*I*le breake a custome: is hee yet possest
How much ye would?

Shy. *I*, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shyl. *I* had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. *I* doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* grazd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; *I*, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interrest?

Shyl. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly intrest, marke what *Iacob* did,
VVhen *Laban* and himselfe were compremyzd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being ranck
In end of Autume turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these wolly breeders in the act,
The skilful sheepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kind
He stuck them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colourd lambs, and those were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

An. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashiond by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interrest good?
Or is your gold and siluer ewes and rammes?

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To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yf he wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

And

And hedgd me by his wit to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtoode as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlewe the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince
That wone three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke:
Out-braue the hart moſt daring on the earth:
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with greeuing.
Portia. You muſt take your chaunce,
And eyther not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiſ'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chaunce.
Portia. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men.
Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to runne from this Iewe my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*,

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or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legges, take the ſtart, runne away, my conſcience ſayes no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to mee: my honeſt friend *Launcelet* being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kinde of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile wel, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be ruld by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the deuill himſelfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile mee to ſtay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maiſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maiſter Iewes?

Launcelet. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confuſions with him.

Gobbo. Maiſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maiſter Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes houſe.

Gobbo. Be Gods ſonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me

mee whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, nowe will I raiſe the waters; talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maiſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launce. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant pleaſe your maiſterſhip.

Launce. Ergo Maiſter *Launcelet*, talke not of maiſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates and deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch braunches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launcelet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy G O D reſt his ſoule aliue or dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbo. Alack ſir I am ſand blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might fayle of the knowing mee: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your ſonne, giue mee your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

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Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Launc. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be sworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my philhorse hase on his taile.

Launce. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Iewe, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio *with a follower or two.*

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lau. Indeede the short and the long is, *I* serue the Iewe, & haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iewe hauing done me wrong, dooth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vppon your worship, and my suit is.

Lau. In very briefe, the suit is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall knowe by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serue you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtaind thy suite,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakst it well; goe Father with thy Sonne
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Lyuerie
More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tong in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small tryfle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, heere are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, ile take my leaue of the Iewe in

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the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſt, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beſt endeuours ſhall be done heerein. *Exit Leonardo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Maiſter.

Leonar. Yonder ſir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Baſſanio.*

Baſſ. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue ſute to you.

Baſſ. You haue obtaind it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why then you muſt but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne; why there they ſhow
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wild behauiour
I be miſconſtred in the place I goe to,
And looſe my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Baſſanio,* heare me,
Yf I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillity
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Baſſ. No that were pitty,

I would

I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but far you well,
I haue ſome buſines.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica *and the Clowne.*

Ieſſica. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merry deuill
Didſt rob it of ſome taſt of tediouſnes,
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Launcelet,* ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenſo, who is thy new Maiſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iewe, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceaued; but adiew, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomthing drowne my manly ſpirit: adiew.

Ieſſica. Farwell good *Launceler.*
Alack, what heynous ſinne is it in me
To be aſhamed to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners: ô *Lorenſo*
Yf thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenſo, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gratia. We haue not made good preparation.

Salari. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Solanio. Tis vile vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two houres

To

To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* whats the newes. *Enter Launcelet.*
Launcelet. And it ſhal pleaſe you to breake vp this,it ſhal ſeeme to ſignifie.
Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ.
Gratia. Loue, newes in faith.
Launce. By your leaue ſir.
Loren. Whither goeſt thou.
Launc. Marry ſir to bid my old Maiſter the Iewe to ſup to night with my new Maiſter the Chriſtian.
Loren. Hold heere take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuatly,
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*
Sal. *I* marry, ile be gone about it ſtraite.
Sol. And ſo will *I*.
Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.
Sal. Tis good we doe ſo. *Exit.*
Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*.
Loren. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhe hath in readines,
Yfere the Iewe her Father come to heauen,
Yt will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iewe:
Come goe with me, perуſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.
Iewe. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize

As thou haſt done with mee: vvhat *Ieſſica*,
and ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparraile out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.
Clowne. Why *Ieſſica*.
Shy. Who bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.
Clow. Your vvorſhip was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.
Enter *Ieſſica*.
Ieſſica. Call you? vvhat is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my keyes: but wherefore ſhould I goe?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
looke to my houſe, *I* am right loth to goe,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.
Clowne. I beſeech you ſir goe, my young Maiſter
doth expect your reproch.
Shy. So doe *I* his.
Clowne. And they haue conſpired together, *I* vvill not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on black monday laſt, at ſixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in thafternoone.
Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme
and the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fiffe
clamber not you vp to the caſements then
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, *I* meane my caſements,
let not the ſound of ſhallow fopprie enter
my ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
but *I* will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
ſay *I* will come.

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Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
vvill be worth a Iewes eye.
Shyl. What sayes that foole of *Hagars* ofspring? ha.
Iessica. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.
Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepes by day
more then the vvild-cat: drones hiue not with me,
therefore *I* part with him and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to waste
his borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
perhaps *I* will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*
Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the maskers, *Gratiano* and *Salerino.*

Grat. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
desired vs to make stand.
Sal. His howre is almost past.
Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.
Sal. O tenne times faster *Venus* pidgions flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.
Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vvith that keene appetite that he sits downe?
vvhere is the horse that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbated fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chased then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
hugd and embraced by the strumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

vvith

vvith ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged sailes
leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter *Lorenzo.*

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires haue made you waite:
vvhen you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whose within?

Iessica aboue.

Ies. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I doe know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.
Iessica. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I so much? and now who knowes
but you *Lorenzo* whether I am yours?
Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.
Ies. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much ashamde of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
for if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
to see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames,
they in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discouery loue,
and I should be obscurd.
Lor. So are you sweet
euen in the louely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night doth play the runaway,
and we are staid for at *Bassanios* feast.
Ies. I will make fast the doores & guild my selfe
with some mo ducats, and be with you straight.
Gra. Now by my hoode a gentle, and no Iew.
Lor. Beshrow me but I loue her hartilie,

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For ſhe is wiſe, if *I* can iudge of her,
and faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true ſhe is, as ſhe hath proou'd herſelfe:
And therefore like herſelfe, wiſe, faire, and true,
ſhall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule. Enter *Ieſſica.*
What, art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*
Enter *Anthonio.*

An. VVhoſe there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord,
I haue ſent twentie out to ſeeke for you.

Gra. I am glad ont, I deſire no more delight
then to be vnderſaile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*
Enter *Portia* with *Morrocho* and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aſide the curtaines and diſcouer
the ſeuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. This firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if *I* doe chooſe the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
if you chooſe that, then *I* am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me ſee,
I will ſuruay th'inſcriptions, back againe,
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath,
Muſt giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

doe

doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the ſiluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhal get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues, pauſe there *Morocho,*
and weigh thy valew with an euen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation
thou dooſt deſerue enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing
vvere but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as *I* deſerue, why thats the Ladie.
I doe in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then theſe, in loue *I* doe deſerue,
vvhat if *I* ſtraid no farther, but choſe heere?
Lets ſee once more this ſaying grau'd in gold:
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why thats the Ladie, all the world deſires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſtie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire *Portia.*
The waterie Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits, but they come
as ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia.*
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
*I*ſt like that leade containes her, twere damnation
to thinke ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
to ribb her ſerecloth in the obſcure graue,
Or ſhall I thinke in ſiluer ſhees immurd
beeing tenne times vndervalewed to tride gold,
O ſinful thought, neuer ſo rich a *I*em
vvas ſet in worſe then gold. They haue in England

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A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
ſtampt in gold, but thats inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold,
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your anſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fare you well, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outeries raiſd the Duke,
vvho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
that in a Gondylo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica.*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
they were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sol. I neuer heard a paſſion ſo confuſd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable
as the dogge Iew did vtter in the ſtreets,
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chriſtian ducats.
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter,
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats
of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
and Iewels, two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, find the girle,
ſhee hath the ſtones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſond with a Frenchman yeſterday,
vvho told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
the French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
a veſſell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
and wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.

Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may greeue him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treades not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
of his returne: he anſwered, doe not ſo,
ſlumber not buſines for my ſake *Baſſanio,*
but ſtay the very riping of the time,
and for the Iewes bond which he hath of me
let it not enter in your minde of loue:
be merry, and imploy your cheefeſt thoughts
to courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue
as ſhall conueniently become you there,
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
and with affection wondrous ſencible.

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He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.
Sol. *I* thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
vvith some delight or other.
Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Nerrissa* and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick *I* pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter *Arrogon*, his trayne, and *Portia*.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
vf you choose that wherein I am containd
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speech my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.
Arra. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
vvhich casket twas *I* chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if *I* doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.
Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.
Arr. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that choose by show;
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet

builds

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde to; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
vvithout the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vndeserued dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
vvere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
vvere purchast by the merrit of the wearer,
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commaunded that commaund?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times,
To be new varnist; well but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.
Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.
Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues?
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?
Portia. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Arrag. What is heere?

The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,

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That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kis.
Such haue but a shadowes blis:
There be fooles alue Iwis
Siluerd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head *I* came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Paciently to beare my wroath.
Portia. Thus hath the candle singd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisedome by their wit to loose.
Nerriss. The auncient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.
Portia. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady.
Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?
Mess. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curtious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.
Portia. No more I pray thee, *I* am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:

Come

Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post that comes so mannerly.
Nerriss. *Bassanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?
Salari. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.
Solanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; O that *I* had a tytle good enough to keepe his name company.
Salari. Come, the full stop.
Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Salari. *I* would it might proue the end of his losses.
Solanio. Let me say amen betimes, least the deuil crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenes of a Iewe. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants? *Enter Shylocke.*
Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.
Salari. Thats certaine, *I* for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings she flew withall.
Solan. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.
Shy. She is damnd for it.
Salari. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.
Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.
Sola. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.
Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.
Salari. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had any losse at sea or no?

 Shy. There

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Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vsurer, let him looke to his bond, hee was wont to lende money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Salari. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shyl. To baite fish with all, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; hee hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and whats his reason, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs doe wee not laugh, if you poyson vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs shall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Christian, what is his humillity, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Saleri. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the deuill himselfe turne Iewe. *Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Tuball.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from Genowa, hast thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy.

Shylocke. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till nowe, two thousand ducats in that, & other precious precious iewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not whats spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, foure score ducats at a sitting, foure score ducats.

Tuball. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare, he cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them shewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest mee *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildernes of Monkies.

Tuball. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball* fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good

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Tuball, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traynes.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
Theres something tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallity;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will *I* neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That *I* had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but if mine then yours,
And so all yours; ô these naughty times
puts barres betweene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours, (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as *I* am, *I* liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
vvhat treason there is mingled with your loue.

Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
vvhich makes me feare th'inioying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke
vvhere men enforced doe speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Portia. Well then, confesse and liue.

Bass. Confesse and loue
had beene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me aunsweres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musique sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
may stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
and watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
vvith no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian vviues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished? *Replie, replie.*

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It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*
Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues,
The world is ſtill deceau'd with ornament
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill. In religion
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
vvill bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe harts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*;
vvho inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
vvhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
vvhich maketh ſuch wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon ſuppoſed fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a ſecond head;
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
vvhich rather threatenſt then doſt promiſe ought,
thy palenes moues me more then eloquence,
and heere chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhyddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe
for feare I ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demy God
hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine
ſeeme they in motion? Heere are ſeuerd lips
parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
ſhould ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden meſh tyntrap the harts of men
faſter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
and leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
the ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
in vnderpryſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. Heeres the ſcroule,
the continent and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chaunce as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
and hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kis.

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A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhoute,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
vvhether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no,
So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirmd, ſignd, ratified by you.

Por. You ſee me Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
ſuch as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh
to wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twentie times my ſelfe,
a thouſand times more faire, tenne thouſand times
more rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends
exceede account: but the full ſumme of me
is ſume of ſomething: which to terme in groſſe,
is an vnleſſond girle, vnſchoold, vnpractized,
happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
but ſhe may learne: happier then this,
ſhee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
as from her Lord, her gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire manſion, maiſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
this houſe, theſe ſeruaunts, and this ſame my ſelfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring,
vvhich when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,

ondy

onely my blood ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
and there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
as after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
by a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
among the buzzing pleaſed multitude.
Where euery ſomthing beeing blent together,
turnes to a wild of nothing, ſaue of ioy
expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
ô then be bold to ſay *Baſſanios* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
that haue ſtoode by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
to cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
for *I* am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
and when your honours meane to ſolemnize
the bargaine of your fayth: I doe beſeech you
euen at that time I may be married to.

Baſſ. With all my hart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
you ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the mayd:
You lou'd, *I* lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my lord then you;
your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
and ſo did mine to as the matter falls:
for wooing heere vntill *I* ſwet againe,
and ſwearing till my very rough was dry
with oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
to haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
atchiu'd her miſtres.

Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?

Ner. Maddam it is, ſo you ſtand pleaſd withall.

Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good fayth?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

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Bass. Our feast shalbe much honored in your mariage.
Gra. Wele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
vvhat, and my old Venecian friend *Salerio*?

Enter *Lorenzo*, *Iessica*, and *Salerio* a messenger from Venice.

Bassa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
if that the youth of my newe intrest heere
haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
but meeting with *Salerio* by the way
he did intreate me past all saying nay
to come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
and I haue reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*
commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in mind,
nor well, vnlesse in mind: his letter there
vvill show you his estate. *open the letter.*
Gra. *Nerissa*, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue wone the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrowd contents in yond same paper
That steales the colour from *Bassanios* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
could turne so much the constitution

of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
and I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweete *Portia*,
heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady
when I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then *I* told you true: and yet deere Lady
rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
how much *I* was a Braggart, when I told you
my state was nothing, I should then haue told you
that *I* was worse then nothing; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady,
the paper as the body of my friend,
and euery word in it a gaping wound
issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*
hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and *I*ndia,
and not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
the present money to discharge the Iew,
hee would not take it: neuer did *I* know
a creature that did beare the shape of man
so keene and greedie to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the state
if they deny him iustice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,

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but none can driue him from the enuious plea
of forfaiture, of iuſtice, and his bond.
Ieſſi. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
to *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his country-men,
that he would rather haue *Anthonios* fleſh
then twentie times the value of the ſumme
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authoritie, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
the beſt conditiond and vnwearied ſpirit
in dooing curteſies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appeares,
then any that drawes breath in *Italie*.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What no more, pay him ſix thouſand, & deface the bond:
double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
before a friend of this diſcription
ſhall loſe a haire through *Baſſanios* fault.
Firſt goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for neuer ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
vvith an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
vvill liue as maydes and widdowes; come away,
for you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your freends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
ſince you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips haue all miſcaried, my Creditors growe cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iewe is forfaite, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and*

and I if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure, if your loue do not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O Ioue! diſpatch all buſines and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
no bed ſhall ere be guiltie of my ſtay,
nor reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the *Iew*, and *Salerio*, and *Anthonio*,
and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercie,
this is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him.
Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylock*.
Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I haue ſworne an oath, that I will haue my bond:
thou call'dſt me dogge before thou hadſt a cauſe,
but ſince I am a dog, beware my phanges,
the Duke ſhall graunt me iuſtice, I do wonder
thou naughtie Iaylor that thou art ſo fond
to come abroade with him at his requeſt.
An. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.
Iew. Ile haue my bond. I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more.
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull eyde foole,
to ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
to chriſtian interceſſers: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the moſt impenitrable curre
that euer kept with men.
An. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers.

hee

takes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuerd from his forfeytures
many that haue at times made mone to me,
therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfaiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot denie the course of law:
for the commoditie that strangers haue
with vs in Venice, if it be denyed,
will much impeach the iustice of the state,
since that the trade and profit of the citty
consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
these griefes and losses haue so bated me
that I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
to morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well Iaylor on, pray God *Bassanio* come
to see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica,* and a man of *Portias.*

Lor. Maddam, although I speake it in your presence,
you haue a noble and a true conceite
of god-like amitie, which appeares most strongly
in bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
how true a gentleman you send releefe,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
then customarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doeing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuerse and wast the time together,
whose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue,
there must be needes a like proportion
of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
which makes me thinke that this *Antonio*
beeing the bosome louer of my Lord,
must needes be like my Lord. If it be so,

how

How little is the cost I haue bestowed
in purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenso I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vowe,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne,
There is a Monastry two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
not to denie this imposition,
the which my loue and some necessity
now layes vpon you.

Lorenso. Madame, with all my hart,
I shall obey you in all faire commaunds.

Por. My people doe already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
in place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Iessi. I wish your Ladiship all harts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleasd
to wish it back on you: far you well *Iessica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and vse thou all th'indeuour of a man,
In speede to Mantua, see thou render this
into my cosin hands Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speede
vnto the Traiect, to the common Ferrie
which trades to Venice; waste no time in words
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

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Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speede.

Portia. Come on *Nerrissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
vvith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
vvhen we are both accoutered like young men,
ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and speake betweene the change of man and boy,
vvith a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies sought my loue,
vvhich I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wish for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
that men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
vvhich I will practise.

Nerriss. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a question's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
vvhen I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
for we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that

that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Iessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deede, so the sinnes of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damnd both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Caribdis* your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Iessica. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, in as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly haue a rasher on the coles for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Iessi. Ile tell my husband *Launcelet* what you say, here he come?

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Launcelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Iessica. Nay, you needs not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is vvith child by you *Launcelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner?

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Clowne. That is done to ſir, onely couer is the word.
Loren. Will you couer than ſir?
Clowne. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my duty.
Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.
Clowne. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meate ſir, it ſhall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceites ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*
Loren. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that ſtand in better place,
garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
defie the matter: how cherſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How dooſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanios* wife?
Ieſſi. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
the Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
in reaſon he ſhould neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomthing elſe
paund with the other, for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for wife.
Ieſſi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Loren. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?
Ieſſi. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomack?
Loren. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſo mere thou ſpeakſt mong other things,
I ſhall diſgeſt it?

Ieſſi. Well, ile ſet you forth. *Exit.*
Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.
Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Antho. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to aunſwere
a ſtonie aduerſarie, an inhumaine wretch,
vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
from any dram of mercie.
Antho. I haue heard
your grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
his rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
out of his enuies reach, I doe oppoſe
my patience to his furie, and am armd
to ſuffer with a quietnes of ſpirit,
the very tiranny and rage of his.
Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.
Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.
Enter Shylocke.
Duke. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke ſo to
that thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
to the laſt houre of act, and then tis thought
thowlt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
and where thou now exacts the penalty,
vvhich is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
thou wilt not onely looſe the forfaiture,
but toucht with humaine gentlenes and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
glauncing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
that haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And pluck comiſeration of this ſtates
from braſſie boſomes and rough harts of flints,
from ſtubborne Turkes, and Tarters neuer traind

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to offices of tender curteſie:
We all expect a gentle anſwere Iewe?
Iewe. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
and by our holy Sabaoth haue I ſworne
to haue the due and forfet of my bond,
if you deny it, let the danger light
vpon your charter and your Cities freedome?
Youle aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
a weight of carrion fleſh, then to receaue
three thouſand ducats: Ile not anſwer that?
But ſay it is my humour, is it anſwerd?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
and I be pleasd to giue ten thouſand ducats
to haue it baind? vvhat, are you anſwerd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge?
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat?
And others when the bagpipe ſings ith noſe,
cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Maiſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
of what it likes or loathes, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
vvhy he cannot abide a gaping pigge?
vvhy he a harmeleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
vvhy he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
muſt yeeld to ſuch inuitable ſhame,
as to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that *I* follow thus
a looſing ſute againſt him? are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
to excuſe the currant of thy cruelty?
Iewe. *I* am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwers?
Baſſ. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue?
Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euery offence is not a hate at firſt?
Iewe. What wouldſt thou haue a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Antho.

Anth. *I* pray you think you queſtion with the *Iewe*,
you may as well goe ſtand vpon the Beach
and bid the maine flood bate his vſuall height,
you may as vvell vſe queſtion with the Woolfe
vvhy he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe
vvhen they are fretten with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well doe any thing moſt hard
as ſeeke to ſoften that then which what's harder:
his *Iewiſh* hart? therefore *I* doe beſeech you
make no moe offers, vſe no farther meanes,
but with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
let me haue iudgement, and the *Iewe* his will?
Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats heere is ſixe?
Iewe. *If* euery ducat in ſixe thouſand ducats
vvere in ſixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, *I* would haue my bond?
Duk. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?
Iewe. What iudgment ſhall *I* dread doing no wrong?
you haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
vvhich like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules
you vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
becauſe you bought them, ſhall *I* ſay to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heires?
vvhy ſweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
be made as ſoft as yours, and let their pallats
be ſeaſond with ſuch viands, you will anſwer
the ſlaues are ours, ſo doe *I* anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh which *I* demaund of him
is deerely bought, as mine and *I* will haue it:
if you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, ſhall I haue it?
Duke. Vpon my power *I* may diſmiſſe this Court,
vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
whom *I* haue ſent for to determine this

Come

Come heere to day?
Salerio. My Lord, heere ſtayes without
a meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?
Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Meſſenger?
Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood?
Antho. I am a tainted vveather of the flocke,
meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruite
drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?
Baſſ. Why dooſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Iewe. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?
Gratia. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
thou makſt thy knife keene: but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesſe
of thy ſharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?
Iewe. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gratia. O be thou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that ſoules of Animalls infuſe themſelues
into the trunks of men: Thy currifh ſpirit
gouernd a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine ſlaughter
euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
and whileſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam;
infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
are vvoluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.
Iewe. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

to cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your aunſwer whether youle admit him.
Duke. With all my hart: ſome three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receit of your letter I am very ſicke, but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*: I acquainted him with the cauſe in cõtrouerſie between the Iew and *Anthonio* the Merchant, wee turnd ore many bookes together, hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered vvith his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation, for I neuer knew ſo young a body with ſo olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

Duke. You heare the learnd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?
Portia. I did my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.
Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the Iew?
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law

cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, doe you not.
An. I, ſo he ſayes.
Por. Doe you confeſſe the bond?
An. I doe.
Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.
Shy. On what compulſion muſt I, tell me that.
Por. The qualitie of mercie is not ſtraind,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
vpon the place beneath: it is twiſe bleſt,
it bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His ſcepter ſhowes the force of temporall power,
the attribut to awe and maieſtie,
vvherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribut to God himſelfe;
and earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt gods
vvhen mercie ſeaſons iuſtice: therefore Iew,
though iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
that in the courſe of iuſtice, none of vs
ſhould ſee ſaluation: vve doe pray for mercy,
and that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deedes of mercie. I haue ſpoke thus much
to mittigate the iuſtice of thy plea,
vvhich if thou follow, this ſtrict Court of Venice
muſt needes giue ſentence gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law,
the penalty and forfaite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
yea, twiſe the ſumme, if that will not ſuffiſe,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
on forfait of my hands, my head, my hart,
if this will not ſuffiſe, it muſt appeare

that malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
wreſt once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell deuill of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
twill be recorded for a precedent,
and many an errour by the ſame example
will ruſh into the ſtate, it cannot be.
Shy. A Daniell come to iudgement: yea a Daniell.
O wiſe young Iudge how I doe honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Heere tis moſt reuerend doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke* theres thrice thy money offred thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
ſhall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
Not not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfait,
and lawfully by this the Iew may claime
a pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
neereſt the Merchants hart: be mercifull,
take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy iudge,
you know the law, your expoſition
hath beene moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
vvhereof you are a well deſeruing piller,
proceede to iudgement: by my ſoule I ſweare,
there is no power in the tongue of man
to alter me, I ſtay here on my Bond,
An. Moſt hartelie I doe beſeech the Court
to giue the iudgement.
Por. Why than thus it is,
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Shy. O noble Iudge, O excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
hath full relation to the penaltie,

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vvhich heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. Tis very true: ô wise and vpright Iudge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.
Iew. I, his breast,
so sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Nearest his hart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by some Surgion *Shylocke* on your charge,
to stop his wounds, least he doe bleede to death.
Iew. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expresst, but what of that?
Twere good you doe so much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.
Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; *I* am armd and well prepard,
giue me your hand *Bassanio*, far you well,
greeue not that *I* am falne to this for you:
for heerein Fortune showes her selfe more kind
then is her custome: it is still her vse
to let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
to view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow
an age of pouertie: from which lingring pennance
of such misery doth she cut me of.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the processe of *Anthonios* end,
say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be iudge
vvhether *Bassanio* had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the *Iew* doe cut but deepe enough,
*I*le pay it instantly with all my hart.
Bass. *Anthonio*, *I* am married to a wife
which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
but life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,

are not with me esteemd aboue thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifize them all
heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thankes for that
if she were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife who *I* protest *I* loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
intreate some power to change this currish Iew.
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her back,
the wish would make else an vnquiet house.
Iew. These be the christian husbands, *I* haue a daughter
vvould any of the stocke of Barrabas
had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, *I* pray thee pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
the Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew. Most rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
the law alowes it, and the court awards it.
Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
this bond doth giue thee heere no iote of blood,
the words expresly are a pound of flesh:
take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
but in the cutting it, if thou doost shed
one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
are by the lawes of Venice confiscate
vnto the state of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, ô learned *I*udge,
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
for as thou vrgest iustice, be assurd
thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirst.
Gra. O learned iudge, mark *I*ew, a learned iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Christian goe.

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Bass. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew shal haue all iustice, soft no hast,
he shall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
but iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
or lesse then a iust pound, be it but so much
as makes it light or heauy in the substance,
or the deuision of the twentith part
of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
but in the estimation of a hayre,
thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniell, a Daniell Iew,
now infidell *I* haue you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfaiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Bass. I haue it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. Hee hath refusd it in the open Court,
hee shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.
Gra. A Daniell still say *I*, a second Daniell,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall *I* not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfaiture
to be so taken at thy perrill Iew.
Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it:
Ile stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry Iew,
the law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
if it be proued against an alien,
that by direct, or indirect attempts
he seeke the life of any Citizen,
the party gainst the which he doth contriue,
shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
and the offenders life lies in the mercy

of the Duke onely, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
for it appeares by manifest proceeding,
that indirectly, and directly to
thou hast contriued against the very life
of the defendant: and thou hast incurd
the danger formorly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
and yet thy wealth beeing forfait to the state,
thou hast not left the value of a cord,
therefore thou must be hangd at the states charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
for halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonios*,
the other halfe comes to the generall state,
vvhich humblenes may driue vnto a fine.
Por. I for the state, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
you take my house, when you doe take the prop
that doth sustaine my house: you take my life
vvhen you doe take the meanes whereby *I* liue.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Godsake.
Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court
to quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
the other halfe in vse, to render it
vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
that lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
he presently become a Christian:
the other, that he doe record a gift
heere in the Court of all he dies possest
vnto his sonne *Lorenzo* and his daughter.
Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deede of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deede after me,
and I will signe it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Shy. In christning shalt thou haue two Godfathers,
had I beene iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Duke. Sir I entreate you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
and it is meete I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
for in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
haue by your wisedome been this day aquitted
of grecuous penalties, in lewe whereof,
three thousand ducats due vnto the *Iew*
wee freely cope your curtious paines withall.
An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
in loue and seruice to you euer-more.
Por. Hee is well payd that is well satisfied,
and I deliuering you, am satisfied,
and therein doe account my selfe well payd,
my minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.
Bass. Deere sir, of force *I* must attempt you further,
take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
not as fee: graunt me two things I pray you,
not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You presse me farre, and therefore *I* wil yeeld,
giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,

and

and for your loue ile take this ring from you,
doe not draw back your hand, ile take no more,
and you in loue shall not denie me this?
Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this?
Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this,
and now me thinks I haue a minde to it?
Bass. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
the deerest ring in Venice will I giue you,
and finde it out by proclamation,
onely for this I pray you pardon me?
Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
you taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
you teach me how a begger should be aunswerd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
and when she put it on, she made me vowe
that I should neither sell, nor giue, nor loose it.
Por. That cuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
and if your wife be not a mad woman,
and know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
she would not hold out enemy for euer
for giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Anth. My L. *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
let his deseruings and my loue withall
be valued gainst your wiues commaundement.
Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, runne and ouer-take him,
giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
vnto *Anthonios* house, away, make hast. *Exit Gratiano.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
and in the morning early will we both
flie toward Belmont, come *Anthonio.*

Exeunt.

Enter Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
and let him signe it, weele away to night,
and be a day before our husbands home:
this deede will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*?

Enter

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
hath ſent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept moſt thankfully,
and ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylockes* houſe.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would ſpeake with you:
Ile ſee if *I* can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him ſweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhal haue old ſwearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-ſweare them to:
away, make haſt, thou knowſt where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
vvhen the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
and they did make no noyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Creſſed* lay that night.

Ieſſ. In ſuch a night
did *Thiſbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere him ſelfe,
and ranne diſmayed away.

Loren. In ſuch a night
ſtoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde ſea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Ieſſ. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eſon*.

Loren. In ſuch a night

did

did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iewe,
and with an vnthrift loue did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Ieſſ. In ſuch a night
did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he loued her well,
ſtealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
and nere a true one.

Loren. In ſuch a night
did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
ſlaunder her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Ieſſ. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Loren. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

Meſſen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Meſſ. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
my Miſtres will before the breake of day
be heere at Belmont, ſhe doth ſtray about
by holy croſſes where ſhe kneeles and prayes
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Meſſ. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:
I pray you is my Maiſter yet returnd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
and ceremoniouſly let vs prepare
ſome welcome for the Miſtres of the houſe. *Enter Clowne.*

Clowne. Sola, ſola: wo ha, ho ſola, ſola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*. & M. *Lorenzo* ſola, ſola.

Loren. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Poſt come from my Maiſter, with his horne full of good newes, my Maiſter will be heere ere morning ſweete ſoule.

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Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in.
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I pray you
vvithin the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
dooth grosly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a himne,
vvith sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. *play Musique.*

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youthfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
vvhich is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceaue them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet
did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Terebus*:
let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
how farre that little candell throwes his beames,
so shines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his state
empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: musique harke.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house?

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
vvhen neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
vvhen euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne?
How many things by season, seasond are
to their right prayse, and true perfection:
Peace, how the moone sleepes with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe
by the bad voyce?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
vvhich speed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming?

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Por. Goe in *Nerriſſa*.
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
no note at all of our being abſent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.
Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.
Por. This night me thinks is but the day light ſicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
ſuch as the day is when the ſunne is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
but God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Baſſ. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
it muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. By yonder moone I ſweare you doe me wrong,
infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
ſince you doe take it Loue ſo much at hart.
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?
Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that ſhe did giue me, whoſe poſie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*
Ner. What talke you of the poſie or the valew:
You ſwore to me when I did giue you,

that

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it ſhould lie with you in your graue,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you ſhould haue beene reſpectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clarke: no Gods my Iudge
the Clarke will nere weare haire ons face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Nerriſſa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
no higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my hart deny it him.
Por. You were to blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
to part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
a thing ſtuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him ſweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands:
I dare be ſworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world maiſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*
you giue your wife too vnkind a cauſe of griefe,
and twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
and ſweare I loſt the ring defending it.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his ring away
vnto the Iudge that begd it, and indeede
deſeru'd it too: and then the boy his Clarke
that tooke ſome paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor maiſter would take ought
but the two rings.
Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por.

Por. Euen so voyd is your false hart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
vntill *I* see the ring?
Ner. Nor I in yours
till I againe see mine?
Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
if you did know to whom I gaue the ring,
if you did know for whom *I* gaue the ring,
and would conceaue for what *I* gaue the ring,
and how vnwillingly I left the ring,
when naught would be accepted but the ring,
you would abate the strength of your displeasure?
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the ring,
or halfe her worthines that gaue the ring,
or your owne honour to containe the ring,
you would not then haue parted with the ring:
what man is there so much vnreasonable
if you had pleasd to haue defended it
with any termes of zeale: wanted the modesty
to vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeue,
ile die for't, but some woman had the ring?
Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denie him,
and suffered him to goe displeasd away,
euen he that had held vp the very life
of my deere friend. What should *I* say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
my honour would not let ingratitude
so much besmere it: pardon me good Lady,
for by these blessed candels of the night,
had you been there, I think you would haue begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor?
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house

since

since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
and that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
no, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
if you doe not, if I be left alone,
now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
ile haue that Doctor for mine bedfellow.
Nerrissa. And I his Clark: therefore be well aduisd
how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well doe you so: let not me take him then,
for if I doe, ile mar the young Clarks pen.
Anth. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrells.
Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
and in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
wherein I see my selfe.
Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
and there's an oath of credite.
Bass. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
which but for him that had your husbands ring
had quite miscaried. *I* dare be bound againe,
my soule vpon the forfet, that your Lord
will neuer more breake faith aduisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: giue him this,
and bid him keepe it better then the other.
Antho. Here Lord *Bassanio*, sweare to keepe this ring.
Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me *Bassanio*,

 for

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for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Nerriſſa. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
for that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
in liew of this, laſt night did lie with me.
Grati. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer where the wayes are faire enough:
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it.
Por. Speake not ſo groſſly, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leaſure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
there you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
ſhall witnes I ſet foorth as ſoone as you,
and euen but now returnd: *I* haue not yet
enterd my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in ſtore for you
than you exſpect: vnſeale this letter ſoone,
there you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
are richly come to harbour ſodainly.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chaunced on this letter.
Antho. I am dumb?
Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and *I* knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.
Ner. I but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.
Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
vvhen *I* am abſent then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for heere *I* reade for certaine that my ſhips
are ſafely come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
my Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you.
Ner I, and ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe *I* giue to you and *Ieſſica*
from the rich Iewe, a ſpeciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies poſſeſt of.

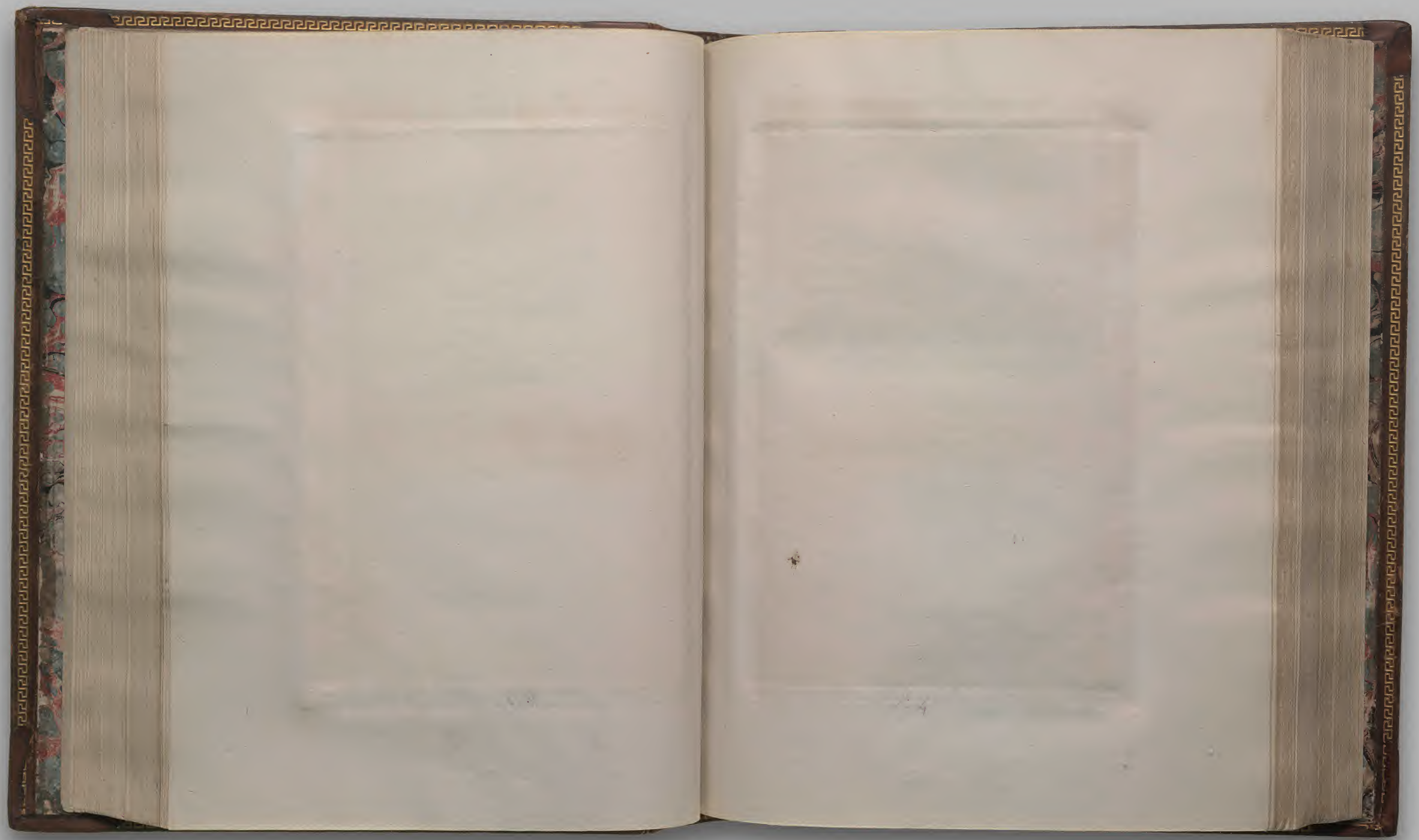
Loren.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of ſtarued people.
Por. It is almoſt morning,
and yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied
of theſe euents at full. Let vs goe in,
and charge vs there vpon intergotories,
and we will aunſwer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergotory
that my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
vvhether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
or goe to bed now being two houres to day:
But were the day come, *I* ſhould wiſh it darke
till *I* were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while *I* liue, ile feare no other thing
ſo ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Merch. of Venice.



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Much adoe about Nothing.

As it hath been ſundrie times publikely
acted by the right honourable, the Lord
Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

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Much adoe about *Nothing.*

Enter Leonato gouernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this letter, that don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neare by this, he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leona. How many gentlemen haue you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leona. A victory is twice it selfe, when the atchiuer brings home ful numbers: I find here, that don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a yong Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by don Pedro, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion he hath indeed better bettred expectation then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an vncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue already deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen to much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badge of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kind ouerflow of kindneſſe, there are no faces truer then thoſe that are ſo waſht, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Beatr. I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returnd from the warres or no?

Meſſen. I know none of that name, ladie, there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leonato What is he that you aske for neece?

Hero My coſen meanes Signior Benedicke of Padua.

Meſſ. O hee's returnd, and as pleaſant as euer he was.

Bea. He ſet vp his bills here in Meſſina, and challengde Cupid at the Flight, and my vncles foole reading the challenge ſubſcribde for Cupid, and challengde him at the Burbolt: I pray you, how many hath he kild and eaten in theſe warres? but how many hath he kild? for indeede I promiſed to eate all of his killing.

Leo. Faith neece you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but heele be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſeruice lady in theſe warres.

Beat. You had muſty vittaile, and he hath holpe to eate it, he is a very valiaunt trencher man, he hath an excellent ſtomacke.

Meſſ. And a good ſouldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good ſouldiour to a Lady, but what is he to a Lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, ſtufft with al honorable vertues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſſe then a ſtuft man, but for the ſtuffing wel, we are al mortall.

Leo. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my neece, there is a kind of merry warre betwixt Signior Benedicke and her, they neuer meet but there's a skirmiſh of wit betweene them.

Beat. Alas he gets nothing by that, in our laſt conflict, 4 of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouernd with one, ſo that if he haue wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him beare it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe, for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable

ble creature, who is his companion now? he hath euery month a new ſworne brother.

Meſſ. Iſt poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible, he weares his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it euer changes with the next blocke.

Meſſ. I ſee lady the gentleman is not in your bookes.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my ſtudy, but I pray you who is his companion? is there no yong ſquarer now that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the companie of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe, hee is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently madde, God help the noble Claudio, if he haue caught the Benedict, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere a be cured.

Meſſ. I will holde friends with you Ladie.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You will neuer runne madde niece.

Beat. No, not till a hote Ianuary.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approacht.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthaſar and Iohn the baſtard.

Pedro Good ſignior Leonato, are you come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is, to auoyd coſt, and you incounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe, in the likeneſſe of your grace, for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remaine: but when you depart from mee, ſorrow abides, and happines takes his leaue.

Pedro You embrace your charge too willingly: I thincke this is your daughter.

Leonato Her mother hath many times tolde me ſo.

Bened. Were you in doubt ſir that you askt her?

Leonato Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro You haue it full Benedicke, wee may gheſſe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her ſelfe:

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be happy Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Be. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for all Messina as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Bene. What my deere lady Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Bea. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while she hath such meete foode to feede it, as signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onelie you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my dog barke at a crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that mind, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keep your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a iades tricke, I knowe you of olde.

Pedro That is the summe of all: Leonato, signior Claudio, and signior Benedicke, my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detaine vs longer, I dare sweare he is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bidde you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

John. I thanke you, I am not of many wordes, but I thanke

Leon.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro Your hand Leonato, we will go together.

Exeunt. Manent Benedicke & Claudio.

Clau. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of Signior

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookte on her, (Leonato?

Clau. Is she not a modest yong ladie?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claudio No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

Bene. Why yfaith me thinks shees too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too litle for a great praise, onlie this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were vnhansome, and being no other, but as she is, I do not like her.

Claudio Thou thinkest I am in sport, I pray thee tell mee truelie how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buie her that you enquier after her?

Claudio Can the world buie such a iewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to putte it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall a man take you to go in the song?

Claudio In mine eie, shee is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Bened. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: theres her cosin, and she were not possest with a fury, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie dooth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Claudio I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.

Bened. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the worlde one man but he will weare his cappe with suspition? shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? go to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sundaies: looke, don Pedro is returned to seeke you.

Enter

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.

Pedro What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonatoes?

Bene. I would your Grace would constraine me to tell.

Pedro I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a dumb man, I woulde haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) he is in loue. with who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answer is, with Hero Leonatoes short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it vttred.

Bened. Like the olde tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Claudio If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro Amen, if you loue her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claudio. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro By my troth I speake my thought.

Claudio And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lorde, I spoke mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedro That she is worthy, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how she should be loued, nor know how she should be worthie, is the opinion that fire can not melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beauty.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his wil.

Bene. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that she brought me vp, I likewise giue her most humble thankes: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all women shall pardon mee: because I will not doe them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which

which I may go the finer,) I will liue a bacheller.

Pedro I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with sickenesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more blood with loue then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eies with a Ballad-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro Well, if euer thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prooue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and shoote at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and calld Adam.

Pedro Well, as time shal trie: in time the sauage bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible Benedicke beare it, plucke off the bulls hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildly painted, and in such great letters as they write, here is good horse to hyre: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see Benedicke the married man.

Claudio If this should euer happen, thou wouldst be horn madde.

Pedro Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bened. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro Well, you will temporize with the howres, in the meane time, good signior Benedicke, repaire to Leonatoes, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bened. I haue almost matter enough in mee for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God: from my house if I had it.

Pedro The sixt of Iuly: your louing friend Benedicke.

Bened. Nay mocke not, mocke not, the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flowt old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leaue you. *exit*

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mortifying miſchiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts, eate when I haue ſtomack, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe, laugh when I am mery, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this till you may do it without controllment, you haue of late ſtoode out againſt your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take true root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelf, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

Iohn I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (thogh I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plain dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſel, and enfraunchiſde with a clogge, therfore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth I would bite: if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

Iohn I make all vſe of it, for I vſe it only,
Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended mariage.

Iohn Wil it ſerue for any model to build miſchiefe on? what is he for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

Bor. Mary it is your bothers right hand.

Iohn Who, the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary one Hero the daughter and heire of Leonato.

Iohn A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the prince ſhould wooe Hero for himſelfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Counte Claudio.

Iohn Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my diſpleaſure, that yong ſtart-vp hath all the glory of my ouerthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe euery way, you are both ſure, and wil aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn Let vs to the great ſupper, their cheere is the greater that I am ſubdued, would the cooke were a my mind, ſhall we go proue whats to be done?

Bor. Weele wait vpon your lordſhip. *exit.*

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.

Leonato Was not counte Iohn here at ſupper?

brother I ſaw him not.

Beatrice How tartely that gentleman lookes, I neuer can ſee him but I am heart-burn'd an hower after.

Hero He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beatrice He were an excellent man that were made iuſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one is too like an image and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my ladies eldeſt ſonne, euermore tatling.

Leonato Then halfe ſignior Benedickes tongue in Counte Iohns mouth, and halfe Counte Iohns melancholy in Signior Benedickes face.

Beatrice With a good legge and a good foote vncle, and money inough in his purſe, ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world if a could get her good will.

Leonato By my troth neece thou wilt neuer get thee a huſband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

brother Infaith ſhees too curſt.

Beatrice Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen

Gods ſending that way, for it is ſaide, God ſends a curſt cow ſhort hornes, but to a cow too curſt, he ſends none.

Leonato So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no hornes.

Beatrice Iuſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen!

Leonato You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice What ſhould I do with him, dreſſe him in my apparell and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me, and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him, therefore I will euen take ſixpence in earneſt of the Berrord, and leade his apes into hell.

Lenoato Well then, go you into hell.

Beatrice No but to the gate, and there will the diuell meete me like an old cuckold with hornes on his head, and ſay, get you to heauen Beatrice, get you to heauen, heeres no place for you maids, ſo deliuer I vp my apes and away to ſaint Peter: for the heauens, he ſhewes me where the Batchellers ſit, and there liue we as merry as the day is long.

brother Well neece, I truſt you will be rulde by your father.

Beatrice Yes faith, it is my coſens duetie to make curſie and ſay, father, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make an other curſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſe me.

Leonato Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice Not til God make men of ſome other mettal then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouer-maſterd with a peece of valiant duſt? to make an account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: Adams ſonnes are my brethren, and truely I holde it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leonato

Leonato Daughter, remember what I told you, if the prince do ſolicite you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beatrice The fault will be in the muſique coſin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is meaſure in euery thing, and ſo daunce out the anſwer, for here me Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty like a Scotch ijgge (and ful as fantaſticall) the wedding manerly modeſt (as a meaſure) full of ſtate and aunchentry, and then comes Repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, til he ſincke into his graue.

Leonato Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice I haue a good eie vnckle, I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leonato The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſer, or dumb Iohn.

Pedro Lady will you walke about with your friend?

Hero So, you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walk away.

Pedro With me in your company.

Hero I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero When I like your fauour, for God defend the lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro My viſor is Philemons roofe, within the houſe is Ioue.

Hero Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro Speake low if you ſpeake loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne ſake, for I haue many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my praiers alowd.

Bene.

Bene. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.
Marg. God match me with a good dancer.
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.
Balth. No more words, the Clarke is answered.
Vrsula I know you well enough, you are signior Antho-nio.
Antho. At a word I am not.
Vrsula I knowe you by the wagling of your head.
Antho. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Vrsula You coulde neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: heeres his drie hand vp and downe, you are he, you are he.
Antho. At a word, I am not.
Vrsula Come, come, do you thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? go to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeere, and theres an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who tolde you so?
Bened. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bened. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainefull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred mery tales: wel, this was signior Benedick that said so.
Bened. Whats he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bened. Not I, beleeue me.
Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?
Bened. I pray you what is he?
Beat. Why he is the princes ieaster, a very dull fool, only his gift is, in deuising impossible slaunders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villanie, for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beate him: I am sure he is in the Fleete, I would he had boorded me.
Bene. When I know the Gentleman, ile tell him what you say.

Beat.

Beat. Do, do, heele but breake a comparison or two on me, which peraduenture, (not markt, or not laught at) strikes him into melancholy, and then theres a partrige wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that night: wee must follow the leaders.
Bene. In euery good thing.
Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Dance exeunt*
Iohn Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.
Borachio And that is Claudio, I knowe him by his bearing.
Iohn Are not you signior Benedicke?
Clau. You know me well, I am he.
Iohn Signior, you are very neere my brother in his loue, he is enamourd on Hero, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equall for his birth, you may doe the parte of an honest man in it.
Claudio How know you he loues her?
Iohn I heard him sweare his affection.
Borac. So did I too, and he swore hee would marry her to night.
Iohn Come let vs to the banquet. *exeunt: manet Clau.*
Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedicke,
But heare these ill newes with the eares of Claudio:
Tis certaine so, the Prince woos for himselfe,
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Saue in the office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.
Let euery eie negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe, (*dicke*
Which I mistrusted not: farewel therefore Hero. *Enter Bene-*
Benedicke Count Claudio.
Claudio Yea, the same.

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Bene. Come,will you go with me?

Claudio Whither?

Bene. Euen to the next willow,about your owne busines, county: what fashion will you weare the garland of? about your necke, like an Vsurers chaine?or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarffe? you must weare it one way,for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claudio I wish him ioy of her.

Fened. Why thats spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sell bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince would haue serued you thus?

Claudio I pray you leaue me.

Benedicke Ho now you strike like the blindman, twas the boy that stole your meate,and youle beate the post.

Claudio If it will not be, ile leaue you. *exit*

Benedicke Alas-poore hurt foule,now will hee creepe into sedges: but that my Ladie Beatrice should know me,and not know mee: the princes foole!hah, it may be I goe vnder that title,because I am merry: yea but so I am apte to doe my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed,it is the base(though bitter)disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so giues me out: well,ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince,Hero,Leonato,Iohn and Borachio, *and Conrade.*

Pedro Now signior,wheres the Counte, did you see him?

Benedicke Troth my lord, I haue played the part of Ladie Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I tolde him, and I thinke I tolde him true,that your grace had got the goodwil of this yoong Lady,and I offred him my company to a willow tree,either to make him a garland,as being forsaken,or to binde him vp a rod,as being worthie to bee whipt.

Pedro To be whipt,whats his fault?

Benedicke The flatte transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest,shewes it his companion,and he steales it.

Pedro Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? the transgression

sion is in the stealer.

Benedicke Yet it had not beene amisse the rodde had beene made, & the garland too, for the garland he might haue worn himselfe,and the rodde he might haue bestowed on you,who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

Pedro I wil but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Benedicke If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro The ladie Beatrice hath a quarrell to you,the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wronged by you.

Bened. O shee misused me past the indurance of a blocke: an oake but with one greene leafe on it,would haue answered her:my very visor beganne to assume life, and scold with her: she tolde me,not thinking I had beene my selfe,that I was the Princes iester, that I was duller than a great thawe, huddleing iest vpon iest, with such impossible conueiance vpon me,that I stoode like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: she speakes poynyards,and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no liuing neere her,shee would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though shee were indowed with al that Adam had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made Hercules haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come,talke not of her, you shall find her the infernall Ate in good apparell, I would to God some scholler would coniure her, for certainely,while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell,as in a sanctuarie, and people sinne vpon purpose,because they would goe thither, so indeede all disquiet, horrour,and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice.

Pedro Looke heere she comes.

Benedicke Will your grace command me any seruice to the worldes end? I will go on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send mee on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you

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the length of Prester Iohns foot: fetch you a haire off the great Chams beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than holde three words conference, with this harpy, you haue no imployment for me?

Pedro None, but to desire your good company.

Benedicke O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure my Ladie Tongue. *exit.*

Pedro Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of signior Benedicke.

Beatrice Indeed my Lord, he lent it me awhile, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for his single one, marry once before he wonne it of me, with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I haue lost it.

Pedro You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beatrice So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Counte Claudio, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro Why how now Counte, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio Not sad my Lord.

Pedro How then? sicke?

Claudio Neither, my Lord.

Beatrice The Counte is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Counte, ciuil as an orange, and something of that iealous complexion.

Pedro Ifaith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though ile be sworne, if he be so, his conceit is false: heere Claudio, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire Hero is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leonato Counte take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beatrice Speake Counte, tis your Qu.

Claudio Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and doate vpon the exchange. *Beatr.*

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro Infaith lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of Care, my cosin tells him in his eare that he is in her heart

Clau. And so she doth cosin.

Beat. Good Lord for aliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am sun-burnt, I may sit in a corner and crie, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands if a maide coulde come by them.

Prince Will you haue me? lady.

Beatr. No my lord, vnles I might haue another for working-daies, your grace is too costly to weare euery day: but I beseech your grace pardon me, I was born to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out a question, you were borne in a merry hower.

Beatr. No sure my lord, my mother cried, but then there was a starre daunst, and vnder that was I borne, cosins God giue you ioy.

Leonato Neece, will you looke to those things I tolde you of?

Beat I crie you mercy vncle, by your graces pardon. *exit Beatrice.*

Prince By my troth a pleasant spirited lady.

Leon. Theres little of the melancholy element in her my lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleeps, & not euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreampt of vnhappines, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro She cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato O by no meanes, she mockes al her wooers out of sute.

Prince She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leonato O Lord,my lord,if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themselues madde.

Prince Countie Claudio, when meane you to goe to church?

Clau. To morow my lord, Time goes on crutches,til Loue haue all his rites.

Leonato Not til monday, my deare sonne,which is hence a iust seuennight,and a time too briefe too, to haue al things answer my mind.

Prince Come,you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio,the time shall not go dully by vs, I wil in the interim, vndertake one of Hercules labors,which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection,th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it,if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

Leonato My lord,I am for you,though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prince And you too gentle Hero?

Hero I wil do any modest office,my lord,to help my cosin to a good husband.

Prince And Benedicke is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know:thus farre can I praise him,he is of a noble strain, of approoued valour,and confirmde honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that she shall fal in loue with Benedicke, and I,with your two helpes,wil so practise on Benedicke, that in dispight of his quicke wit,and his queasie stomacke,he shall fall in loue with Beatrice:if we can do this,Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall bee ours, for we are the onely loue-gods, goe in with mee, and I will tell you my drift. *exit.*

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Iohn It is so,the Counte Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea my lord,but I can crosse it.

Iohn

Iohn Any barre,any crosse,any impediment, will be medcinable to me,I am sicke in displeasure to him,and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my lord,but so couertly,that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

Iohn Shew me briefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

Iohn I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to looke out at her ladies chamber window.

Iohn What life is in that to be the death of this mariage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honor in marrying the renowned Claudio,whose estimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

Iohn What proofe shall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough,to misuse the prince, to vexe Claudio, to vndoe Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for any other issue?

Iohn Onely to dispight them I will endeuour any thing.

Bor. Go then,find me a meet houre,to draw don Pedro and the Counte Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loues me, intend a kind of zeale both to the prince & Claudio (as in loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to bee cosen'd with the semblance of a maid,that you haue discouer'd thus:they wil scarcely beleeue this without triall:offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window,heare me call Margaret Hero,heare Marg. terme me Claudio,& bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,for in the mean time,I wil so fashion the matter,that Hero shal be absent and there shal appeere such seeming truth of Heroes disloyaltie, that iealousie shal be cald assurance

rance,and al the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this,and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be you conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn I will preſently go learne their day of marriage. *exit*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already ſir. *exit.*

Bene. I know that,but I would haue thee hence and here againe. I do much wonder,that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole,when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, wil after he hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others,becom the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, and ſuch a man is Claudio, I haue knowne when there was no muſique with him but the drumme and the fife, and now had he rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour, and now wil he lie ten nights awake caruing the faſhion of a new dublet:he was woont to ſpeake plaine,and to the purpoſe(like an honeſt man and a ſouldier)and now is he turnd ortography,his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo conuerted and ſee with theſe eies? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I wil not be ſworne but loue may transforme me to an oyſter, but ile take my oath on it,till he haue made and oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well, an other is wiſe, yet I am well: an other vertuous,yet I am wel:but till all graces be in one woman, one womā ſhal not com in my grace: rich ſhe ſhal be thats certain, wiſe,or ile none,vertuous,or ile neuer cheapen her:faire,or ile neuer looke on her,mild,or come not neare me, noble,or not I for an angell, of good diſcourſe,an excellent muſitian,and her haire

haire ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God.hah!the prince and monſieur Loue,I wil hide me in the arbor.

Enter prince, Leonato, Claudio, Muſicke.

Prince Come ſhall we heare this muſique?

Claud. Yea my good lord:how ſtil the euening is,
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie!

Prince See you where Benedicke hath hid himſelfe?

Claud. O very wel my lord: the muſique ended,
Weele fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Enter Balthaſer with muſicke.

Prince Come Balthaſer,weele heare that ſong againe.

Balth. O good my lord,taxe not ſo bad a voice,
To ſlaunder muſicke any more then once.

Prince It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellencie,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee ſing,and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſute,
To her he thinkes not worthy,yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loues.

Prince Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine thats worth the noting.

Prince Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeakes,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his ſoule rauiſht, is it not ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules out of mens bodies? well a horne for my mony when alls done.

The Song.

Sigh no more ladies,ſigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in ſea,and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer,
Then ſigh not ſo,but let them go,
And be you blith and bonnie,

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Conuerting all your ſoundes of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy,
The fraud of men was euer ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy,
Then ſigh not ſo,&c.

Prince By my troth a good ſong.
Balth. And an ill ſinger my lord.
Prince Ha, no no faith, thou ſingſt wel enough for a ſhift.
Ben. And he had bin a dog that ſhould haue howld thus, they would haue hangd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no miſcheefe, I had as liue haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.
Prince Yea mary, dooſt thou heare Balthaſar? I pray thee get vs ſome excellent muſique: for to morow night we would haue it at the ladie Heroes chamber window.
Balth. The beſt I can my lord.
Exit Balthaſar.
Prince Do ſo, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told mee of to day, that your niece Beatrice was in loue with ſignior Benedicke?
Cla. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalk on, the foule ſits. I did neuer think that lady would haue loued any man.
Leo. No nor I neither, but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on ſignior Benedicke, whome ſhe hath in all outward behauiors ſeemd euer to abhorre.
Bene. Iſt poſſible? ſits the wind in that corner?
Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loues him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.
Prince May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.
Claud. Faith like enough.
Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neare the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcouers it.

Prince

Prince Why what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe?
Claud. Baite the hooke wel, this fiſh will bite.
Leon. What effects my Lord? ſhe wil ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.
Claud. She did indeede.
Prince How, how I pray you! you amaze me, I would haue thought her ſpirite had beene inuincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.
Leo. I would haue ſworn it had, my lord, eſpecially againſt Benedicke.
Bene. I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white bearded fellow ſpeakes it: knauery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch reuerence.
Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it vp.
Prince Hath ſhee made her affection knowne to Benedicke?
Leonato No, and ſweares ſhee neuer will, thats her torment.
Claudio Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſaies: ſhall I, ſaies ſhe, that haue ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to him that I loue him?
Leo. This ſaies ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him, for ſheel be vp twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmocke, til ſhe haue writ a ſheete of paper: my daughter tels vs all.
Clau. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a prety ieſt your daughter told of vs.
Leonato O when ſhe had writ it, and was reading it ouer, ſhe found Benedicke and Beatrice betweene the ſheete.
Claudio That.
Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write, to one that ſhe knew would flout her, I meaſure him, ſaies ſhe, by my own ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me, yea thogh I loue him I ſhould.
Clau. Then downe vpon her knees ſhe falls, weepes, ſobs, beates her heart, teares her haire, prayes, curſes, O ſweet Bene-

 dicke,

dicke, God giue me patience.

Leonato She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard shee will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince It were good that Benedicke knew of it by some other, if she will not discouer it.

Claudio To what end: he would make but a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prince And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shees an excellent sweete lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous.

Claudio And she is exceeding wise.

Prince In euery thing but in louing Benedicke.

Leonato O my Lord, wisedome and blood combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sory for her, as I haue iust cause, beeing her vncle, and her gardian.

Prince I would shee had bestowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her halfe my self: I pray you tell Benedicke of it, and heare what a will say.

Leonato Were it good thinke you?

Claudio Hero thinkes surely she will die, for she sayes shee will die, if he loue her not, and shee will die ere shee make her loue knowne, and she will die if he wooe her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crosnesse.

Prince She doth well, if shee shoulde make tender of her loue, tis very possible heele scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirite.

Claudio He is a very proper man.

Prince He hath indeede a good outward happines.

Claudio Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

Prince Hee dooth indeede shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Claudio And I take him to be valiant.

Prince As Hector, I assure you, and in the mannaging of quarrels you may say he is wise, for either hee auoydes them with

with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a most christianlike feare.

Leonato If he do feare God, a must necessarily keep peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrel with feare and trembling.

Prince And so will hee doe, for the man doth feare God, howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large iestes hee will make: well I am sory for your niece, shall we go seeke Benedicke, and tell him of her loue?

Claudio Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leonato Nay thats impossible, shee may weare her heart out first.

Prince Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue Benedicke wel, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy so good a lady.

Leonato My lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Claudio If he do not doate on her vppon this, I will neuer trust my expectation.

Prince Let there be the same nette spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry: the sporte will be, when they holde one an opinion of an others dotage, and no such matter, thats the scene that I woulde see, which wil be meerely a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him in to dinner.

Benedicke This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the trueth of this from Hero, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue their full bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censurde, they say I will beare my selfe prowdly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue anie signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme prowd, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, tis a trueth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reproue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is

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no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her follie, for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chaunce haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on me, because I haue railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meate in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quippes and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the carreere of his humor? No, the world must be peopled. When I saide I would die a batcheller, I did not think I should liue til I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, shees a faire lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatr. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had bin painful I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vppon a knifes point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomach signior, fare you well. *exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: theres a double meaning in that: I took no more paines for those thanks thē you took pains to thank me, thats as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I do not loue her I am a Iew, I will go get her picture, *exit.*

Enter Hero and two Gentlewomen, Margaret, and Vrsley.

Hero Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cosin Beatrice,
Proposing with the prince and Claudio,
Whisper her eare and tell her I and Vrsley,
Walke in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bowere
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,

Forbid

Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by princes, that aduaunce their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,
To listen our propose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero Now Vrsula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke must onely be of Benedicke,
When I do name him let it be thy part,
To praise him more than euer man did merite,
My talke to thee must be how Benedicke,
Is sicke in loue with Beatrice: of this matter,
Is little Cupids crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,
For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Enter Beatrice.

Vrsula The pleasantst angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for Beatrice, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
No truly Vrsula, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wild,
As haggerds of the rocke.

Vrsula But are you sure,
That Benedicke loues Beatrice so intirely?

Hero So saies the prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Vrsula And did they bid you tel her of it, madame?

Hero They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lou'de Benedicke,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let Beatrice know of it.

Vrsula

Vrſula Why did you ſo, dooth not the gentleman
Deſerue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer Beatrice ſhall couch vpon?
Hero O God of loue! I know he doth deſerue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But nature neuer framde a womans hart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of Beatrice:
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eies,
Miſpriſing what they looke on, and her wit
Valewes it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter els ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
She is ſo ſelfe indeared.
Vrſula Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good,
She knew his loue leſt ſheele make ſport at it.
Hero Why you ſpeake truth, I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featured,
But ſhe would ſpel him backward: if faire faced,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antique,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all winds:
If ſilent, why a blocke moued with none:
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merite purchaſeth.
Vrſula Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero No not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedicke like couerd fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death, then die with mockes,

Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrſula Yet tel her of it, heare what ſhe wil ſay.
Hero No rather I will go to Benedicke,
And counſaile him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And truly ile deuiſe ſome honeſt ſlaunders,
To ſtaine my coſin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Vrſula O do not do your coſin ſuch a wrong,
She cannot be ſo much without true iudgement,
Hauing ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priſde to haue, as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedicke.
Hero He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted my deare Claudio.
Vrſula I pray you be not angry with me, madame,
Speaking my fancy: ſignior Benedicke,
For ſhape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through Italy.
Hero Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vrſula His excellence did earne it, ere he had it:
When are you married madame?
Hero Why euery day to morrow, come go in,
Ile ſhew thee ſome attyres, and haue thy counſaile,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.
Vrſula Shees limed I warrant you,
We haue caught her madame.
Hero If it proue ſo, then louing goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes ſome with traps.
Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorne ſo much?
Contempt, farewel, and maiden pride adew,
No glory liues behind the backe of ſuch.
And Benedicke, loue on I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy louing hand:
If thou doſt loue, my kindneſſe ſhall incite thee
To bind our loues vp in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerue, and I

Beleeue it better then reportingly. *exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince I doe but ſtay til your mariage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. Ile bring you thither my lord, if youle vouchſafe me.

Prince Nay that would be as great a ſoyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a child his new coate and forbid him to weare it, I wil only be bold with Benedick for his company, for from the crowne of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is al mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut Cupides bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So ſay I, me thinkes you are ſadder.

Clau. I hope he be in loue.

Prince Hang him truant, theres no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be ſadde, he wantes money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Clau. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Prince What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Wel, euery one cannot maſter a griefe, but he that has it.

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in loue.

Prince There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to be a Dutchman to day, a French-man to morrow, or in the ſhape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waſte downward, all ſlops, and a Spaniard from the hip vpward, no dublet: vnleſſe he haue a fancie to this foolery, as it appeares he hath, he is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it appeare he is.

Clau.

Clau. If he be not in loue with ſome woman, there is no beleeuing old ſignes, a bruſhes his hat a mornings, what ſhould that bode?

Prince Hath any man ſeene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the barbers man hath bin ſeene with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath already ſtufft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than he did, by the loſſe of a beard.

Prince Nay a rubs himſelfe with ciuit, can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. Thats as much as to ſay, the ſweete youthe's in loue.

Bene. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he woont to waſh his face?

Prince Yea or to paint himſelfe? for the which I heare what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay but his ieſting ſpirit, which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now gouernd by ſtops.

Prince Indeed that tells a heauy tale for him: conclude, conclude, he is in loue.

Claud. Nay but I know who loues him.

Prince That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in diſpight of al, dies for him.

Prince She ſhall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old ſignior, walke aſide with me, I haue ſtudied eight or nine wiſe wordes to ſpeake to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not heare.

Prince For my life to breake with him about Beatrice.

Claud. Tis euen ſo, Hero and Margaret haue by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Baſtard.

Baſtard My lord and brother, God ſaue you.

Prince Good den brother.

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Bastard If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Prince In priuate?

Bastard If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prince Whats the matter?

Bast. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prince You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discouer it.

Bast. You may think I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest; for my brother (I thinke, he holdes you well, and in dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing mariage: surely sute ill spent, and labor ill bestowed.

Prince Why whats the matter?

Bast. I came hither to tel you, and circumstances shortned, (for she has bin too long a talking of) the lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who Hero?

Bastar. Euen she, Leonatoes Hero, your Hero, euery mans Hero.

Clau. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I wil fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to night you shall see her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morow wed her: but it would better fitte your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Prince I wil not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you knowe: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you haue seene more, and heard more, proceede accordingly.

Claudio If I see anie thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Prince

Prince And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I wil ioyne with thee, to disgrace her.

Bastard I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldely but till midnight, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prince O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mischiefe strangely thwarting!

Bastard O plague right well preuented! so will you say, when you haue seene the sequele.

Enter Dogberry and his compartner with the Watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verges Yea, or else it were pitty but they should suffer saluation body and soule.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should haue any allegeance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges Well, giue them their charge, neighbour Dogbery.

Dogberry First, who thinke you the most defartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch 1 Hugh Ote-cake sir, or George Sea-cole, for they can write and reade.

Dogbery Come hither neighbor Sea-cole. God hath blest you with a good name: to be a welfauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by nature.

Watch 2 Both which maister Constable.

Dogbery You haue: I knew it would be your answer: wel, for your fauour sir, why giue God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeere when there is no neede of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senselesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge, You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bidde any man stand, in the Princes name.

Watch 2 How if a will not stand?

Dogbery Why then take no note of him, but let him goe,

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and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thanke god you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges If he wil not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subiects.

Dogbery True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the watch to babble and to talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch We will rather sleepe than talke, we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogbery Why you speake like an antient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: onely haue a care that your billes bee not stolne: well, you are to cal at al the alehouses, and bid those that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch How if they will not?

Dogbery Why then let them alone til they are sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch Well sir.

Dogbery If you meete a thiefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kind of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch If we know him to be a thiefe, shal we not lay hands on him?

Dogbery Truely by your office you may, but I thinke they that touch pitch will be defilde: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a thiefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your companie.

Verges You haue beene alwayes called a mercifull manne, partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dogge by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

Verges If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse and bid her stil it.

Watch How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs.

Dog.

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her lamb when it baes, will neuer answer a calfe when he bleates.

Verges Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the princes owne person, if you meete the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges Nay birlady that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue shillings to one on't with any man that knowes the statutes, he may stay him, mary not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges Birlady I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha ah ha, wel masters good night, and there be any matter of weight chaunces, cal vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs goe sitte here vppon the church bench till twoo, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors, I pray you watch about signior Leonatoes doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beseech you. *exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What Conrade?

Watch Peace, stir not.

Bor. Conrade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it drissells raine, and I will, like a true drunckard, vtter all to thee.

Watch Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of Dun Iohn a thousand ducates.

Con. Is it possible that any villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou shouldst rather aske if it were possible any villanie shuld be so rich? for when rich villains haue need of poor ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a dub'let, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vij. yeere, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Didst thou not heare some body?

Con. No, twas the vane on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-blouds, between foureteene and fiue and thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoes souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old church window, sometime like the shauen Hercules in the smircht worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. Al this I see, and I see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man, but art not thou thy selfe giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed Margaret the Lady Heroes gentle-woman, by the name of Hero, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tel thee how the prince Claudio and my master planted, and placed, and possessed, by my master Don Iohn, saw a farre off

off in the orchard this amiable incounter.

Conr. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio, but the diuel my master knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oths, which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefely, by my villany, which did confirme any slander that Don Iohn had made, away went Claudio enraged, swore he would meet her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her, with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband.

Watch 1 We charge you in the princes name stand.

Watch 2 Call vppe the right maister Constable, wee haue here recouerd the most dangerous peece of lechery, that euer was knowne in the common wealth.

Watch 1 And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a locke.

Conr Masters, masters.

Watch 2 Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

Conr Masters, neuer speake, we charge you, let vs obey you to go with vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens billes.

Conr. A commodity in question I warrant you, come weele obey you. *exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero Good Vrsula wake my cosin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Vrsula I wil lady.

Hero And bid her come hither.

Vrsula Well.

Marg. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Hero No pray thee good Meg, ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cosin will say so.

Hero My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[3]) Octavo

none but this.

Mar I like the new tire within excelently,if the haire were a thought browner:and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of Millaines gowne that they praise so.

Hero O that exceedes they say.

Marg. By my troth's but a night-gown it respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeues,side sleeues,and skirts,round vnderborne with a blewish tinsell, but for a fine quaint graceful and excelent fashion,yours is worth ten on't.

Hero God giue me ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marg. T'will be heauier soone by the weight of a man.

Hero Fie vpon thee,art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what lady?of speaking honourably?is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage?I thinke you would haue me say,sauing your reuerence a husband: & bad thinking do not wrest true speaking,ile offend no body, is there any harm in the heauier,for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband,and the right wife,otherwise tis light and not heauy,aske my lady Beatrice els,here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero Good morrow coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweete Hero.

Hero Why how now?do you speake in the sicke tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune,me thinkes.

Mar Clap's into Light a loue,(that goes without a burden,) do you sing it,and ile daunce it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heels,then if your husband haue stables enough youle see he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, tis time you were ready,by my troth I am exceeding ill,hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke,a horse,or a husband?

Beat.

Beat. For the letter that begins them al, H.

Mar. Wel, and you be not turnde Turke, theres no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send euery one their hearts desire.

Hero These gloues the Counte sent me,they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin,I cannot smell.

Mar. A maide and stuft! theres goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God help me,God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough,you should weare it in your cap,by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *cardus benedictus*, and lay it to your heart,it is the onely thing for a qualme.

Hero There thou prickst her with a thistel.

Beat.Benedictus,why *benedictus*?you haue some moral in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall?no by my troth I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thistel, you may thinke perchaunce that I think you are in loue,nay birlady I am not such a foole to think what I list,nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I can not think, if I would thinke my heart out of thinking,that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue:yet Benedicke was such another,and now is he become a man,he swore he would neuer marry, and yet now in dispight of his heart he eates his meate without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes?

Marg. Not a false gallop. *Enter Vrsula.*

Vrsula Madame withdraw,the prince, the Count,signior Benedicke, Don Iohn, and all the gallants of the towne are

 come

come to fetch you to church.

Hero Help to dreſſe me good coze, good Meg, good Vrſula.

Enter Leonato, and the Conſtable, and the Headborough.

Leonato What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Conſt. Dog. Mary ſir I would haue ſome confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leonato Briefe I pray you, for you ſee it is a buſie time with me.

Conſt. Dog. Mary this it is ſir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is ſir.

Leonato What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Verges ſir ſpeaks a little of the matter, an old man ſir, and his wittes are not ſo blunt, as God helpe I would deſire they were, but infaith honeſt, as the skin between his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeſter then I.

Conſt. Dog. Comparifons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leonato Neighbors, you are tedious.

Conſt. Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leonato All thy tediouſneſſe on me, ah?

Conſt. Dog. Yea, and 't twere a thouſand pound more than tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your worſhippe as of any man in the citie, and though I be but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And ſo am I.

Leonato I would faine know what you haue to ſay.

Head. Mary ſir our watch to night, excepting your worſhips preſence, ha tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Meſſina.

Conſt. Dog. A good old man ſir, he will be talking as they ſay, when the age is in, the wit is out, God help vs, it is a world to

to ſee: well ſaid yfaith neighbour Verges, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind, an honeſt ſoule yfaith ſir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to be worſhipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leonato Indeed neighbour he comes too ſhort of you.

Conſt. Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leonato I muſt leaue you.

Conſt. Dog. One word ſir, our watch ſir haue indeede comprehended two aſpitious perſons, and wee woulde haue them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leonato Take their examination your ſelfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haſte, as it may appeare vnto you.

Conſtable It ſhall be ſuffigance. (*exit*

Leonato Drinke ſome wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Meſſenger My lord, they ſtay for you, to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Go good partner, goe get you to Francis Sea-cole, bid him bring his penne and inckehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examination theſe men.

Verges And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogbery We will ſpare for no witte I warrant you: heeres that ſhall driue ſome of them to a noncome, only get the learned writer to ſet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile.

Enter Prince, Baſtard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato Come Frier Francis, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

Claudio No.

Leo To bee married to her: Frier, you come to marry her.

Frier Lady, you come hither to be married to this counte.

Hero I do.

Frier If either of you know any inward impediment why

you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules to vtter it.

Claudio Know you any, Hero?

Hero None my lord.

Frier Know you any, Counte?

Leonato I dare make his anſwer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. Howe nowe! interiections? why then, ſome be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he.

Claudio Stand thee by Frier, father by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule
Giue me this maide your daughter?

Leonata As freely ſonne as God did giue her mee.

Claudio And what haue I to giue you backe whoſe woorth
May counterpoiſe this rich and pretious gift?

Princo Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.

Claudio Sweete Prince, you learne me noble thankfulnes:
There Leonato, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honor:
Behold how like a maide ſhe bluſhes heere!
O what authoritie and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt euidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue? would you not ſweare
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exterior ſhewes? But ſhe is none:
She knowes the heate of a luxurious bed:
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.

Leonato What do you meane, my lord?

Claudio Not to be married,
Not to knit my ſoule to an approoued wanton.

Leonato Deere my lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeate of her virginitie.

Claudio I know what you would ſay: if I haue known her,
You

You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne: No Leonato,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhfull ſincerities, and comelie loue.

Hero And ſeemde I euer otherwiſe to you?

Claudio Out on thee ſeeming, I wil write againſt it,
You ſeeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,
As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or thoſe pampred animalls,
That rage in ſauage ſenſualitie.

Hero Is my Lord well that he doth ſpeake ſo wide?

Leonato Sweete prince, why ſpeake not you?

Prince What ſhould I ſpeake?
I ſtand diſhonourd that haue gone about,
To linck my deare friend to a common ſtale.

Leonato Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dreame?

Baſtard Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bened. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the princes brother?
Is this face Heroes? are our eies our owne?

Leonato All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord?

Claud. Let me but moue one queſtion to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her anſwer truly.

Leonato I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.

Hero O God defend me how am I beſet,
What kind of catechiſing call you this?

Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.

Hero Is it not Hero, who can blot that name
With any iuſt reproch?

Claud. Mary that can Hero,
Hero it ſelfe can blot out Heroes vertue.
What man was he talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?

Now

Now if you are a maide, answer to this.
Hero I talkt with no man at that howre my lord.
Prince Why then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sory you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieued Counte
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeede most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.
Iohn Fie, fie, they are not to be named my lord,
Not to be spoke of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty lady,
I am sory for thy much misgouernement.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bin,
If halfe thy outward graces had bin placed,
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impietie, and impious puritie,
For thee ile locke vp all the gates of Loue.
And on my eie-liddes shall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beautie into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.
Leonato Hath no mans dagger here a point for me.
Beatrice Why how now cosin, wherfore sinke you down?
Bastard Come let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.
Benedicke How doth the Lady?
Beatrice Dead I thinke, help vncle,
Hero, why Hero, vncle, signior Benedicke, Frier.
Leonato O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for.
Beatrice How now cosin Hero?
Frier Haue comfort lady.
Leonato Dost thou looke vp?

Frier Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leonato Wherfore? why doth not euery earthly thing,
Cry shame vpon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue Hero, do not ope thine eies:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirites were stronger than thy shames,
My selfe would on the rereward of reproches
Strike at thy life. Grieued I I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugall Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer wast thou louely in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand,
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,
I might haue said, no part of it is mine,
This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loynes,
But mine and mine I loued, and mine I praisde,
And mine that I was prowd on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne,
Into a pit of incke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh.
Ben. Sir, sir, be patient, for my part I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
Beat. O on my soule my cosin is belied.
Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Beat. No truly, not although vntill last night,
I haue this twelue month bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirmd, confirmd, O that is stronger made,
Which was before bard vp with ribs of yron,
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loued her so, that speaking of her foulenesse,
Washt it with teares hence from her, let her die.
Frier Heare me a little, for I haue only bin silent so long, & giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by noting of the lady, I haue markt,

A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face,a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whitenesse beate away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appeard a fire,
To burne the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth: call me a foole,
Trust not my reading,nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence,calling,nor diuinitie,
If this sweete ladie lie not guiltlesse here,
Vnder some biting errour.
Leonato Frier,it cannot be,
Thou seest that al the grace that she hath left,
Is,that she will not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury,she not denies it:
Why seekst thou then to couer with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?
Frier Lady,what man is he you are accusde of?
Hero They know that do accuse me, I know none,
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercie,O my father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete,or that I yesternight
Maintaind the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me,hate me,torture me to death.
Frier There is some strange misprision in the princes.
Bene. Two of them haue the very bent of honour,
And if their wisedomes be misled in this,
The practise of it lies in Iohn the Bastard,
Whose spirites toyle in frame of villanies.
Leonato I know not,if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her, if they wrong her honour,
The prowdest of them shal wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my inuention,

Nor Fortune made such hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find awakte in such a kind,
Both strength of limbe,and policy of mind,
Ability in meanes,and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Frier Pawse awhile,
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter here the princesse (left for dead,)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it,that she is dead indeede,
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your families old monument,
Hang mourneful epitaphes,and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?
Frier Mary this well caried, shall on her behalfe,,
Change slaunder to remorse,that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying,as it must be so maintaind,
Vpon the instant that she was accusde,
Shal be lamented,pittied,and excusde
Of euery hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we haue,we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it,but being lackt and lost,
Why then we racke the valew,then we find
The vertue that possession would not shew vs
Whiles it was ours,so will it fare with Claudio:
When hee shall heare she died vpon his words,
Th Idæa of her life shall sweetly creepe,
Into his study of imagination,
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparelld in more precious habite,
More mooning delicate,and full of life,
Into the eie and prospect of his soule
Then when she liude indeed: then shall he mourne,

If euer loue had interest in his liuer,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Will fashion the euent in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,
The supposition of the ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not wel, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eies, tongues, minds, and iniuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustly as your soule
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in griefe,
The smallest twine may leade me.

Frier Tis wel consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience and endure. *exit.*

Bene. Lady Beatrice, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do beleeue your faire cosin is wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the worlde so well as you,

is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I knowe not, it were as possible for me to say, I loued nothing so wel as you, but beleue me not: and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am sory for my cosin.

Bened. By my sword Beatrice, thou louest me.

Beat. Do not sweare and eate it.

Bened. I will sweare by it that you loue me, and I wil make him eate it that sayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eate your word?

Bened. With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I protest I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bened. What offence sweete Beatrice?

Beat. You haue stayed me in a happy houre, I was about to protest I loued you.

Bened. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bened. Come bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bened. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it, farewell.

Bened. Tarry sweete Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me go.

Bened. Beatrice.

Beat. In faith I will go.

Bened. We le be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bened. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approoued in the height a villaine, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonored my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand, vntil they come to take handes, and then with publike accusation vncouerd slaunder, vnrestigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would

eate his heart in the market place.

Bened. Heare me Beatrice.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bened. Nay but Beatrice.

Beat. Sweete Hero, she is wrongd, she is slaundred, shee is vndone.

Bened. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surely a princely testimonie, a goodly Counte, Counte Comfect, a sweete Gallant surely. O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend woulde be a man for my sake! But manhoode is melted into curtsies, valour into complement, and men are only turnd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tels a lie, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bened. Tarry good Beatrice, by this hand I loue thee.

Beatrice Vse it for my loue some other way than swearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count Claudio hath wrongd Hero?

Beatrice Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

Bened. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so I leaue you: by this hand, Claudio shal render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so think of me: goe comforte your cosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne clearke in gownes.

Keeper Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton Which be the malefactors?

Andrew Mary that am I, and my partner.

Cowley Nay thats certaine, we haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton But which are the offenders? that are to be examined: let them come before maister constable.

Kemp Yea mary, let them come before mee, what is your name,

name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Ke. Pray write downe Borachio. Yours sirra.

Con. I am a gentleman sir, and my name is Conrade.

Ke. Write downe maister gentleman Conrade: masters, do you serue God?

Both Yea sir we hope.

Kem. Write downe, that they hope they serue God: and write God first, for God defend but God shoulde goe before such villaines: maisters, it is prooued already that you are little better than false knaues, and it will go neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your selues?

Con. Mary sir we say, we are none.

Kemp A maruellous witty fellowe I assure you, but I will go about with him: come you hither sirra, a word in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp Well, stand aside, fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe, that they are none?

Sexton Maister constable, you go not the way to examine, you must call foorth the watch that are their accusers.

Kemp Yea mary, thats the eftest way, let the watch come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name accuse these men.

Watch 1 This man said sir, that don Iohn the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp Write downe, prince Iohn a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Borachio Maister Constable.

Kemp Pray thee fellowe peace, I doe not like thy looke I promise thee.

Sexton What heard you him say else?

Watch 2 Mary that he had receiued a thousand duckats of don Iohn, for accusing the Ladie Hero wrongfully.

Kemp Flat burglarie as euer was committed.

Const. Yea by masse that it is.

Sexton What else fellow?

Watch

Watch 1 And that Counte Claudio did meane vppon his wordes, to disgrace Hero before the whole assemblie, and not marrie her.

Kemp O villaine! thou wilt be condemnd into euerlasting redemption for this.

Sexton VVhat else? *Watch* This is all.

Sexton And this is more masters then you can deny, prince Iohn is this morning secretlie stolne awaie: Hero was in this manner accusde, in this verie manner refusde, and vppon the griefe of this, sodainlie died: Maister Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonatoes, I will goe before and shew him their examination.

Constable Come, let them be opiniond.

Couley Let them be in the hands of Coxcombe.

Kemp Gods my life, wheres the Sexton? let him write down the Princes officer Coxcombe: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Couley Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp Doost thou not suspect my place? doost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that he were here to write me downe an asse! but maisters, remember that I am an asse, though it bee not written downe, yet forget not that I am an asse: No thou villaine, thou art full of pietie as shal be prou'de vpon thee by good witnes, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a housholder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as anie is in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to: and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one: that hath two gownes, and euery thing handsome about him: bring him away: O that I had bin writ downe an asse! *exit.*

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother If you go on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And tis not wisedome thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe.

Leonato I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falles into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a syue: giue not me counsaile,

Nor

Nor let no comforter delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doe suite with mine.
Bring me a father that so lou'd his child,
Whose ioy of her is ouer-whelmd like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answer euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbes, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themselues not feele, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ach with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring vnder the loade of sorrow
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
My griefes crie lowder then aduertisement.

Brother Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato I pray thee peace, I wil be flesh and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
Make those that do offend you, suffer too.

Leonato There thou speakst reason, nay I will do so,
My soule doth tell me, Hero is belied,

And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brother Here comes the Prince and Claudio haſtily.
Prince Good den, good den.
Claudio Good day to both of you.
Leonato Heare you my Lords?
Prince We haue ſome haſte Leonato.
Leonato Some haſte my lord! well, fare you well my lord,
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.
Prince Nay do not quarrel with vs, good old man.
Brother If he could right himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.
Claudio Who wrongs him?
Leona. Mary thou doſt wrong me thou diſſembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy ſword,
I feare thee not.
Claudio Mary beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould giue your age ſuch cauſe of feare,
In faith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leonato Tuſh, tuſh man, neuer fleere and ieſt at me,
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrongd mine innocent child and me,
That I am forſt to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruiſe of many daies,
Do challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent child.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors:
O in a toomb where neuer ſcandal ſlept,
Saue this of hers, framde by thy villanie.
Claudio My villany?
Leonato Thine Claudio, thine I ſay.
Prince You ſay not right old man.

Leonato My Lord, my Lord,
Ile prooue it on his body if he dare,
Diſpight his nice fence, and his actiue practiſe,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luſtihood.
Claudio Away, I will not haue to doe with you.
Leonato Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kild my child,
If thou kilſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Brother He ſhal kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But thats no matter, let him kill one firſt:
Win me and weare me, let him anſwer me,
Come follow me boy, come ſir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman I, will.
Leonato Brother.
Brother Content your ſelf, God knowes, I loued my neece,
And ſhe is dead, ſlanderd to death by villaines,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue,
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Iackes, milke-ſops.
Leonato Brother Anthony.
Brother Hold you content, what man! I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling out-facing, faſhion-monging boies,
That lie, and cogge, and flout, deprave, and ſlaunder,
Go antiquely, and ſhew outward hidiouſneſſe,
And ſpeake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
And this is all.
Leonato But brother Anthonie.
Brother Come tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.
Prince Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,
My heart is ſory for your daughters death:
But on my honour ſhe was chargde with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.
Leonato My Lord, my Lord.
Prince I will not heare you.

Leo. No come brother,away, I wil be heard. *Exeunt amb.*
Bro. And shal, or some of vs wil smart for it. *Enter Ben.*
Prince See see,heere comes the man we went to seeke.
Claud. Now signior,what newes?
Bened. Good day my Lord:
Prince Welcome signior, you are almost come to parte almost a fray.
Claud. Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.
Prince Leonato and his brother what thinkst thou? had we fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for them.
Bened. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke you both.
Claud. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholie, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?
Bened. It is in my scabberd, shal I drawe it?
Prince Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?
Claud. Neuer any did so, though very many haue been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as wee doe the minstrels, draw to pleasure vs.
Prince As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sicke, or angry?
Claud. What, courage man: what though care kild a catte, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
Bened. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subiect
Claud. Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was broke crosse.
Prince By this light, he chaunges more and more, I thinke he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.
Bened. Shall I speake a word in your eare?
Claud. God blesse me from a challenge.
Bened. You are a villaine, I iest not, I will make it good howe you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: doe mee right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue killd a sweete

sweeete Lady, and her death shall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.
Claud. Well I wil meet you, so I may haue good cheare.
Prince What, a feast, a feast?
Claud. I faith I thanke him he hath bid me to a calues head & a capon, the which if I doe not carue most curiously, say my knifffe s naught, shall I not find a woodcocke too?
Bened. Sir your wit ambles well, it goes easily.
Prince Ile tell thee how Beatrice praisd thy witte the other day: I said thou hadst a fine witte, true said she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies she, a great grosse one: nay said I, a good wit, iust said she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certaine said she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeue said shee, for he swore a thing to mee on munday night, which hee forswore on tuesday morning, theres a double tongue theirs two tongues, thus did shee an houre together transshape thy particular vertues, yet at last she cõcluded with a sigh, thou wast the properst man in Italy.
Claud. For the which shee wept heartily and saide she cared not.
Prince Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.
Claud. All all; and moreouer, God sawe him when he was hid in the garden.
Prince But when shall we set the sauage bulles hornes one the sensible Benedicks head?
Claud. Yea and text vnder-neath, here dwells Benedick the married man.
Bened. Fare you wel, boy, you know my minde, I wil leaue you now to your gosstep-like humor, you breake iests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your many courtisies I thanke you, I must discontinue your company, your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you haue among you, kild a sweet and innocent lady: for my Lord Lacke beard, there hee and I shal meet, and till then peace be with him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[3]) Octavo

Prince He is in earneſt.

Claudio In moſt profound earneſt, and ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prince And hath challengde thee.

Claudio Moſt ſincerely.

Prince What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his dublet and hoſe, and leaues off his wit!

Enter Conſtables, Conrade, and Borachio.

Claudio He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.

Prince But ſoft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Conſt. Come you ſir, if iuſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall nere weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be lookt to.

Prince How now, two of my brothers men bound? Borachio one.

Claudio Hearken after their offence my Lord.

Prince Officers, what offence haue theſe men done?

Conſt. Mary ſir, they haue committed falſe report, moreouer they haue ſpoken vntruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly, they haue belyed a Lady, thirdly they haue verified vniuſt thinges, and to conclude, they are lying knaues.

Prince. Firſt I aske thee what they haue done, thirdly I ask thee whats their offence, ſixt and laſtly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reaſoned, and in his owne diuiſion, and by my troth theres one meaning wel ſuted.

Prince Who haue you offended maiſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwere? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood, whats your offence?

Bor. Sweete prince, let me goe no farther to mine anſwere: do you heare me, and let this Counte kill me: I haue deceiued euen your very eyes: what your wiſedoms could not diſcouer, theſe ſhallowe fooles haue brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don Iohn your brother incenſed me to ſlaunder the Lady Hero, howe you were brought

brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Heroes garments, how you diſgracde hir when you ſhould marry hir: my villany they haue vpon record, which I had rather ſeale with my death, then repeate ouer to my ſhame: the lady is dead vpon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation: and briefely, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prince Runnes not this ſpeech like yron through your bloud?

Claud. I haue dronke poiſon whiles he vtterd it.

Prince But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practiſe of it.

Prince He is compoſde and framde of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet Hero, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare ſemblance that I lou'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our ſexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and maſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time and place ſhal ſerue, that I am an aſſe.

Con.2 Here, here comes maſter Signior Leonato, and the ſexton too.

Enter Leonato, his brother, and the Sexton.

Leonato Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: which of theſe is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leonato Art thou the ſlaue that with thy breath haſt killd
Mine innocent child?

Bor. Yea, euen I alone.

Leo. No, not ſo villaine, thou belieſt thy ſelfe,
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeake, chooſe your reuenge your ſelfe,

Impoſe

Impose me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sinnd I not,
But in mistaking.
Prince By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder any heauy waight,
That heele enioyne me to.
Leonato I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impossible, but I pray you both,
Possesse the people in Messina here,
How innocent she died, and if your loue
Can labour aught in sad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son in law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copie of my child thats dead,
And she alone is heyre to both of vs,
Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cosin,
And so dies my reuenge.
Claudio O noble sir!
Your ouer kindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer and dispose,
For henceforth of poore Claudio.
Leonato To morrow then I wil expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue, this naughty man
Shal face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleeue was packt in al this wrong,
Hyred to it by your brother.
Bor. No by my soule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But alwayes hath bin iust and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.
Const. Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnder white and blacke, this plaintiffe heere, the offendour, did call me asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment, and also the

the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a locke hanging by it, and borows monie in Gods name, the which he hath vsde so long, & neuer paied, that now men grow hard-hearted and wil lend nothing for Gods sake: praie you examine him vpon that point.
Leonato I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.
Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankful and reuerent youth, and I praise God for you.
Leon. Theres for thy paines.
Const. God saue the foundation.
Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.
Const. I leaue an arrant knaue with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart and if a merie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.
Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.
Brot. Farewell my lords, we looke for you to morrow.
Prince We will not faile.
Claud. To night ile mourne with Hero.
Leonato Bring you these fellowes on, wee'l talke with Margaret, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd felow. *exeunt*
Enter Benedicke and Margaret.
Bened. Praie thee sweete mistris Margaret, deserue well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.
Mar. Wil you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beautie?
Bene. In so high a stile Margaret, that no man liuing shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.
Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why shal I alwaies keep below staires.
Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.
Mar. And your's, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly witte Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I giue thee the bucklers.

Marg. Giue vs the swordes, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them Margaret, you must putte in the pikes with a vice, and they are daungerous weapons for maides.

Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Bene. And therefore wil come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes mee, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blancke verse, why they were neuer so truly turnd ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: mary I cannot shew it in rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime: very ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming plannet, nor I cannot wooe in festiuall termes: sweete Beatrice wouldst thou come when I cald thee?

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Yea signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you wel now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and Claudio.

Bene. Onely foule words, and therevpon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therfore I wil depart vnkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tel thee plainly, Claudio vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for

for which of my bad parts didst thou first fal in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintaind so politique a state of euil, that they will not admitte any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do suffer loue indeed, for I loue thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I thinke, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I wil neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceably.

Beat. It appeares not in this confession, theres not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not erect in this age his owne toomb ere he dies, he shall liue no longer in monument, then the bell rings, and the widow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Bene. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnes is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there wil I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste. *Enter Vrsula.*

Vrsula Madam, you must come to your vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Lady Hero hath bin falsely accusde, the Prince and Claudio mightily abusde, and Don Iohn is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes signior?

Bene. I wil liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I wil go with thee to thy vncles. *exit.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[3]) Octavo

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with tapers.

Claudio Is this the monument of Leonato?

Lord It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by slauderous tongues,
Was the Hero that heere lies:
Death in guerdon of her wronges,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the toomb,
Praising hir when I am dead.

Claudio Now musick sound & sing your solemne hymne.

Song Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, help vs to sigh & grone.
Heauily heauily.
Graues yawne and yeeld your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauily heauily. (right.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this

Prince Good morrow maisters, put your torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you al, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Claudio Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

Prince Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonatoes we will goe.

Claudio And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier Did I not tell you shee was innocent?

Leo. So are the Prince and Claudio who accusd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares, In

In the true course of all the question.

Old Wel, I am glad that all things sorts so well.

Bened. And so am I, being else by faith enforst
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,
And when I send for you come hither masked:
The Prince and Claudio promisde by this howre
To visite me, you know your office brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young Claudio. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old Which I will doe with confirmd countenance.

Bened. Frier, I must intreate your paines, I thinke.

Frier To doe what Signior?

Bened. To bind me, or vndo me, one of them:
Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye offauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, tis most true.

Bened. And I do with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From Claudio and the Prince, but whats your will?

Bened. Your answere sir is enigmaticall,
But for my wil, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioynd,
In the state of honorable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shal desire your help.

Leo. My heart is with your liking.

Frier And my helpe.
Heere comes the Prince and Claudio.

Enter Prince, and Claudio, and two or three other.

Prince Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Leo. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:
We heere attend you, are you yet determined,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my mind were she an Ethiope.

Leo Call her foorth brother, heres the Frier ready.

P. Good morrow Bened, why whats the matter?

That you haue ſuch a Februarie face,
So full of froſt,of ſtorme,and clowdineſſe.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the ſauage bull:
Tuſh feare not man,weele tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at luſtie Ioue,
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
Bene. Bull Ioue ſir had an amiable lowe,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers cowe,
And got a calfe in that ſame noble feate,
Much like to you,for you haue iuſt his bleate.
Enter brother,Hero,Beatrice,Margaret,Vrſula.
Clau. For this I owe you:here comes other reckonings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
Leo. This ſame is ſhe,and I do giue you her.
Claud. Why then ſhees mine,ſweet,let me ſee your face.
Leon. No that you ſhall not till you take her hand,
Before this Frier,and ſweare to marry hir.
Claud. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you loued, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero.
Hero Nothing certainer,
One Hero died defilde,but I do liue,
And ſurely as I liue,I am a maide.
Prince The former Hero, Hero that is dead.
Leon. She died my Lord,but whiles her ſlaunder liu'd.
Frier All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death,
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently.
Ben. Soft and faire Frier,which is Beatrice?
Beat. I anſwer to that name,what is your will?
Bene. Do not you loue me?
Beat. Why no,no more then reaſon.

Bene.

Bene. Why then your vncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Haue beene deceiued, they ſwore you did.
Beat. Do not you loue me?
Bene. Troth no,no more then reaſon.
Beat. Why then my coſin Margaret and Vrſula
Are much deceiu'd,for they did ſweare you did.
Bene. They ſwore that you were almoſt ſicke for me.
Beat. They ſwore that you were welnigh dead for me.
Bene. Tis no ſuch matter,then you do not loue me.
Beat. No truly,but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come coſin,I am ſure you loue the gentleman.
Clau. And ile beſworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his owne pure braine,
Faſhioned to Beatrice.
Hero And heres another,
Writ in my coſins hand,ſtolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto Benedicke.
Bene. A miracle,heres our owne hands againſt our hearts:
come,I will haue thee,but by this light I take thee for pittie.
Beat. I would not denie you,but by this good day, I yeeld
vpon great perſwaſion,and partly to ſaue your life, for I was
told, you were in a conſumption.
Leon. Peace I will ſtop your mouth.
Prince How doſt thou Benedicke the married man?
Bene. Ile tel thee what prince:a colledge of witte-crackers
cannot flout me out of my humour, doſt thou think I care for
a Satyre or an Epigramme? no, if a man will be beaten with
braines, a ſhall weare nothing handſome about him: in briefe,
ſince I doe purpoſe to marrie, I will think nothing to anie pur-
poſe that the world can ſaie againſt it, and therfore neuer flout
at me,for what I haue ſaid againſt it: for man is a giddie thing,
and this is my concluſion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinke
to haue beaten thee,but in that thou art like to be my kinſman,
liue vnbruiſde,and loue my couſen.
Clau. I had wel hopte thou wouldſt haue denied Beatrice,
that I might haue cudgelld thee out of thy ſingle life, to make
thee

thee a double dealer, which out of queſtion thou wilt be, if my cooſin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, lets haue a dance ere we are maried, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles.

Leon. Weele haue dancing afterward.

Bene. Firſt, of my worde, therefore plaie muſicke, Prince, thou art ſad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no ſtaffe more reuerent then one tipt with horne.

Enter Meſſenger.

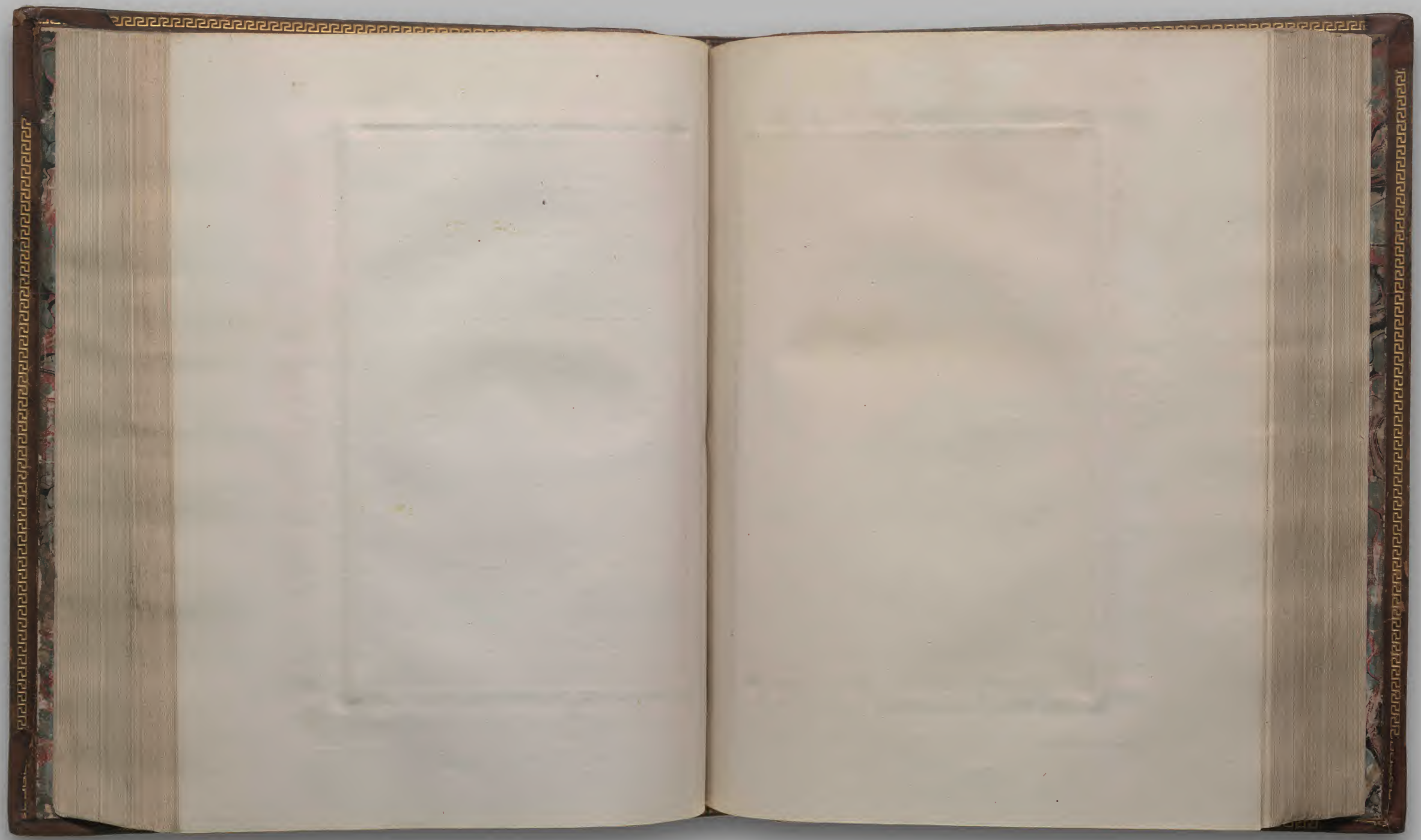
Meſſ. My Lord, your brother Iohn is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to Meſſina.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuiſe thee braue puniſhments for him: ſtrike vp Pipers. *dance.*

FINIS.

This sheet at the end of Much ado

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[3]) Octavo



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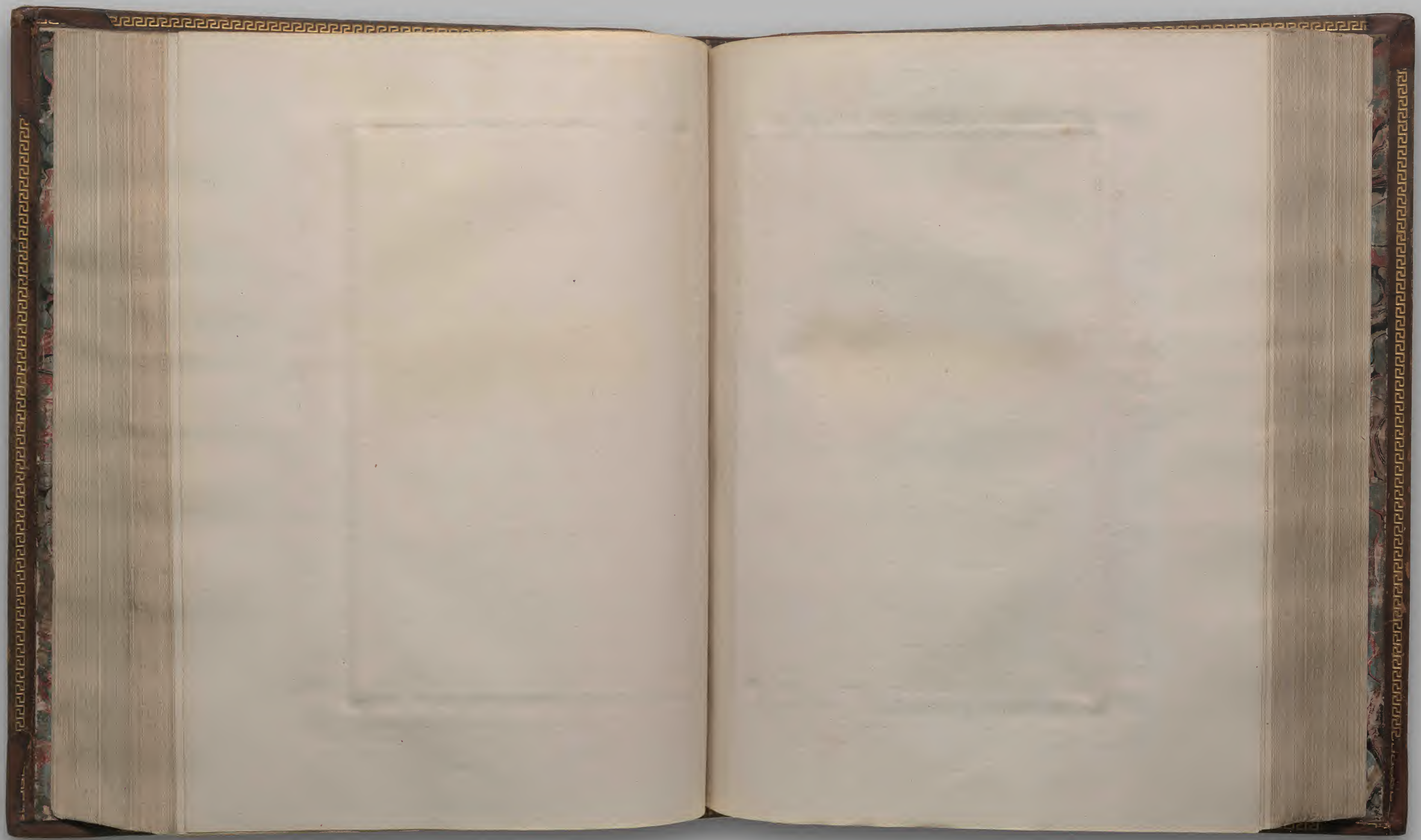

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[3]) Octavo

THE
Tragedie of King Richard the second.

As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.

By William Shake-speare.

LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel.
1598.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gant,
with other Nobles and
Attendants.

King Richard.

LDe Iohn of Gaunt time honored Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy othe and bande
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſtrous late appeale
Which then our leiſure would not let vs heare
Againſt the Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Mowbray?
Gaunt. I haue my Leige.
King Tel me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt As neare as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeene in him,
Aimde at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.
King Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our ſelues will heare,
The accuſer and the accuſed freely ſpeake:
Hie ſtomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy daies befall
My gratious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.

Mowb. Each day ſtil better others happineſſe,
Vntil the heauens enuying earths good happe,
Adde an immortal title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As wel appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon:
Coosin of Hereford what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting wel: for what I ſpeake
My body ſhal make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwere it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and criſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flie:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule traitours name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawne ſword may proue.
Mow. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hotte that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht and naught at al to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd,
Theſe tearmes of treaſon doubled downe his throat:
Setting aſide his high blouds royaltie,
And let him bee no kinſman to my Leige,

I do defie him, and ſpit at him,
Cal him a ſlaunderous coward and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him odds,
And meete him were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſh man durſt ſette his foote,
Meane time let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kinred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blouds royaltie,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
If guiltie dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then ſtowpe,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoke, or thou canſt deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laide my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwere thee in any faire degree,
O chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall,
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitour or vniuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Coosin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſayd my life ſhal prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thouſand nobles,
In name of Lendings for your highneſſe ſouldiours,
The which hee hath detainde for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe traitour and iniurious villaine,
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile prooue,
Or here, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſurueyed by Engliſh eie,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this land:
Fetcht from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22308) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[4]) Octavo

Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of bloud,
Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tongueleſſe Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Norfolke what saist thou to this?
Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his bloud,
How God and good men hate so foule a lier.
King. Mowbray, impartial are our eies and eares,
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
Now by scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our sacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.
Mowb. Then Bollingbrooke as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest,
Three parts of that receipte I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours,
The other part reseru'de I by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne dutie in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vexe my greeued soule:
Ah but ere I last receiu'de the sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault, as for the rest appeald
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe the gage,
Vpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
To prooue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best bloude chamberd in his bosome,
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your highnesse to assigne our trial day.
King. VVrath kindled gentleman bee ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This wee prescribe though no Phisition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and bee agreed,
Our Doctors say this is no month to bleede:
Good Vncle let this end where it begunne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
King. And Norfolke throw downe his.
Gaunt. When Harry, when obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.
King. Norfolke throw downe wee bid, there is no boote.
Mow. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote,
My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
To darke dishonours vse thou shalt not haue:
I am disgrasle, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart bloud

Which breathde this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood,
Giue me his gage, Lions make Leopards tame.
Mowb. Yea, but not change his ſpots, take but my ſhame
And I reſigne my gage my deare deare Lord.
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation, that away
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay;
A Iewell in a tenne times bard vp cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breaſt:
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.
King. Coosin throw vp your gage, do you beginne.
Bul. O God defend my ſoule from ſuch deepe ſinne,
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-fallen in my fathers ſight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my height,
Before this out-darde daſtard? ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parlee, my teeth ſhall teare,
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.
King. We were not borne to ſue, but to commaund,
Which ſince wee cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie as your life ſhall anſwere it,
At Couentry vpon Saint Lambards day,
There ſhall your ſwords and launces arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate,
Since wee cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors chiualrie:
Lord Marſhall, commaund our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home alarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Ducheſſe of Glocester.
Gaunt. Alas the part I had in Woodſtocks bloud,
Doth more ſollicite me then your exclaimes,

To ſtirre againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the wil of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Ducheſſe Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old bloud no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes wherof thy ſelfe art one,
Were as ſeuen viols of his ſacred bloud,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dried by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the Deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deere Lord, my life, my Gloceſter,
One viol ful of Edwards ſacred bloud,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royall roote
Is crackt, and al the precious liquor ſpilt,
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaues al faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloudy axe.
Ah Gaunt, his bloud was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettal, that ſelfe mould, that faſhioned thee
Made him a man: and though thou liueſt and breatheſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him, thou doeſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy fathers life,
Call it not patience Gaunt, it is diſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughtred,
Thou ſheweſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhal I ſay? to ſafegard thy own life,
The beſt way is to venge my Gloceſters death.
Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death, the which, if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

An angrie arme againſt his miniſter.
Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my ſelfe?
Gaunt To God the widdowes Champion and defence,
Duch. Why then I will, farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goeſt to Couentry, there to beholde
Our Coſin Herford and fell Mowbray fight,
O ſet my husbands wrongs on Herfords ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breaſt:
Or if miſfortune miſſe the firſt carier,
Be Mowbraies ſinnes ſo heauie in his boſome,
That they may breake his foming courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiue recreant to my Coſin Herford:
Farewel old Gaunt, thy ſometimes brothers wife,
With her companion Griefe muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell I muſt to Couentrie,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with mee.
Duch. Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where it fals,
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke,
Lo this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly goe:
I ſhal remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With al good ſpeede at Plaſhie viſit me,
Alacke and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee,
But emptie lodgings and vnfurniſht walles,
Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden ſtones,
And what heare there for welcome but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow that dwels euery where,
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marſhall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford armde?
Aum. Yea at al points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke ſprightfully and bold,
Staies but the ſummons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and ſtay
For nothing but his maieſties approach.

The trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his nobles: when they are ſet, enter the duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.
King. Marſhall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cauſe of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings ſay who thou art,
And why thou commeſt thus knightly clad in armes,
Againſt what man thou comſt, and what's thy quarrel,
Speake truely on thy knighthood, and thy oth,
As ſo defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth
To God, my king, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my ſelfe,
A traitour to my God, my king, and me,
And as I truely fight defend me heauen.

The Trumpets ſound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour.
King. Marſhall aske yonder knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why hee commeth hither
Thus plated in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our law,
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherfore comſt thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall liſts,
Againſt whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, ſo defend thee heauen.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22308) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[4]) Octavo

An angrie arme against his minister.
Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?
Gaunt To God the widdowes Champion and defence,
Duch. Why then I will, farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Couentry, there to beholde
Our Cosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight,
O set my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast:
Or if mistortune misse the first carier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiue recreant to my Cosin Herford:
Farewel old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion Griefe must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell I must to Couentrie,
As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.
Duch. Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where it fals,
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:
Commend me to my brother Edmund Yorke,
Lo this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe:
I shall remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With all good speede at Plashie visit me,
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie lodgings and vnfurnisht walles,
Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden stones,
And what heare there for welcome but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow that dwels euery where,
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.
Mar. My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford armde?
Aum. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightfully and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard, and stay
For nothing but his maiesties approach.

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his nobles: when they are set, enter the duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.
King. Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in armes,
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrel,
Speake truely on thy knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him in defending of my selfe,
A traitour to my God, my king, and me,
And as I truely fight defend me heauen.

The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford appellant in armour.
King. Marshall aske yonder knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why hee commeth hither
Thus plated in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherfore comst thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall lists,
Against whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?
Speake like a true knight, so defend thee heauen.

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Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darbie
Am I, who readie here do ſtand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death no perſon be ſo bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Martiall and ſuch officers
Appoynted to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kiſſe my ſoueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie,
For Mowbray and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our ſeuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highneſſe,
And craues to kiſſe your hand and take his leaue.
King. Wee will deſcend and fold him in our armes,
Cooſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewel my bloud, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.
Bul. O let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes ſpeare:
As confident as is the falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble cooſin) Lord Aumarle,
Not ſicke although I haue to doo with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath,
Loe, as at Engliſh feaſts ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweete.
Oh thou the earthly Authour of my bloud,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach at Victorie aboue my head,

Adde prooſe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſsings ſteele my launces poynt,
That it may enter Mowbraies waxen coate,
And furbiſh new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the luſtie hauiour of his ſonne.
Gaunt. God in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerſe pernitious enemie,
Rouſe vp thy youthful bloud, be valiant and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.
Mow. How euer God or fortune caſt my lotte,
There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyal, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace,
His golden vncontroled enfranchiſement,
More then my dauncing ſoule doth celebrate,
This feaſt of battle with mine aduerſarie,
Moſt mightie Leige, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to ieſt
Go I to fight, trueth hath a quiet breſt.
King. Farewel (my Lord) ſecurely I eſpie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eye,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.
Mart. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.
Mart. Go beare this lance to Thomas D. of Norfolke.
Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his ſoueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
To prooue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray,
A traitour to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
Herald. Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk,

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On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Hereford Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his ſoueraigne, and to him diſloyal,
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to beginne,
Mart. Sound trumpets, and ſet forth Combatants
Stay, the king hath throwne his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpeares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our counſel we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoild
With that deere bloud which it hath foſtered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuil wounds plowd vp with neighbours ſword,
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of ſkie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating enuy ſet on you
To wake our peace, which in our countries cradle
Drawes the ſweete infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzde vp with boiſtrous vntunde drumme
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful yron armes.
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kinreds bloud.
Therfore we baniſh you our territories:
You couſin Hereford vpon paine of life,
Til twice fiue ſummers haue enricht our field
Shal not regreete our faire dominions
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.
Bul. Your wil be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you here, ſhall ſhine on me,
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you here lent
Shal point on me, and guild my baniſhment.
King Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which

Which I with ſome vnwillingnes pronounce.
The ſlie ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limite of thy deere exile,
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breathe I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
Mowb. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highneſſe mouth,
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnt theſe forty yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgo,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed viol or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you haue engaold my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a nurſe,
Too far in yeeres to be a pupil now,
What is thy ſentence but ſpeechleſſe death?
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath.
King It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence playning comes too late,
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
King. Returne againe and take an oth with thee,
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that ye owe to God
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues,)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhal, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

This

This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. and I, to keepe al this.
Bul. Noiffolke, ſo fare as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſht this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land,
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou flie the realme,
Since thou haſt far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie ſoule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen baniſht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too ſoone (I feare) the king ſhal rew:
Farewel (my Leige) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue back to England al the world's my way.
King Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bull. How long a time lies in one little word,
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton ſprings,
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my leige, that in regard of me,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile,
But little vantage ſhal I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about.
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shal be extinct with age and endleſſe nights,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.

King. Why Vnckle thou haſt many yeeres to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue,
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy ſonne is baniſht with good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tongue a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweete to taſte, proue in digeſtion ſowre.
You vrge me as a judge, but I had rather,
You would haue bid me argue like a father,
Oh had't beene a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would haue beene more milde:
A partial ſlaunder ought I to avoyde,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroyde:
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Coſen farewel, and Vnckle, bid him ſo,
Sixe yeres we baniſh him and he ſhal go.
Au. Cõſin farewel, what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhew.
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As far as land wil let me by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doeſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou returneſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſixe winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.
Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takſt for pleaſure.

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Bul. My heart will ſigh when I miſcal it ſo,
Which findes it an inforſed pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy wearie ſteps,
Eſteeme a foyle wherein thou art to ſet,
The precious Iewel of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euery tedious ſtride I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue,
Muſt I not ſerue a long apprentiſhood
To forren paſſages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe?
Gaunt. Al places that the eie of heauen viſits,
Are to a wiſeman portes and happy hauens:
Teach thy neceſſitie to reaſon thus.
There is no vertue like neceſſitie,
Thinke not the King did baniſh thee,
But thou the king. Woe doeth the heauier ſit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, ſay I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or ſuppoſe
Deuouring peſtilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime:
Looke what thy ſoule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſitions,
The graſſe whereon thou treadſt, the preſence ſtrowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy ſteps no more
Then a delightful meaſure or a dance,
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſſe power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth doth neuer rankle more,
Then when it bites, but launcheth not the ſore.
Gaun. Come come my ſonne, Ile bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewel, ſweete ſoile adiew
My mother and my nurſe that beares me yet,
Where ere I wander boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſht, yet a true borne Engliſhman. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Buſhie, &c at one dore, and the Lord Aumarle at the other.

King We did obſerue. Coſin Aumarle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum I brought high Herford, if you cal him ſo,
But to the next high way, and there I left him,
King And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum Faith none for me, except the Northeaſt winde,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces,
Awakt the ſleeping rhewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
King What ſaid your couſin when you parted with him?
Aum Farewel, & for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppreſsion of ſuch griefe,
That words ſeemd buried in my ſorrowes graue:
Mary would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of farewels:
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
King He is our Coſens Coſin, but tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman comes to ſee his friends.
Our ſelfe and Buſhie,
Obſerued his courtſhip to the common people,
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familier courteſie,
With reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues,

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Wooing poore craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſterwench,
A brace of draymen bid God ſpeede him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my countrey men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And hee our ſubiects next degree in hope.
Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts,
Now for the rebels which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage muſt be made my liege,
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.
King. VVe will our ſelfe in perſon to this war,
And for our coffers with too great a court
And liberall larges are growne ſomewhat light,
Wee are inforſt to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof ſhall furniſh vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blanke charters,
VVhereto when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte,
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſit him.
King. VVhere lies he?
Buſh. At Ely houſe.
King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coates
To decke our Souldiours for theſe Iriſh wars:
Come Gentlemen, lets all go viſit him,
Pray God we may make haſte and come too late,
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Wil the king come that I may breathe my laſt,
In holſome counſel to his vnſtaied youth?
Yorke. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtriue not with your breath,
For al in vaine comes counſel to his eare.
Gaunt. Oh but they ſay, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in paine:
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſtened more
Than they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt then their liues before:
The ſetting Sunne, and Muſike at the gloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ, in remembrance more then things long paſt,
Though Richard my liues counſel would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.
Yorke. No, it is ſtopt with other flattering ſounds,
As praiſes of whoſe ſtate the wiſe are found
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwaies liſten,
Report of faſhions in proude Italie,
Whoſe manners ſtil our tardie apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe immitation:
Where doth the world thruſt foorth a vanitie,
So it be new there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then al too late comes Counſel to bee heard,
Where wil doth mutinie with wits regard:
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe wil chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Me thinks I am a prophet new inſpirde,
And thus expiring do foretel of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Smal ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes,

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With eager feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradice,
This fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection and the hand of War,
This happie breede of men, this little world,
This precious stone sette in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defensiue to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands.
This blessed plotte, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This nurse, this teeming wombe of royall kings,
Feard by their breede, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in ther deedes as far from home,
For christian seruice and true chiualrie.
As is the sepulchre in stubburne Iewry,
Of the worlds ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deere soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leasde out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inkie blottes, and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happie then were my ensuing death?

Yorke The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For yong hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene How fares our noble vncle Lancaster?
King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt O how that name befits my composition,
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being old,
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
And who abstaines from meate that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breedes leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feede vpon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.
King. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt No miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe,
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
King Should dying men flatter those that liue?
Gaunt No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.
King Thou now a dying sayst thou flatterest me.
Gaunt Oh no, thou diest though I the sicker bee.
King I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill,
Gaunt Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too carelesse pacient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee,
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:
Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue layde thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe:
Why Coosin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:

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Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King Why Vnckle whats the matter?
Yorke Oh my leige, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not I pleaſd not to be pardoned, am content withal,
Seeke you to ſeaze and gripe into your hands
The roialties and rightes of baniſht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iuſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heire a wel deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herefords rights away, and take from time
His charters and his coſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to daie:
Be not thy ſelfe, For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſsion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeaze Herfords right,
Cal in the letters pattents that he hath
By his atournies general to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and alegeance cannot thinke.
King Thinke what you wil, we ceaze into our hands
His plate, his goods, his mony and his lands.
Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewel,
What wil inſue hereof ther's none can tel:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood
That their euents can neuer fall out good, *Exit.*
King Go Buſhie to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Elis houſe,
To ſee this buſines: to morrow next
We wil for Ireland, and tis time I trow,
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt and alwayes loued vs well:

Come

Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt wee part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort.

Exeunt King and Queene: Manet North:

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſe And liuing too for now his ſonne is Duke.
Will. Barely in title not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſe My heart is great, but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ert be diſburdened with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay ſpeak thy mind, & let him nere ſpeake more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to do thee harme, (ford?
Will. Tends that thou wouldſt ſpeak to the D. of Her-
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſe No good at all that I can doe for him.
Vnleſſe you call it good to pittie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore God tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble bloud in this declining land,
The king is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate againſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute,
Againſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſſe The commons hath hee pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts. The nobles hath he find
For aunc ent quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wilo. And daily new exactions are deuiſde,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what,
But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Wilo. Wars hath not waſted it, for warrde he hath not,
But baſely yeelded vpon compromiſe,
That which his noble auncеſtors atchiude with blowes,
More hath he ſpent in peace then they in wars.
Roſſe The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the Realme in farme.
Wilo. The King growne bankerout like a broken man.

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North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him,
Rosse He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyd the storme,
Wee see the winde sitte sore vpon our sailes,
And yet wee strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse We see the verie wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I espie life peering, but I dare not say,
How neare the tydings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.
Rosse Be confident to speake Northumberland,
Wee three are but thy selfe, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittanie receiude intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Rainold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittaine
With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland,
If then wee shall shake off our countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broking Pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:

But if you faint, as fearing to doe so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Begot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it, yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twentie shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your lords departure weep not, more is not seene,
Or if it be, tis with false sorrowes eyes,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.
Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

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Bushie Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Ladie.)
Queene. Tis nothing lesse, conceit is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuersion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameless woe I wot.
Greene God saue your maiestie, and wel met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.
Queene Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath sette footing in this land,
The banisht Bullingbrooke repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at Rauenspurgh.
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene Ah Madam tis too true, and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his yong sonne H. Percie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Bushie Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolted faction, traitours?
Greene We haue, whereupon the earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
And al the housho'd seruãts fled with him to Bullingbrook
Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes dismall heire,
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuerd mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.
Bushie Dispaire not Madam.
Queene Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmity,
With cousening Hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false Hope lingers in extremitie.
Greene Here comes the Duke of Yorke,
Queene. With signes of war about his aged necke,
Oh full of careful businesse are his lookes,
Vncle for Gods sake speake comfortable words.
Yorke Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and wee are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.
Your husband he is gone to saue far off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home,
Here am I left to vnderprop his land,
Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall hee trie his friends that flatterd him.
Seruingman My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.
Yorke He was, why so go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,
Bid her send mee presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.
Seruingman. My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordship,
To day I came by and called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.
Yorke What is't knaue?
Seruingman An houre before I came the Duchesse died.
Yorke God for his mercie, what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this wofull land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cutte off my head with my brothers.
What are there two posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, cosin I would say, pray pardon mee,
Go fellow get thee home, prouide some Carts,
And bring away the armour that is there,
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?

If

If I know how or which way to order these affaires
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never beleeue me: both are my kinsmen,
Tone is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend, tother againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doo: come Cosin
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euerie thing is left at six and seauen.

Exeunt Duke Qu. man. Bush. Green.

Bush. The wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemie is all vnpossible.
Greene Besides our nearenesse to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.
Bag. And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much filles their hearts with deadly hate.
Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemnd.
Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do wee,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.
Greene Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.
Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons performe for vs,
Except like curs to tear vs all in pieces:
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewell if hearts presages bee not vaine,
We three here part that neere shal meete againe.
Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat back Bullingbrook.
Gree. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie,
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.

Bul.

Bushie Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

Bull. How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?
North. Beleeue mee noble Lord,
I am a straunger in Glocestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable.
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cottshall will be found,
In Rosse and Willoughby wanting your companie.
Which I protest hath verie much beguild
The tediousnesse and processe of my trauaile:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefit that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.
Bull. Of much lesse value is my companie,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my sonne yong Harry Percy,
Sent from my Brother Worcester whencesoeuer.
Harry how fares your Vnckle? (of you.
H. Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health
North. Why is he not with the Queene?
H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and dispersit
The housshold of the King.
North. What was his reason? he was not so resolude
When last we spake togither.
H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitour.
But he my Lord is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

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What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenspurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy?
H.Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H.Per. My gracious Lo: I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shal ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle Persy, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shalbe stil thy true loues recompence:
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus seales it,
North. How far is it to Barkly, and what stur
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?
H.Per. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, Barkly and Seymor,
None else of name and noble estimate.
Nort. Here come the Lords of Rosse and V Villoughby,
Bloudy with spurring, fierily red with haste.
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues,
A banisht traitour: al my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inriche,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.
Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.
Wil. And far surmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?
North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I guesse.
Barkly My Lord of Hereford my message is to you.
Bul. My Lord, my answere is to Lancaster,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And I must finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Bar. Mistake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lo. I come, what Lo: you will,
From the most glorious of this land
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with selfe borne armes?
Bul. I shal not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in person: my noble Vnckle.
Yorke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duetie is deceiueable and false.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle.
Yor. Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngracious mouth is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs,
Darde once to touch a dust of Englands ground?
But more than why? why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peaceful bosome,
Frighting her pale fac't villadges with war,
And ostentation of despised armes?
Comst thou because the annointed king is hence?
Why foolish boy the King is left behinde,
And in my loial bosome lies his power.
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my selfe,
Rescued the blacke prince that young Mars of men.
From forth the rankes of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine
Now prisoner to the Palsie chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Bull. My gratious Vnckle let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
Yorke Euen in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion and detested treason;
Thou art a banisht man and here art come,

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Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my soueraigne,
Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster,
And noble Vncle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for me thinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive. Oh then father,
Wil you permit that I shal stand condemnd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Cosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a sonne, Aumerle, my noble Cosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his vncle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie here,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distraind and sold,
And these, and al, are al amisse employed.
What would you haue me do? I am a subiect,
And I challenge law, Attornies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.
North. The noble duke hath beene too much abused.
Rosse It stands your grace vpon to doo him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
I haue had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And labored al I could to do him right,
But in this kind, to come in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cutte out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind.
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels al.
North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

R...

But for his owne, and for the right of that
We al haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him neuer see ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke Wel, wel, I see the issue of these armes:
I cannot mend it I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and al ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you al, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King;
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter, so fare you well;
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Bul An offer vncle that we wil accept,
But wee must winne your Grace to go with vs
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By Bushie, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillers of the common-wealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.
Yorke It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loath to breake our Countries lawes,
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Enter Earle of Salisbury, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of Salisburie we haue staied ten daies,
And hardly kept our countreymen togither,
And yet we heare no tydings from the King,
Therefore wee wil disperse our selues, farewell.
Salis. Stay yet another day thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth al his confidence in thee.
Welch. Tis thought the king is dead, we will not stay,
The bay trees in our countrey all are witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed stars of Heauen,
The pale-faced moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And lean-lookt prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy,

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The other to enioy by rage and war.
These signes forerunne the death of Kings,
Farewel, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As wel assured Richard their King is dead.
Salisb. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauie mind,
I see thy glory like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnesing stormes to come, woe, and vnrest,
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crosly to thy good al fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland, Bushie and Greene prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.
Bushie and Greene I will not vexe your soules:
Since presently your soules must part your bodyes,
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For twere no charity; yet to wash your blood,
From off my hands; here in the view of men
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue misled a Prince, a royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappied and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinful houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And stainde the beautie of a faire Queenes cheekes
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs.
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neare to the King in blood, and neare in loue,
Til they did make him misinterpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh't my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fed vpon my seigniories,
Disparkt my parks, and felld my forrest woods,
From my owne windowes torne my houshold coate,
Rac't out my impreese, leauing me no signe,

Saue

Saue mens opinions, and my liuing bloud,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This and much more, much more then twice all this
Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.
Bushie More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.
Greene My comfort is, that heauen wil take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
Bull. My Lord Northumberland see them dispatcht:
Vncle you say the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairely let her be intreated,
Tel her I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.
Yorke A gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
With letters of your loue to her at large.
Bull. Thanks (gentle Vncle:) come Lords away,
To fight with Glendor and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlell, &c.

King Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
King Needes must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe,
Deare earth I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauour with my royal hands;
Feede not thy soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauy-gated toades lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Yeelde

Yeelde stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosome pluck a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch,
Throw death vpon thy soueraignes enemies:
Mock not my senceles coniuration Lords,
This earth shal haue a feeling and these stones
Prooue armed souldiers ere her natiue King,
Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.
Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king
Hath power to keepe you king in spight of al,
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we wil not, heauens offer, we refuse
The profered meanes of succors and redresse.
Aum He meanes my Lo: that we are too remisse
Whilst Bullingbrooke through our securitie,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.
King Discomfortable Cosen, knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world
Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnseene,
In murthers and in outrage bloudy here,
But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole
Then murthers, treasons, and detested sinnes,
The cloak of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselues?
So when this thiefe, this traitour Bullingbrooke
Who all this while hath reueld in the night
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the east
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinne,
Not al the water in the rough rude sea,
Can wash the balme off from an annointed King,

The breath of worldly men cannot depose,
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,
To lift shrewd steele against our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fal, for heauen stil gardes the right.

Enter Salish.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?
Salis. Nor nere nor farther off my gracious Lo.
Than this weake arme; Discomforte guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded al thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yesterday, bid time returne,
Aud thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men.
To day, to day, vnhappie day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes frindes, fortune and thy state,
For al the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke, dispersst and fled.
Aum Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.
King But now the bloud of 20000. men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And til so much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that wilbe safe, flie from my side,
For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.
Aum Comfort my liege remember who you are.
King I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maiesty thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who coms here?

Enter Scroope.

Scr. More health and happines betide my liege,

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King Mine eare is open,and my heart prepard,
The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,
Say,is my Kingdome lost?why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as wee,
Greater he shal not be, if he serue God,
Weele serue him too,and be his fellow so:
Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mend,
They breake their fayth to God as wel as vs:
Cry woe,destruction,ruine,and decay,
The worst is death,and death wil haue his day.
Scroo. Glad am I, that your highnesse is so armde,
To beare the tydings of calamitie,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which makes the siluer Riuers drowne their shores.
As if the world were al dissolude to teares,
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke,couering your fearefull land
With hard bright steele, and hearts harder then steele,
White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps
Against thy maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwildie armes against thy Crowne,
Thy very beadsmen learne to bend theyr bowes,
Of double fatal ewe against thy state,
Yea distaffe women manage rustie billes,
Against thy seate both yong and old rebel,
And al goes worse then I haue power to tell.
King Too wel,too wel thou telst a tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire?where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie?where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps,
If we preuaile, their heades shal pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord,
King Oh villaines, vipers,damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs easily woonne to fawne on any man.
Snakes in my heart bloud warmd,that sting my heart;
Three Iudasses,each one thrice worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace,terrible hell,
Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.
Scro. Sweete loue I see changing, his property
Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate,
Againe vncurse their soules,their peace is made
With head,and not with hands,those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
And lie ful low grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushie,Greene,and the Earle of Wiltshire dead
Scro. Ye al of them at Bristow lost their heades,
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?
King No matter where,of comfort no man speake:
Lets talke of graues,of Wormes,and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper,and with rainie eyes
Write sorow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
And yet not so,for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands,our liues,and al are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we cal our owne,but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste and couer to our bones.
For Gods sake lette vs sit vpon the ground,
And tel sadde stories of the death of Kings,
How some haue beene deposde,some slaine in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poysoned by their wiues,some sleeping kild,
Al murthered,for within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortal temples of a King
Keepes death his court,and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state,and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath,a little scene,
To monarchise,be feard,and kil with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this flesh which walles about our life,

Were

Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Boares through his Castle walls, and farewell King.
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud.
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie.
For you haue but mistooke me al this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste griefe, neede friendes, subiected thus,
How can you say to me I am a King?

Carleil. My Lord, wisemen nere sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and bee slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and dye, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King Thou chidst me well, proude Bullingbrook, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This agew fitte of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be sower,

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dul and heauie eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast said inough:
Beshrew thee coosin which didst leade me foorth

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire,
What say you now? what comfort haue we nowe?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more:
Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King Woes slaue shal kingly Woo obey:
That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow.
For I haue none, let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsel is but vaine.

Aum. My Leige, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong.
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bul. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are disperst, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my Lord,
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard: alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes, onely to be briefe
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue bin so briefe
He would haue beene so briefe to shorten you, (with him,
For taking so the head, your whole heades length.

Bul. Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

Yorke Take not (good Coosin) further then you should,
Least you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads.

Bul. I know it Vncle, and oppose not my selfe
Against their wil. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome Harry: what, wil not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie The Castle is royally mand my Lord
Against thy entrance.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22308) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[4]) Octavo

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.
H.Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone,
And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisburie,
Sir Stephen Scroope, beſides a clergie man
Of holy Reuerence, who I cannot learne.
North. Oh belike it is the Biſhop of Carleil.
Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that auncient Caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer,
H. Full on both his knees doth kiſſe king Richards hand,
And ſends alleageance and true faith of heart
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my baniſhment repeald,
And lands reſtored againe be freely graunted,
If not, Ile vſe the aduantage of my power,
And lay the ſummers duſt with ſhowers of bloud,
Rainde from the wounds of ſlaughtered Engliſhmen,
The which, how far off from the mind of Bullingbrooke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene lap of faire King Richards land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew:
Go ſignifie as much, while here wee march
Upon the graſſie carpet of this plaine;
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning drummes,
That from this Caſtles tottered battlements,
Our faire appoyntments may be wel peruſde.
Me thinks King Richard and my ſelfe ſhould meete
With no leſſe terror then the elements
Of fire and water when their thundering ſmoke,
At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water,
The rage be his, whilſt on the earth I raigne.
My water's on the earth, and not on him,
March on, and marke king Richard how he lookes.

The

The trumpets ſound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See ſee, King Richard doth himſelfe appeare,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to ſtaine the tracke
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yorke Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maieſtie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew.
King We are amazde, and thus long haue we ſtoode,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawful King:
And if we be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their aweful dueties to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew vs the hand of God
That hath diſmiſt vs from our Stewardſhip;
For wel we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he do prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe:
And though you thinke that all as you haue done
Haue torne their ſoules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maiſter God omnipotent,
Is muſtering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vaſſaile hands againſt my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he ſtandes,
That euery ſtride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: he is come to open
The purple teſtament of bleeding war:
But ere the crowne he lookes for liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloudy crownes of mothers ſonnes
Shal ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,

To

To scarlet indignation and bedew,
Her pastors grasse with faithful English bloud.
North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king,
Should so with ciuill and vnciuil armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Coosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your royal grandsires bones,
And by the royalties of both your blouds,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
Comprising al that may be sworne or sayd,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royal partie graunted once,
His glitterimg armes hee will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful seruice of your Maiesty.
This sweares hee, as hee is princesse iust,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.
King Northumberland, say thus the King returnes,
His noble Coosin is right welcome hither,
And al the number of his faire demaundes,
Shal be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
King We do debase our selues Coosin, do we not?
To looke so peorely and to speake so faire?
Shal we cal backe Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die.
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords,
King Oh God, oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laide the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man should take it off againe,
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

As is my griefe, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swellst thou (proud heart) Ile giue thee scope to beate,
Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bullingbrooke.
King What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shal do it: must he be deposde?
The king shal be contented: must he loose
The name of a King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a set of Beades:
My gorgeous pallas for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almesmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a dish of wood:
My sceptre for a Palmers walking staffe:
My subiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a litle graue,
A little little graue, an obscure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where subiects feete
May hourely trample on their soueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepst (my tender-hearted coosin)
Weele make foule weather with despised teares;
Our sighs and they shal lodeg the summer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or shal we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some prety match with sheading teares,
And thus to drop them still vpon one place,
Til they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and there in laide; there lies
Two kinsmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
Would not this ill do wel? wel well I see,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at me.
Most mighty Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What saies king Bullingbrooke, wil his maiestie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,

You make a leg and Bullingbrooke saies I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnrulie Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings growe base,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles shreek where mounting larkes should sing.
Bull. What saies his maiestie?
North. Sorrowe and griefe of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come,
Bull. Stand al apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *(he kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. faire cosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Vp cosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and al.
Bull. So far be mine my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Wel you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get,
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosen I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be heyre,
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord:
King. Then I must not say no.
Quee. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,

To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady Madam weele play at bowles.
Queene Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs.
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady Madam weele daunce.
Queene My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,
Lady Madam weele tel tales,
Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady Of either Madame.
Quee. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow,
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady Madam ile sing.
Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please mee better wouldst thou weepe.
Lady I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.
Que. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee. *Enter Gardeners.*
But stay, here commeth the gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines,
They wil talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.
Gard. Go bind thou vp yon dangling Aphricocks,
Which like vnrulie children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight,
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heades of two fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth,
All must be euen in our gouernement
You thus imployd, I will go roote away

The noysome weedes that without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.
Man. Why should wee in the compasse of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modle our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruind,
Her knots disordered, and her holsome hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fal of leafe:
The weedes that his broade spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.
Man. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull King.
Oh what pittie it is that he had not so trimde
And dresst his land as wee this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Lest being ouer-proud with sappe and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might haue hude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruits of dutie: superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done so, him selfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the king shall be deposed?
Gard. Depresst he is already, and deposde
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorks
That tell black tydings.
Queen Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old Adams likenesse set to dresse this garden,

How dares thy harsh rude tong sound this vnpleasing news?
What Eue? what serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fal of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is deposde?
Darst thou thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? say, where, when and how
Camst thou by this il tidings? speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie holde
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde,
In your Lo. scale is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Besides himselfe, are al the Englisth peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King Richard downe,
Post you to London, and you wil find it so,
I speake no more then euery one doth know.
Queene Nimble Mischance that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my brest: come Ladies goe
To meete at London Londons king in wo.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadde looke,
Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling mee these newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer gr
Gard. Poore Queen so that thy state might
I would my skil were subiect to thy curse:
Here did she drop a teare, here in this place
Ile set a banke of Rew sowre hearbe of grace:
Rew euen for ruth here shortly shal be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene.
Bull. Call forth Bagot,
Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou doest know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who perforinde

The bloudy office of his timeleſſe end.
Bagot Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Coſin, ſtand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong
Scornes to vnſay what once it hath deliuered,
In that dead time when Gloceſters death was plotted
I heard you ſay, is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh court
As far as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongſt much other talke that very time
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How bleſt this land would be in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes and noble Lords,
What anſwere ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtars
On equall termes to giue my chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honour ſoild
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lippes,
There is my gage, the manuall ſeale of death,
That markes thee out for hell, thou lieſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſayde is falſe
In thy heart bloud, though being al too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my knightly ſword.
Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mooude me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valure ſtand on ſimpathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;
By that faire Sunne that ſhewes me where thou ſtandſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpakſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Gloceſters death,
If thou denieſt it twentie times, thou lieſt,
And I will turn thy falſe hood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapiers poynt.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (coward) liue to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my ſoule, I would it were this houre.

Aum.

Aum. Fitzwaters thou art damnd to hel for this.
L.Per. Aumerle, thou lieſt, his honour is as true
In this appeale, as thou art all vniuſt,
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreameſt poynt
Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer, brandiſh more reuengefull ſteele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.
Another L. I take the earth to the like (forſworn Aumerle)
And ſpur thee on with ful as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From ſinne to ſinne: there is my honors pawne
Ingage it to the triall if thou darſt.
Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwere twentie thouſand ſuch as you.
Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember wel
The very time Aumerle and you did talke.
Fitz. Tis very true, you were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me this is true.
Sur. As falſe by heauen, as heauen it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surrie thou lieſt. (ſword,
Sur. Diſhonorable boy, that lie ſhal lie ſo heauy on my
That it ſhall render vengeance and reuenge,
Til thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy fathers ſcull.
In proofe whereof there is mine honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryal if thou darſt.
Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe,
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete Surry in a wilderneſſe,
And ſpitte vpon him whilſt I ſay he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is the bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſhed Norfolke ſay,

That

That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke of Callice.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.
Bull. these differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shalbe,
And though mine enemie, restord againe
To al his landes and signiories: when he is returnd,
Against Aumerle we will inforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day shal neuer be seene,
Many a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes and Saracens,
And toild with workes of war, retird himselfe
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to a pleasant Countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.
Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As sure as I liue my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til we assigne you to your daies of trial. *Enter Yorke.*
Yorke Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,
Adopts thee heire, and his high scepter yeeldes,
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne,
Car. Mary God forbid.
Worst in this royal presence I may speake.
Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth,
Would God any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge

Of noble Richard. Then true nobleness would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong,
What subiect can giue sentence on his King?
And who sits not here that is not Richards subiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them.
And shall the figure of Gods Maiesty,
His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeares
Be iugd by subiect and inferiour breath,
And he himselfe not present? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Christian climate soules refinde,
Should shew so heinous blacke obscene a deed,
I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,
The bloud of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace shall go sleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars,
Shal kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shal heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens sculs.
Oh if you raise this house against this house,
It wil the wofullest diuision proue,
That euer fel vpon this cursed earth:
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Least child, childs children crie against you wo,
North. Wel haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capital treason, we arrest you here:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely til his day of triall.
Bull. Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*
Abbot.

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Manet West Carleil, Auerle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Car. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. My Lo. before I freely speake my mind herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To burie mine intents, but also to effect,
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are ful of discontent,
Your hart of sorrow, aud your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merrie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Quee. This way the King wil come, this is the way,
To Iulius Cæsars ill erected Tower,
To whose flint bosome, my condemned Lord,
Is doomde a prisoner by proud Bullingbrooke,
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. *(Enter Ric.*
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, beholde,
That you in pittie may disolue to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richard: thou most beateous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
Rich. ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happie dreaine,
From which awakt, the tineth of what we are
Shews vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweet)
To grim necessitie, and he and I,
Will keepe a league til death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
And cloister thee in some religious house,
Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,
Which our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.

Quee

Queene What is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformd and weakened? hath Bullingbrooke
Deposde thine intellect? hath hee beene in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his pawe,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To bee ore-power'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beasts.
King A King of beasts indeede, if aught but beasts
I had beene still a happie King of men.
Good (sometimes Queene) prepare thee hence for France,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takest
As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue,
In winters tedious nights sitte by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tel thee tales
Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senslesse brands will simpathie
The heauie accent of thy moouing tong,
And in compassion weepe the fire out,
And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull king. *Enter Northum.*
North. My Lord the mind of Bullingbrooke is changde,
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower,
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With all swift speede you must away to France.
King Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age
More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke
Though hee diuide the Realme and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all.
He shall thinke that thou which knowst the way
To plant vnrightfull kings wilt know againe,

 Being

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Being nere so little vrgd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vsurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate,and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deserued death.
My guilt be on my head,and there an end:
Take leaue and part,for you must part forthwith.
King Doubly diuorst,(badde men)you violate
A twofold marriage,betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my maried wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and mee:
And yet not so,for with a kisse twas made.
Part vs Northumberland,I towards the north,
Where shiuering cold and sickneſſe pines the clime:
My wife to France,from whence set foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas,or shortst of day.
Queene And must we be diuided?must we part?
King I hand from hand (my loue)and heart from heart.
Queene Banish vs both,and send the king with mee.
King That were some loue,but little politicie.
Queene Then whither he goes,thither let me go.
King So two togither weeping make one woe,
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better far off then neere be nere the neere,
Go count thy way with sighes,I mine with groanes.
Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes,
King Twise for one stepsile groane,the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come come in wooing sorow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it,there is such length in griefe,
One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes,and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine,and thus take I thy heart:
Queene Giue me mine owne againe,twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe,and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe,be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane,
King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,

Once more adew,the rest let sorrow say. *exeunt.*

Du. My Lord you told me you would tell the rest, *Enter duke of Yorke and the duchesse.*
When weeping made you breake the story
Of our two Coosins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Du. At that sad stop my Lord,
Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.
Yorke Then (as I sayd)the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hotte and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow,but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride,God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the verie windowes spake:
So many greedie lookes of yong and old,
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage,and that al the wals
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke.
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed,lower then his proude steedes necke
Bespake them thus,I thanke you countrymen:
And thus still doing,thus he passt along.
Du. Alacke poore Richard,where rides he the whilst?
Yorke As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a wel graced Actor leaues the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so,or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle Richard,no man cried,God saue him,
No ioyful tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men,they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pitied him,

But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose hie will wee bound our calme contents,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.
Du. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.
Yorke Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth:
And lasting fealtie to the newe made King.
Du. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now
That strew the greene lappe of the new come spring.
Aum. Madam I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as liefe be none as one.
Yorke Wel, beare you wel in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.
York What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.
Yorke No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
Yorke Which for some reasons sir I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.
Du. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.
Yorke Bound to himselfe, what doth hee with a bond
That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole,
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:

Yorke

Yorke [illegible] some treason, villaine, traitor, slaue.
Du. What is the matter my Lord?
Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what trechery is here?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke Peace foolish woman.
Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Du. Thy life answere?
Yorke Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sons? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name,
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke Thou fond madde woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him here,
Then what is that to him?
Yorke Away fond woman, were he twentie times my son,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull,
But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyal to thy bed,

He plucks it out of his bosome and reades it.

His man enters with his bootes.

And

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And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſonne:
Sweete Yorke, ſweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like mee or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke Make way vnruly woman. *Exit.*
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spur, poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere hee do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke,
And neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.
Enter the King with his nobles.
King H. Can no man tel me of my vnthriftie ſonne?
Tis full three moneths ſince I did ſee him laſt;
If any plague hang ouer vs tis hee,
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongſt the Tauernes there,
For there they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With vnreſtrained looſe companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our paſſengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to ſupport ſo diſſolute a crew.
H. Percie My Lord, ſome two daies ſince I ſaw the prince,
And told him of thoſe triumphs held at Oxford.
King And what ſaide the gallant?
Percie His anſwere was, he would to the ſtewes,
And from the commoneſt creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.
King H. As diſſolute as deſperate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?
Enter Aumerle amazed.
Aum. Where is the King? (ſo wildly.
King H. What meanes our cooſin that he ſtares and looks
Aum. God ſaue your grace, I do beſeech your maieſtie,
To haue ſome conference with your grace alone.

King. Withdrawe your ſelues, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our cooſen nowe?
Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon ere I riſe or ſpeake.
King Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it be
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy deſire.
The duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.
Yor. My leige beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy preſence there.
King. Vilain Ile make thee ſafe. (feare
Aum. Stay thy reuengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to
York. Open the dore, ſecure foole, hardie King,
Shal I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the dore, or I wil breake it open.
King. What is the matter vncle, ſpeake, recouer breath,
Tel vs, how neare is daunger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?
Yor. Peruſe this writing heere, and thou ſhalt know,
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhew.
Aum. remember as thou readſt, thy promiſe paſt,
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (vilaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the traitors boſome (King,)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, leſt thy pittie proue
A Serpent that wil ſting thee to the hart.
King. O heynous, ſtrong, and bolde conſpiracy;
O loyal Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou ſheere immaculate and ſiluer Fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defilde himſelfe,
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad:
And thy aboundant goodnes ſhall excuſe

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This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
Yor. So shal my vertue, be his vices baude,
And he shal spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamde life in his dishonour lies,
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.
Du. What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.
King H. What shril voice suppliant makes this eger crie?
Du. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.
King Our scene is altred from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.
Yorke If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray;
More sinnes for this forgiuenes prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone will al the rest confound.
Du. Oh king, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
Yorke Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?
Du. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
King H. Rise vp good aunt.
Du. Not yet I thee beseech.
For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.
Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.
Yroke Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Il maist thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Du. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast.

He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside.
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele til to the ground they grow.
His prayers are ful of false hipocrisie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie.
Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
King Good aunt stand vp.
Du. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards, stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach,
I neuer longd to heare a word til now,
Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how.
The word is short, but not so short as sweete,
No word like pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.
Yorke Speake it in French, King say, Pardonne moy.
Du. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word:
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand,
Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitie may moone thee pardon to rehearse.
King H. Good aunt stand vp.
Du. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is al the sute I haue in hand.
King I pardon him as God shall pardon me.
Du. Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee.
Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.
King H. I pardon him with al my heart.
Du. A god on earth thou art.
King H. But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22308) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[4]) Octavo

With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraighe ſhall dog them at the heeles,
Good vnckle, helpe to order ſeuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere theſe traitours are,
They ſhal not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I wil haue them if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Cooſin adew,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Du. Come my old ſonne, I pray God make thee new

Exeunt.

Exton Didſt thou not marke the K. what words he ſpake?
Manet ſir Pierce Exton, &c.
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not ſo?

Man Theſe were his very words.

Exton Haue I no friend quoth he? he ſpake it twice.
And vrgd it twice togither, did he not?

Man He did.

Exton And ſpeaking it, he wiſhtly lookt on mee,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou were't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue beene ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I liue, vnto the world:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer it out,
My braine Ile prooue, the female to my ſoule,
My ſoule the father, and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts:
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world,
In humours like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better ſort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelfe
Againſt thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe,
It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
To threed the poſterne of a ſmal needles eye:
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot

Vnlikely wonders: how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt like ſeely beggars.
Who ſitting in the ſtockes refuge their ſhame,
That haue many, and others muſt ſet there.
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one priſon many people,
And none contented; ſometimes am I a King,
Then treaſons make me wiſh my ſelfe a beggar,
And ſo I am: then cruſhing penurie
Perſwades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
And ſtrait am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhal be pleaſde, till he be eaſde,
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare, *the muſike plaies.*
Ha ha keepe time, how ſowre ſweete Muſicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept,
So is it in the muſike of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintineſſe of eare
To checke time broke in diſordered ſtring:
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eies the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt
Is pointing ſtil, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that telles what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes which ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell, ſo ſighs, and teares, and groanes,

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Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
Runnes posting on in Bullingbrookes proud ioye,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke
This musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue holp'mad men to their witts,
In me it seemes it will make wise men mad:
Yet blessing on his hart that giues it me,
For tis a signe of loue: and loue to Richard,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.
Groome. Haile royal Prince.
Rich. Thankes noble peare:
The cheapest of vs is ten grotes too deare.
What art thou, and how comest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that sad dog,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?
Groome. I was a poore groome of thy stable King,
When thou wert King: who trauailling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes royal masters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart when I beheld,
In London streetes that Coronation day,
When Bullingbrooke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That horse, that I so carefully haue drest.
Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tel me gentle friend,
How went he vnder him?
Groom. So proudly as if he disdaind the ground.
Ric. So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble, would he not fal downe,
Since pride must haue a fal, and breake the necke,
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiue mes horse why do I raile on thee?
Since thou created to be awed by man,
Wast borne to beare; I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an asse,
Spurrde, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.
Keeper Fellow giue place, here is no longer stay.

nter a oom of the ible

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.
Groome What my tong dares not, that my heart shal say
Keeper My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
Keeper My Lord I dare not, sir Piercie of Exton,
Who lately came from the King commands the contrary.
Rich. The diuel take Henry of Lancaster, and thee,
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
Keeper Helpe, helpe, helpe.
Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hel.
Rich. That hand shal burne in neuer quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings bloud staind the kings owne land,
Mount mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward here to die.
Exton As ful of valure, as of royall bloud:
Both haue I spilld, Oh would the deede were good,
For now the diuell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:
This dead King to the liuing king Ile beare,
Take hence the rest and giue them burial here.
King Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne of Cicester in Glocestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine we heare not,
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?
North. First to thy sacred state wish I al happinesse,
The next newes is, I haue to London sent,
The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, and Kent,
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper here.
King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy woorth wil adde right worthie gaines.
Fitz. My Lord I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heades of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitours,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

Enter one to Richa. with meat.

Exit Groom

The murderers rush in.

Here Exton strikes him down.

Enter Bullbrooke with the duke of Yorke.

Enter Northumberland.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

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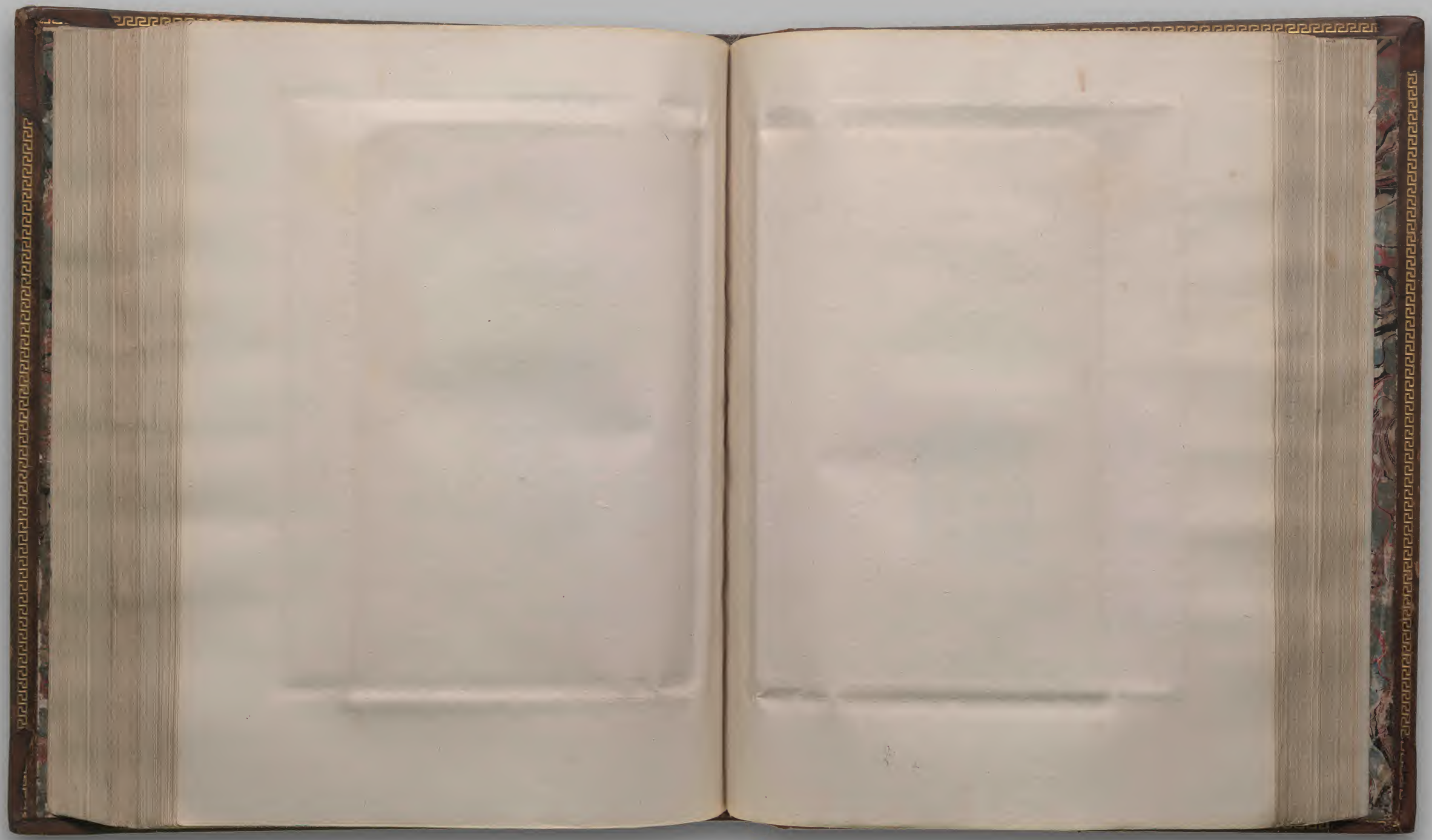
King Thy paines Fitz.ſhal not be forgot.
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.
Enter H. Percie. *Percie* The graund conſpirator Abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clogge of conſcience and ſowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But here is Carleil liuing,to abide
Thy kingly doome,and ſentence of his pride,
King Carleil,this is your doome,
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place,ſome reuerent roome
More then thou haſt,and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'ſt in peace,die free from ſtrife,
For though mine enemie thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparks of honour in thee haue I ſeene.
Enter Exton with the Coffin. *Exton* Great King,within this coffin I preſent
Thy buryed feare: herein al breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux,by me hither brought.
King Exton I thanke thee not,for thou haſt wrought
A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatal hand,
Vpon my head and al this famous land.
Exton From your owne mouth my Lord did I this deed.
king They loue not poiſon that do poiſon neede,
Nor do I thee,though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murtherer,loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word,nor princely fauour,
With Caine go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lords I proteſt my ſoule is ful of woe,
That bloud ſhould ſprinckle me to make mee grow:
Come mourne with mee,for what I do lament;
And put on ſullein blacke incontinent,
Ile make a voyage to the holy land,
To waſh this bloud off from my guilty hand,
March ſadly after,grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22308) LONDON, 1598 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[4]) Octavo

This is the second edition of this play, which I have collated with the first, printed in 1598.

THE

HISTORY OF

HENRIE THE FOVRTH;

With the battell at Shrewsburie, *betweene the King and Lord* Henry Percy, *surnamed* Henry Hotspur of the North.

With the humorous conceits of Sir Iohn Falstalffe.

Newly corrected by *W. Shake-speare.*

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

AT LONDON,

Printed by *S. S.* for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Angell. 1599.

THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of VVeſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broils
To be commenc't in ſtronds a far remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoile
Shal dawbe her lips with her owne childrens blood,
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming rancks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldiour now, vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feet,

Line 22 leavy. 1598.

Which 1400. yeers ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse.
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
And bootlesse t'is to tell you we wil goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen Westmerland,
What yester night our Counsell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold, or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the holy Land.

West. This matcht with other did my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import,
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloudy houre:
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was tolde:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is deare, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

Staind

Stain'd with the variation of each soile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this seate of ours:
And he hath brought vs smoothe and welcome newes,
The Earle of *Douglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twentie knights
Balkt in their owne blood. Did sir Walter see
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honorable spoile?
A gallant prize? Ha cosen, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:
A sonne who is the theame of honors tongue
Amongst a groue the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him
See ry ot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle clothes our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you cosen
Of this young Percies pride? The prisoners
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd
To his owne vse, he keepes and sends me word,
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his vncles teaching: This is Worcester,
Malecolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of youth against your dignitie.

King. But I haue sent for him to answere this:
And for this cause, a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22281) LONDON, 1599 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.45[5]) Octavo

Cooſen, on wedneſday next our Counſel we will hold
At Windſore, ſo informe the Lordes:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will, my liege. *Exeunt.*

Enter prince of VVales & Sir Iohn Falſtalffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnles houres were cups of ſacke, and minutes capons, and clockes the tongues of Baudes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunne himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee nowe *Hal*, for wee that take purſes, goe by the moone and the ſeuen ſtarres, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: and I prethe ſweete wag, when thou art king, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſtie I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not vs that are ſquires of the nights body, bee called theeues of the dayes beautie: let vs bee *Dianaes* forreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moone, and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernement, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſſe the moone, vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſaieſt well, and it holds wel too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

Line 17 be vs ſuperfluous.

a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatcht on Munday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning, got with ſwearing, lay by, and ſpent with crying, bring in, now in as low an ebbe as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallowes.

Falſt. By the Lord thou ſaiſt true lad, and is not my hoſteſſe of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla* my old lad of the caſtle, and is not a buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to doe with a buffe Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to doe with my hoſteſſe of the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coyne would ſtretch, and where it would not I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſ'd it, that were it not here apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethe ſweet wag, ſhall there bee gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art king? and reſolution thus fubd as it is with the ruſtie curbe of old father Antickc the law, doe not thou when thou art king hang a theefe.

Prince. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord ile be a braue iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeſt falſe already, I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Falſ. Well, *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſuites?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrob. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a louers Lute.

Falſ. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

Prince. What ſayeſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Mooreditch?

Moorditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeed the moſt comparatiue raſcalliеſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanitie, I would to God thou and I knew where a commoditie of good names were to bee bought: an olde Lorde of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir, but I markt him not, and yet hee talkt very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt wel, for wiſedom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a ſaint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knewe thee *Hal*, I knewe nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine, ile bee damnd for neuer a kings ſonne in Chriſtendom.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow Iacke?

Falſ. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, an I do not call me villaine and baſſell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, t'is my vocation *Hal*, t'is no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poynes, nowe ſhall we knowe if Gads hill haue ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent villaine that euer cryed ſtand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweete *Hal*. What ſaies Monſieur remorſe? what ſayes ſir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? howe agrees the deuill and thee about thy ſoule that thou ſouldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold capons legge?

Prince. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the deuill ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the deuell his due.

Poines

Poynes. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for coozening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are pilgrims going to Canturburie with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues, Gadſhill lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke ſupper to morrow night in Eaſtcheape: we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crownes: if you will not, tarie at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarrie at home and goe not, i'le hang you for going.

Po. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thiefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Ther's neither honeſtie, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my dayes i'le be a madcap.

Falſt. Why that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, i'le tarrie at home.

Falſ. By the lord, i'le be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prin. I care not.

Po. Sir Iohn, I prethe leaue the prince and me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal go.

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, and him the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may moue, and what he heares, may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe thiefe, for the poore abuſes of the time want countenance: farewel, you ſhal find me in Eaſtcheap.

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallowne ſummer.

Poin. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow, I haue a leaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. Falſtalffe, Harney, Roſsill, and Gadſhil, ſhal rob thoſe men that we haue already way-laid, your ſelfe and I will not bee there: and when they haue the bootie, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head off from my ſhoulders.

line 12 harm upon me.

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Prin. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vpō the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'le ſet vpon them.

Prin. Yea: but t'is like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhal not ſee, i'le tie thē in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and ſirra, I haue caſes of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this leaſt will be the incomprehenſible lies, that this ſame fat rogue will tell vs when wee meet at ſupper, how thirtie at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieaſt.

Prince. Well, i'le goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there i'le ſup: farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humour of your idleneſſe,
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy-dayes,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

Line 19. liues the jeſt.

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittring o're my fault,
Shal ſhew more goodly, and attract more eies
Then that which hath no foile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, With others.

King. My blood hath bin too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtir at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe
Mightie, and to be feard, then my condition,
Which hath bin ſmooth as oyle, ſoft as yong downe,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly. *North.* My Lord.

King. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I doe ſee
Danger, and diſobedience in thine eie:
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptorie,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moodie frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe & counſell, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,
Were as he ſaies, not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As is deliuered to your maieſtie.
Either enuie therefore, or miſpriſion,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my ſonne.

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Hotſp. My liege, I did denie no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home,
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and took't away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there
Tooke it in ſuffe, and ſtill he ſmild and talkt:
And as the ſouldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie:
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He queſtioned me, amongſt the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth,
Was Parmaceitie, for an inward bruiſe,
And that it was great pitie, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeeter, ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed
So cowardly, and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelfe haue bene a ſouldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation
Betwixt my loue and your high maieſtie.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my lord,
What e're *Harry Percy* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and neuer riſe
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet he doth denie his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh Mortimer,
Who on my ſoule, hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt that great Magitian, damned Glendower,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of March
Hath lately married; ſhall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues?
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſtarue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my ſoueraigne liege,
But by the chance of war: to proue that true
Needs no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuerns ſedgie banke,
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,
Three times they breathd, & three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of ſwift Seuerns floud,
Who then affrighted with their bloudie lookes,

Line 1. let not his report. 18. that Earle 28. mountaines

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Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doeſt bely him Percy, thou doeſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durſt as well haue met the deuill alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemie.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of Mortimer:
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the deuill come and roare for them,
I wil not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
North. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle. *Enter Wor.*
Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Zoundes I will ſpeake of him: and let my ſoule
Want mercie, if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all theſe vaines,
And ſhead my deare blood, drop by drop in the duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the aire as this vnthankefull king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.
North. Brother, the king hath made your nephiew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappie king,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardo) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandaliz'd and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did king Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?
North. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cooſen king,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake weare the detected blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather:
O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil king.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnder went?

No,

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No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace cooſen, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile reade you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If he fall in, good-night, or ſincke, or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirs
To rouſe a lyon than to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinkes it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the palefac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks;
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac'd fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good cooſen giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I crie you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners

Hot. Ile keepe them all;
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule he ſhall not.

Ile

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will: that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of Mortimer,
But I will finde him when he lies aſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hollow Mortimer:
Nay, ile haue a ſtarling ſhalbe taught to ſpeake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Heare you cooſen, a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that ſame ſword and buckler prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poiſoned with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell kinſman, ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou? to breake into this womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcour'gd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke,
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceſterſhire;
T'was where the mad-cap duke his vncle kept
His vncle Yorke, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this king of ſmiles, this Bullingbrooke;
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.

Nor. At Barkly caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay true.
Why what a Candy deale of curteſie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind coſen:

O the

Line 22 wasper-stung

O, the deuill take such cooseners, God forgiue mee.
Good Vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.
Hot. I haue done Ifaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliuer them vp, without their ransome straight,
And make the Douglas sonne your onely meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble prelate welbelou'd,
The Archbishop.
Hotspur. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Bristow the Lord Scroope:
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hotsp. I smell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.
Nor. Before the game is afoot, thou still letst slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimd.
Wor. And t'is no little reason bids vs speed,
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:
For beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Coosen, farewell. No further goe in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.
Nor. Farewel good brother, we shal thriue, I trust.
Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it bee not foure by the day, ile bee hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler.
Ost. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat Cuts saddle, put a few flocks in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is turned vpside downe since Robin Ostler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioied since the price of Oates rose, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most villainous house in al London road for fleas, I am stung like a Tench.
1 *Car.* Like a Tench: by the Masse there is ne're a king christen could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cocke.
2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs ne're a Iordane, and then we leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.
1 *Car.* What, Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.
2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing crosse.
1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quiet starued: what Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eie in thy head? can'st not heare, and t'were not as good deede as drink to

F. Lord.

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breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hangd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gadſhill.

Gadſhill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay by God ſoft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile ſee thee hangd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'le call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke-purſe.

Gad. That's euē as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter Gadſhill, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

Ca. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knoweſt he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſſion, ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their owne credit ſake make all whole. I am ioyned with no footland rakers, no long-ſtaffe ſixpennie ſtrikers, none of theſe mad muſtachio purple-hewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomaſters and great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as wil ſtrike ſooner then ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner then pray, and yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continually to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will ſhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will, Iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a Caſtle cockſure: we haue the receite of Ferneſeede, wee walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable, farewell, ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto, &c.

Poin. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remoou'd Falſtalffes horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince. Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Falſ. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd Poynes.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd raſcal, what a brawling doeſt thou keepe?

Falſ. What Poynes, Hal?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him.

Falſ. I am accurſt to rob in that theeues companie, the raſcal hath remooued my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the ſquire further afoote, I ſhal breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this xxii. yeare, and yet I am bewitcht

7. Oneyres. 31. When's Poynes, — vlt. yeares

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witche with the rogues companie. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile ſtarue ere ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue theſe rogues; I am the veriеſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-ſcore and ten miles afoote with mee: and the ſtonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horſe, you rogues, giue me my horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zblood ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye, to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horſe, good kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be taine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of ſacke be my poyſon: when ieſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gadſhill.

Gad. Stand.

Falſ. So I do againſt my will.

Poi. O t'is our ſetter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's inough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hang'd.

Prin. Sirs, you foure ſhal front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they eſcape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. How many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Falſ. Zoundes, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, ſir Iohn paunch?

Falſ. In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leaue that to the proofe.

Poi. Sirra, Iacke, thy horſe ſtandes behinde the hedge, when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt find him: farewel, & ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now can not I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poi. Here, hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I, euery man to his buſineſſe. *Enter the trauailers.*

Trauai. Come neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill, weele walke a foote awhile, and eaſe our legs.

Theeues. Stand. *Trauel.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon Catterpillers, Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no ye fatte chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on Bacons on, what yee knaues? yong men muſt liue, you are graunde iurers, are yee? weele iure ye faith.

Here they rob them, and bind them. Exeunt.

Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The theeues haue bound the true men: nowe could thou and I rob the theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poines. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and Poines bee not two arrant cowardes, there's no equitie ſtirring, ther's no more valour in that Poines, then in a wilde ducke.

Prin.

C 4

2. be there of

Prin. Your money. *Poin.* Villaines. { *As they are sharing, the Prince and Poines set vpon them, they all runne away, and Falstaffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.*

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeues are scattered, and possest with feare so strongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falstaffe sweates to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wer't not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poines. How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to bee there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the respect of the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous,

Why that's certaine, 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safetie.

The purpose you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoyse of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so. I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my selfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Dowglas? haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuide

my selfe, & go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.*

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomake, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloud in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee
To thicke eyde musing, and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of yron wars,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retyres of trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiours slaine,
And all the currents of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
On some great suddaine haste. O, what portents are these?
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What horse, Roane? a cropeare, is it not?

Ser. It is my Lord.

6. are all scattered— Antepenult — is this, an infidel?

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Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saist thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith, ile know your businesse Harry, that I will, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you goe.

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, answere mee directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We must haue bloudy noses, and crackt crownes,
And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse:
What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?
Well, doe not then, for since you loue me not,
I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I must not haue you henceforth, question me,
Whither I goe, nor reason, whereabout:
Whither I must, I must, and to conclude,
This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate:
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,
Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
No Lady closer, for I well beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter, what thou dost not know:
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further, but harke you Kate,
Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you:
Will this content you, Kate?

La. It must of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where hast bin, Hal?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or foure score hogsheads. I haue sounded the very base string of humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of Curtesie, & tel me flatly, I am no proud Iacke, like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettal, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker, in his own language, during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me, in this action; but sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this penniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnderskinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then eight shillings and fixe pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away the time till Falstaffe come: I prethee, doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may be nothing but anon: step aside, and ile shew thee a present.

Poin. Frances. *Prin.* Thou art perfect.

Prin. Frances. *Enter Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon sir. Looke downe into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

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Prin. Come hither, Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.
Prin. How long hast thou to serue, Frances?
Fran. Forsooth, fiue yeeres, and as much as to.
Po. Frances.
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. Fiue yeere, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?
Fran. O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon sir.
Prin. How old art thou, Frances?
Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be.
Poin. Frances.
Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.
Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest me, t'was a peniworth, was't not?
Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.
Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.
Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thursday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But Frances.
Fran. My Lord,
Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smooth tongue, spanish pouch?
Fran. O Lord sir, who doe you meane?
Prin. Why, then your browne bastard is your onely drinke? for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.
Fran. What sir? *Poin.* Frances.
Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call.
Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*
Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hearst such a calling? looke to

to the ghests within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a douzen more are at the doore, shall I let them in?
Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore: *Poines.*
Poi. Anon, anon sir. *Enter Poines.*
Prince. Sirra, Falstalffe and the rest of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merry?
Poi. As merry as Crickets, my lad, but harke ye, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?
Prin. I am now of all humours, that haue shewed themselues humours since the old dayes of goodman Adam, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clocke, Frances?
Fran. Anon, anon sir.
Prin. That euer this fellowe should haue fewer words then a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industrie is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies minde, the Hotspur of the North, he that kils me some sixe or seuen douzen of Scots at a breakefast, washes his handes, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry saies she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and awnswers some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a triffle. I prethee call in Falstalffe, ile play Percy, and that damnde brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* saies the drunkard: call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstalffe.

Poi. Welcome Iacke, where hast thou bene?
Fals. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke boy. E're I lead this life long, ile sow nether stocks, and mend them, & foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*
Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitiful harted Titan that melted at the sweet tale of the sonnes? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

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Falſ. You rogue, heere's lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be found in villanous man, yet a cowarde is worſe then a cup of ſacke with lime in it. A villanous coward. Go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am *I* a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the while, a bad world *I* ſay, *I* would *I* were a weauer, *I* could ſing pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, *I* ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſacke, what mutter you?

Falſ. A kings ſonne? if *I* doe not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy ſubiects afore thee like a flock of wilde geeſe, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horeſon round-man, what's the matter?

Falſ. Are you not a cowarde? anſwere me to that, and Poynes there.

Poin. Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me cowarde, by the Lord, ile ſtab thee.

Falſ. *I* call thee cowarde? ile ſee thee damnde ere *I* call thee coward, but *I* would giue a thouſand pound *I* coulde runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of ſacke. I am a rogue if *I* drunke to day.

Prin. O villain, thy lips are ſcarſe wip't ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Falſ. All is one for that. *He drinketh.*
A plague of all cowards, ſtill ſay I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falſ. What's the matter? there be foure of vs here haue tane a thouſand pound this day morning.

Prin. Where is it, Iacke, where is it?

Falſ. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falſ. I am a rogue, if *I* were not at halfe ſword, with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue ſcap't by myracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, foure through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and through, my ſworde hack't like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them ſpeake, if they ſpeake more or leſſe then trueth, they are villains, and the ſonnes of darkeneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome douzen.

Fal. Sixeteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or *I* am a Iew elſe, and Ebrew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? *I* know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, *I* am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde Iacke, then am *I* no two leg'd creature.

Prin. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for, *I* haue pepper'd two of thē. Two *I* am ſure *I* haue paied, two rogues in buckrom ſutes: *I* tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face; call me horſe: thou knoweſt my olde warde: here *I* lay, and thus *I* bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure, Hal, *I* told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid, foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at me; I made me no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poynes. *I*, foure, in Buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hilts, or *I* am a villaine elſe.

Prince. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me, Hal?

Prince.

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Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in, foot, and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſ. But as the deuil would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets thē, groſſe as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horeſon obſcene greaſie tallow-catch.

Falſ. What, art thou mad? art thou mad: is not the trueth the trueth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall green, whē it was ſo darke thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon. What ſay'eſt thou to this?

Poin. Come your reaſon, Iacke, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the rackes in the worlde, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prince. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bedpreſſer, this horſe-backe-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Fa. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elſkin, you dried neatſtoūg, you buſſpizzel, you ſtockfiſh: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee? you tailers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtāding tuck.

Prin. Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe cōpariſons, heare me ſpeake but this.

Poynes. Marke, Iacke.

Prin. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure, & bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe, then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a worde,

4 their hose. 25 as plentifull

worde, outface you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe: and Falſtalffe, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and ſtil run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a ſlaue art thou to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done? & then ſay it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come, let's heare. Iacke, what tricke haſt thou now?

Falſt. By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why, heare you, my maſters, was it for me, to kill the heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant, as Hercules: but, beware inſtinct, the lyon will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lyon, and thou, for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we bee merrie, ſhall we haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fa. A, no more of that, Hal, & thou loueſt me. *Enter hoſteſſe.*

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now, my lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at doore, would ſpeake with you: he ſayes, he comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What maner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fought faire, ſo did you Peto, ſo did you Bardol, you are lions too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran, when I ſaw others runne.

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Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came Falſtalffs ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, hee hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare trueth out of England, but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleed; and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeere before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeers ago, and wert taken with the maner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince.* I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot liuers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare bone. How now my ſweete creature of bumbaſt, how long is't ago, Iacke, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſte: I could haue crept into any Aldermans thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing & griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villainous newes abroad, here was ſir Iohn Bracy from your father: you muſt to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, and he of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the diuell his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welſh hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poines. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that ſprightly Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with his piſtol killes a ſparrow flying.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a raſcall art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſebacke (ye cuckow) but afoote he will not budge a foote.

Prin. Yes Iacke, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one Mordacke, and a thouſand blew caps more. Worceſter is ſtolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the newes, you may buy land now as cheape, as ſtinking Mackrel.

Prin. Why then, it is like, if there come a hotte Iune, and this ciuill buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads, as they buy hob-nailes, by the hundreds.

Falſt. By the maſſe, lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like we ſhall haue good trading that way: but, tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend Dowglas, that ſpirit Percy, & that diuell Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy bloud thril at it?

Prin. Not a whit i faith, I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horribly chidde to morrow when thou commeſt to thy father, if thou loue mee: practiſe an anſwere.

Prince. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chaire ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crowne.

Prin. Thy ſtate is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pitiful bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue mee a cup of Sacke to make my eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it, in king Cambiſes vaine.

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Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech; ſtand aſide, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, Ifaith.

Fal. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake, Lords, conuay my truſtfull Queene,
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it, as like one of theſe harlotrie plaiers, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou ſpendeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomill, the more it is troden on, the faſter it growes: ſo youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: that thou art my ſon, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lies the point: why, beeing ſonne to mee, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen, prooue a micher, and eat blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be aſkt. Shall the ſon of England, prooue a theefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the cõpanie thou keepeſt: for Harry, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſiõ; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man ifaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I think, his age ſome fiftie, or byladv, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember mee, his name is *Falſtalffe*: if that man ſhould bee lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin, this month?

Prin.

19. June

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? do thou ſtand for me, and ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a rabbet ſucker, or a poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am ſet.

Falſ. And here I ſtand, iudge, my maſters.

Prin. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from Eaſtcheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſ. Zblood, my Lord, they are falſe: nay, ile tickle ye for a yong prince Ifaith.

Prin. Swearеſt thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a deuill haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of an olde fat man, a tun of man is thy companion: why doeſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humours, that boultinghutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne parcell of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſacke, that ſtuft cloake-bag of guts, that roſted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffian, that vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taſte ſacke & drinke it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your grace would take mee with you, whome meanes your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth: Falſtalffe, that olde white bearded Sathan.

Falſ. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know, thou doeſt.

Falſ. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelf, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old, the more the pittie, his white haires doe witneſſe it, but that he is ſauing your reuerence, a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if ſacke and ſugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and mery be a ſin, thẽ many an old hoſt that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, thẽ Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardol, baniſh Poines, but for ſweet Iacke

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Falſtalffe, kinde Iacke Falſtalffe, true Iacke Falffalffe, valiant Iacke Falſtalffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is olde Iacke Falſtalffe, baniſh not him thy Harries companie, baniſh not him thy Harries companie, baniſh plumpe Iacke, and baniſh all the world.

Prin. I, do, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the doore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that Falſtalffe.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Prince. Heigh, heigh, the diuel rides vpon a fiddle ſticke, what's the matter?

Host. The Sherife and al the watch are at the doore, they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall *I* let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of golde a counterfet, thou art eſſentially made without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou, a naturall coward without inſtinct.

Fal. *I* deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife ſo, if not, let him enter. If *I* become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: *I* hope *I* ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a halter as another.

Prin. Go, hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue: now my maſters, for a true face, and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therefore ile hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now, maſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prin. What men?

She. One of them is well knowen, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prin. The man, I do aſſure you is not here,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imploid him:

And

And Sherife, *I* will ingage my word to thee,
That *I* will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen
Haue, in this robbery, loſt 300. markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue rob'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

She. God night, my noble Lord.

Prin. *I* thinke it is god morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oylie raſcal is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Pri. Harke, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pocket, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Pet. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Item, a capon.	2.s.ii.d.
Item, ſawce.	iiii.d.
Item, ſacke, two gallons.	v.s.viii.d.
Item, anchaues and ſacke after ſupper.	2.s.vi.d.
Item, bread.	ob.

O moſtrous! but one halfepeniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of ſack? what there is elſe keep cloſe, wee'le read it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day; ile to the court in the morning. We muſt all to the warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death wil be a march of twelue ſcore, the money ſhall be paid backe againe with aduantage; bee with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And

And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cooſen Glendower will you ſit down? and Vncle Worceſter; a plague vpon it, *I* haue forgot the map.

Glendow. No, here it is; ſit Cooſen Percie, ſit good Cooſen Hotſpur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeak of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſight he wiſheth you in heauen.

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glen. *I* cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes
Of burning creſſets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers cat had but kittened, though your ſelfe had neuer bene borne.

Glen. *I* ſay, the earth did ſhake when *I* was borne.

Hot. And *I* ſay, the earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble,

Hot. Oh, then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie,
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions, oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of collicke pincht and vex't,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and moſſegrowen towers. At your birth
Our Grandam earth, hauing this diſtemprature
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Cooſen, of many men
I do not beare theſe croſsings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Theſe

13 and huge foundation—

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life doe ſhew,
I am not in the roule of common men:
Where is he liuing, clipt in with the ſea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wales of Arte,
And hold me pace, in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke, there's no man ſpeaks better Welſh:
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace, cooſen Percy, you will make him mad.

Glen. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deepe.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glen. Why, I can teach you cooſen, to command the deuill.

Hot. And I can teach thee, cooſe, to ſhame the deuil,
By telling trueth. Tell trueth and ſhame the deuill:
If thou haue power to rayſe him, bring him hither,
And ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence:
Oh while you liue, tell trueth and ſhame the deuill.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the bancks of Wye,
And ſandy bottomd Seuerne haue I ſent him
Bootles home, and weather-beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too?
How ſcapes he agues, in the deuils name?

Glen. Come, here is the map, ſhal we deuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?

Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſsignd:
All Weſtward, Wales beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare cooſe, to you,
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

 And

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And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute:)
To morrow, cosen Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his helpe these fourteene daies:
Within that space, you may haue drawn together
Your tenants, friends, & neighbouring gentlemen.
Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, & take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinks, my moity North frō Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out:
Ile haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the smug and siluer Trent shall run
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not wind, with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke, how he beares his course, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northside, win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight, and euen.
Hot. Ile haue it so, a little charge will doe it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altred.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.
Glen. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For, I was traind vp in the English Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an English ditty, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue, that was neuer seene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same meter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brasen cansticke turnd,
Or a drie wheele grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.
Glen. Come, you shall haue Trent turnd.
Hot. I do not care, ile giue thrice so much land,
To any well deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?
Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haste the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit.*
Mor. Fie, cosen Percy, how you crosse my father.
Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:
And, of a Dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-winged Griffin and a moulten rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckoning vp the seuerall diuels names

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That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But marke him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a railing wife,
Worſe then a ſmoky houſe: I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlike in a Windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he is a worthy Gentleman,
Exceedingly well read and profited
In ſtrange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: ſhall I tell you, coſen,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither haue done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience:
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, hanting a noble man,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, good maners be your ſpeed,
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.
Enter Glendower with the Ladies.
Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Shee'le

Shee'le be a ſouldier too, ſhee'le to the wars.
Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt Percy
Shal follow in your conduct ſpeedily.
Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.
Glen. Shee is deſperate here,
A peeuiſh ſelfe wilde harlotrie, one that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.
The Ladie ſpeakes in Welſh.
Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prettie Welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould *I* anſwere thee.
The Lady againe in Welſh.
Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But *I* will neuer be a truant loue,
Till *I* haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweet as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a ſummers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her Lute.
Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe runne mad.
The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.
Mor. O, *I* am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference twixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart, ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe muſicions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the aire a thouſand leagues from hence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend,

Hot.

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Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy goose.
The muſicke playes.
Hot. Now, I perceiue the diuel vnderſtands Welſh,
And t'is no maruaile he is ſo humorous,
By'rlady he is a good muſician.
La. Then ſhould you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humours:
Lie ſtill, ye thiefe, and heare the lady ſing in Welſh.
Hot. I had rather heare, lady, my brache howle in Iriſh.
La. Would'ſt thou haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither, t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the Welſh Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.
Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.
Hot. Come, Kate, ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfit-makers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſuretie for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finsburie.
Sweare me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouthfilling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger bread
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. T'is the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As Hot. Lord Percy, is on fire to goe:

By this our booke is drawne, weel'e but ſeale,
And then to horſe immediatly.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.
King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuat conference, but be neere at hand,
For we ſhall preſently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I knowe not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my blood,
Hee'le breed reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doeſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue that thou art onely mark't,
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heauen,
To puniſh my miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art match't withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſtie, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes muſt heare,
By ſmiling pickthanks and baſe newes mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faltie wandered, and irregular,
Find pardon, on my true ſubmiſsion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors,
Thy place in counſell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts

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Of all the Court and princes of my blood,
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man
Prophetically doe forethinke thy fall:
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar companie,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputeleise banishment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihoode.
By being seldome seene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,
That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would say, Where, which is Bullingbrook:
And then I stole all courtesie from heauen,
And dresst my selfe in such humilitie,
That I did plucke allegeance from mens hearts,
Loud shouts, and salutations from their mouths,
Euen in presence of the crowned King.
Thus did I keepe my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're seene, but wondred at, and so my state
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And wan by rarenesse such solemnitie.
The skipping King, he ambled vp and downe,
With shallow iesters, and rash bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royaltie with carping fooles,
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,
And gaue his countenance against his name
To laugh at gibing boyes, and stand the push
Of euery beardlesse vaine comparatiue,
Grew a companion to the common streetes,
Enfeoft himselfe to popularitie,
That being dayly swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfetted with hony, and began to loath
The taste of sweetenesse, whereof a little

More

29 capring fooles.

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: seene, but with such eyes
As sicke and blunted with communitie,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on sun-like Maiestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men vse to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorgde, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,
For, thou hast lost thy princely priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is aweary of thy common sight,
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blind it selfe with foolish tendernesse.

Prin. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world,
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh,
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
Now, by my sceptre, and my soule to boote,
He hath more worthie interest to the state,
Then thou, the shadow of succession.
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harnesse in the Realme,
Turns head against the Lyons armed iawes,
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reuerend Bishops on
To bloudie battailes, and to bruising armes.
What neuer dying honour hath he got,
Against renowmed Dowglas? Whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in armes,
Holds from all souldiours, chiefe maioritie,
And militarie title capitall

Through

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Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathling clothes,
This infant warrier, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great Douglas, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our throne,
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbiſhops grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore doe I tell theſe newes to thee?
Why, Harry, doe I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neereſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſall feare,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleene,
To fight againſt me, vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew, how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And God forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſwayd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me.
I will redeeme all this on Percies head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your ſonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And ſtaine my fauors in a bloudy maske,
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcoure my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e're it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all praiſed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry, chance to meet,
For euery honor, ſitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come
That I ſhall make this Northren youth exchange
His glorious deeds, for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe vp glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promiſe here,
The which, if he be pleaſd, I ſhall performe:
I doe beſeech your Maieſty may ſalue
The long growne wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die, a hundred thouſand deaths,
E're breake the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this,
Thou ſhalt haue charge, & ſoueraigne truſt herein.
How now good Blunt? thy lookes are full of ſpeed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the buſines, that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word,
That Douglas and the Engliſh Rebels met,
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury,
A mighty, and a fearefull head they are,
(If promiſes be kept on euery hand,)
As euer offred foule play in a ſtate.

King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day,
With him my ſonne, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old,
On Wedneſday next, Harry, you ſhall ſet forward,
On thurſday, we our ſelues wil march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry, you ſhall march
Through Glocesterſhire, by which account,
Our buſines valued ſome twelue daies hence,
Our generall forces, at Bridgenorth ſhall meet:
Our hands are full of buſines, let's away,
Aduantage feeds him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, am I not falne away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me, like an old Ladies looſe gowne. I am withered like an old apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in

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ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villainous company hath beene the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are ſo fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdie ſong, make mee merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy houſe, not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needs bee out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but 't is in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, ile bee ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple; for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould bee, By this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſonne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke, thou hadſt bin an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bon-fire light, thou haſt ſaued me, a thouſand Marks in Links, and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the ſacke, that thou haſt drunke mee, would haue bought mee lights as good cheape, at the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick't my pocket? *Enter Hoſt.*

Hoſ. Why ſir Iohn, what doe you thinke, ſir Iohn? doe you thinke I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearch't, I haue enquired, ſo has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire, was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Falſ. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, Bardoll was ſhau'd and loſt many a haire: and ile be ſworne, my pocket was pick't: goto, you are a woman, go.

Hoſ. Who, I? No, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cal'd ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Falſ. Goto, I know you well inough.

Hoſ. No, ſir Iohn, you do not know me, ſir Iohn: I know you ſir Iohn, you owe me money, ſir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a douzen of ſhirts to your backe.

Falſ. Doulas, fie thy doulas, I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii.s. an ell: you owe money here beſides, ſir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you xxiiii. pound.

Falſ. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore: looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his noſe, let them coyne his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of mee? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale ring of my grandfathers, worth fortie marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu! I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Falſ. How? the prince is a Iacke, a ſneake vp: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgell him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the prince marching, and Falſtaffe meetes him playing vpon his truncheon like a fife.

Falſ. How now, lad? is the winde in that doore? muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

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Prin. What saist thou, mistris quickly? how doeth thy husband? *I* loue him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, heare me.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou, Iacke?

Falst. The other night, *I* fell asleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd baudy house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, Iacke?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of fortie pound a piece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penie matter.

Host. So *I* told him, my Lord, and *I* said, *I* heard your grace say so: & my lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Falst. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more trueth in thee, then in a drawen foxe, and for womanhood, maid mario may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing, what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Host. *I* am nothing to thanke God on, *I* would thou should'st know it, *I* am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Falst. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prince. An Otter, sir Iohn? why an Otter?

Falst. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou say'st true, Hostesse, and hee slaunders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doeth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day, You ought

ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he cald you Iacke, and saide hee would cudgel you.

Falst. Did I, Bardol?

Bar. Indeed, sir Iohn, you said so.

Falst. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prin. I say t'is copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Falst. Why, Hal? Thou knowest as thou art but man *I* dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee as *I* feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion: dost thou thinke ile feare thee, as *I* feare thy father? nay, and *I* doe, *I* pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, howe would thy guts fall about thy knees? but sirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fil'd vp with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horeson impudent imbost rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of baudy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, *I* am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you wil not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou heare, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocencie Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstalfe do in the dayes of villanie? thou seest *I* haue more flesh then another man, & therfore more frailty. You confesse the you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares so, by the storie.

Fal. Hostesse, *I* forgiue thee, goe make ready breakfast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruantes, cherish thy ghests, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest *I* am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone. *Exit Hostesse.* Now, Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that answered?

Prin.

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Prin. O, my ſweete beoffe, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pri. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſh't hands too.

Bar. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke, a charge of foote.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or thereabouts; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I prayſe them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

Pri. Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
To my brother Iohn, this, to my lord of Weſtmerland.
Go, Peto, to horſe, to horſe, for thou and I
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall
At two a cloeke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy ſtands on high,
And either we or they muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world. Hoſteſſe, my breakefaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Douglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble Scot, if ſpeaking trueth
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas haue,
As not a ſouldior of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world:
By God, I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man than your ſelfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approoue me, Lord.

Douglas. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and t'is well: What letters haſt thou there?
I can but thanke you.

Meſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous ſicke.

Hot. Zounds, how has he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leads his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernment come they along?

Meſ. His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.

Wor. I prethee, tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes e're I ſet forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phiſicions.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
E're he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now: this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawn, nor did he think it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the king is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more, then we ſhall find it: were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read

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The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the hope, of what t'is to come in:
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeuous, a home to flie vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had bin here:
The qualitie and haire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyaltie, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs.
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too far.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterpriſe,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To puſh againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall o'erturne it, topſie turuy downe,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare.

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Hot. My coſen Vernon, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.
Hot. No harme, what more?
Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon is ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhal be welcome too: where is his ſonne,
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht, all in Armes:
All plumde like Eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Midſomer,
Wanton as youthfull goates, wild as young buls:
I ſaw young Harry with his beuer on,
His cuſhes on his thighs, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel dropt downe from the clouds,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, worſe then the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues, let them come,
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maid of ſmoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altars ſit
Vp to the eares in bloud, I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me taſte my horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales,

4. with him Prince Iohn.

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Harry to Harry, ſhall hot horſe to horſe
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. That's the worſt tidings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I, by my faith, that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe, and Bardoll.

Falſt. Bardol, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our ſouldiours ſhall march through. Wee'le to Sutton cophill to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an angell.
Fal. And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, ile anſwere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at Townes end.
Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*
Fal. If I be not aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſoue't gurnet, I haue miſuſed the kings preſſe damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. ſouldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchelers, ſuch as had beene aſkt twice on the banes, ſuch a commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell, as a drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtrooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I preſt me none, but ſuch toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and

now,

now, my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeed were neuer ſouldiers, but diſcarded, vniuſt ſeruingmen, yonger ſonnes to yonger brothers, reuolted tapſters, and Oſtlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long peace, ten times more diſhonourable ragged, then an olde fazd ancient, and ſuch haue I, to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie tottered prodigals, lately come from ſwine keeping, from eating draffe and huſks. A mad fellowe met mee on the way, and told me I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skarcrowes. Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had giues on, for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of priſon, there's not a ſhirt and a halfe in all my companie, and the halfe ſhirt is two napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeues, and the ſhirt, to ſay the trueth, ſtolne from my hoſt at S. Albones, or the red-noſe Inkeeper of Dauintry, but that's all one, ther'le finde linnen inough on euery hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iacke? how now, quilt?
Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag? what a diuel doſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good L. of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercie, I thought your honour had alreadie bene at Shrewsburie.
Weſt. Faith, ſir Iohn, t'is more then time that I were there, and you too, but my powers are there already: the king I can tel you, lookes for vs all, we muſt away all night.
Falſ. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.
Prin. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, Iacke, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?
Falſ. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.
Fal. Tut, tut, good inough to toſſe, foode for powder, foode

 for

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for powder, the'le fill a pit as well as a better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, ſir Iohn, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare: too beggerly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouertie I know not where they had that: and for their bareneſſe I am ſure they neuer learn't that of me.

Pri. No, ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers in the ribs bare: but ſirra, make haſte, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king incamp't?

Weſt. He is, ſir Iohn, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gheſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Wee'le fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why, ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good coſen be aduis'd, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You doe not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life,
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:
Let be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea, or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my coſen Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your Vncle Worceſters horſes came but to day,
And now their pride and metall is alleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth our:
For Gods ſake, coſen, ſtay till all come in.

The trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter ſir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuy your great deſeruings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anointed maieſtie.
But to my charge. The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your grieues, and whereupon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audatious crueltie. If that the king
Haue any way your good deſerts forgot
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your grieues, and with all ſpeede,
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind: and wel we know, the king
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My father, and my vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the worlds regard, wretched and low,

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A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his liuery, and beg his peace
With teares of innocencie, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kinde heart and pittie mou'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords, and Barons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He presently, as greatnes knowes it selfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked shore at Rauenspurgh,
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and some streight decrees
That lie too heauie on the Common-wealth,
Cryes out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the absent king
In deputation left behinde him here,
When he was personall in the Irish warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole state:
To make that worse, suffred his kinsman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeed his king) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ransome to lie forfeited,
Disgrac't me in my happie victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vnkle from the counsell boord,
In rage dismisd my father from the Court,
Broke otbe on othe, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, droue vs to seeke out
This head of safetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this answere to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter. Wee'le withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some suretie for a safe returne againe,
And in the morning early shall mine vnkle
Bring him our purposes, and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of Yorke, and Sir Mighel.

Arch. Hie, good sir Mighel, beare this sealed briefe
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my cosen Scroope, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haste.

Sir M. My good Lord, I gesse their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good sir Mighell, is a day,
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truely giuen to vnderstand,
The king with mighty and quicke raised power,
Meetes with Lord Harry: And I feare, sir Mighell,
What with the sickenesse of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendowers absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,

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And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare, the power of Percy is too weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the king.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo corriuals and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my L. they ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe, yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighel, ſpeed:
For if Lord Percy thriue not, ere the king
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacie,
And, t'is but wiſedome, to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, ſir Mighel. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare
Aboue yon busky hill, the day lookes pale
At his diſtemprature.
Prin. The Southren wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then, with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The trumpet ſounds, Enter Worceſter.

King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? t'is not wel,
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes

As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limmes in vngentle ſteele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content,
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your mateſtie to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our houſe,
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you my ſtaffe of office did I breake
In Richards time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was my ſelfe, my brother and his ſonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that othe at Dancaſter,
That you did nothing purpoſe gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaſter:
To this, we ſwore our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind downe fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of greatneſſe fell on you,

 What

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What with our helpe, what with the abſent king,
What with the iniuries of a wanton time;
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his vnlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your othe to vs at Dancaſter,
And being fed by vs, you vſ'd vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird
Vſeth the ſparrow, did oppreſſe our neaſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neer your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were enforc't for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes,
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in your younger enterprize.

King. Theſe things indeed you haue articulate,
Proclaimed at market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the garment of rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings and poore diſcontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly innouation,
And neuer yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pell mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your armies there is many a ſoule,
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall, tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world

In praiſe of Henry Percie, by my hopes
This preſent interpriſe ſet off his head,
I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes:
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a truant bene to chiualrie,
And ſo I heare, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my fathers maieſtie,
I am content, that he ſhall take the oddes
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in ſingle fight.

King. And prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: no good Worceſter, no:
We loue our people well, euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your coſens part;
And will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea euery man
Shall be my friend againe, and ile be his,
So tell your coſen, and bring me word
What he will doe. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they ſhall doe their office. So be gone:
We will not now be troubled with replie,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them,
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt: manent*
Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the battell *Prin. Falſt.*
And beſtride me, ſo, t'is a poynt of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can doe thee that friendſhip,
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

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Falſ. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him, before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, t'is no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor pricke me off when I come on? how then? can honor ſet to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in ſurgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: what is in that word? honor: what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday, doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is inſenſible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the king.

Ver. T'were beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one.
It is not poſſible: it cannot be
The king ſhould keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults,
Suppoſition, al our liues ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſh't and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how we can, or ſad, or merily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouern'd by a ſpleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the ſpring of all ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good coſen, let not Harry know,
In any caſe the offer of the king. *Enter Hotſpur.*

Ver. Deliuer what you will, ile ſay t'is ſo. Here coms your coſe.

Hot. My vncle is return'd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vncle, what newes.

Wor. The king will bid you battel preſently.

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, goe you and tell him ſo.

Dou. Marry and ſhal, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I tolde him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oth breaking, which he mended thus
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He call vs, rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With hautie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Douglas.*

Dou. Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickely on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And, nephew, chaleng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewed his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule I neuer in my life,
Did heare a chalenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe valued with you.
And which became him like a prince indeed,

He

28. his taſking?

He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe.
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweete a hope
So much miſconſtured in his wantonneſſe.
Hot. Cooſen, I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies: neuer did I heare
Of any prince ſo wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once e're night,
I will imbrace him with a ſouldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my courteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed, and fellowes, ſouldiers, friendes,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion. *Enter a meſſenger.*
Meſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I can not read them now.
O, Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortnes baſely, were too long,
If life did ride vpon a dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death when princes die with vs.
Now for our conſciences, the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iuſt. *Enter another.*
Meſ. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on apace.
Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking, onely this,
Let each man doe his beſt: and here draw I a ſword,
Whoſe temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now eſperance Percy, and ſet on,
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that Muſicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall
A ſecond time doe ſuch a courteſie.
Here they embrace, the trumpets ſound, the king enters with his power, alarme to the battell, then enter Douglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I doe haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe, for in ſtead of thee, King Harry,
This ſword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as my priſoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot:
And thou ſhalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight, Douglas kils Blunt, then enter Hotſpur.
Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I neuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.
Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathles lyes the king.
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furniſh't like the king himſelf.
Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too deare.
Why didſt thou tel me, that thou wert a king?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coates:
Ile murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp, and away,
Our ſouldiers ſtand full fairely for the day.
Alarme, Enter Falſtaffe ſolus.
Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I feare the
ſhot here, here's no ſcoring but vpō the pate. Soft, who are you?
ſir Walter Blunt, there's honor for you, here's no vanity: I am as

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hot as molten lead, & as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What, ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword: Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe, Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies, Whoſe deaths are yet vnreueng'd. I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke Gregorie neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee: I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtol if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I Hal, t'is hot, t'is hot, there's that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way: ſo, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. *Iohn.* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie, make vp, Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will doe ſo: my Lord of Weſtmerland, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I doe not need your helpe, And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this, Where ſtain'd nobilitie lies troden on, And rebels armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. We breathe too long, come, coſen Weſtmerland, Our duetie this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'd me, Lancaſter, I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit: Before, I lou'd thee as a brother Iohn, But now, I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him holde Lord Percy at the point, With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for Of ſuch an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads, I am the Douglas, fatall to all thoſe That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou That counterfeſt'ſt the perſon of a king?

Kin. The king himſelf, who Douglas grieues at heart, So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met And not the very king: I haue two boyes Seeke Percie and thy ſelfe about the field, But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily, I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfet, And yet, in faith, thou beareſt thee like a king, But mine, I am ſure, thou art, who ere'e thou be: And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirits Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my armes: It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee, Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely, my Lord, how fares your grace? Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent, And ſo hath Clifton: ile to Clifton ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breathe a while:

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Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I harkened for your death.
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your ſonne.
King. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawſey. *Exit. K.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why, then I ſee a very valiant rebell of the name;
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keepe not their motion in one ſphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now, ſhall it, Harry? for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, e're I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy creſt,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight: Enter Falſtalffe.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal, to it, Hal. Nay, you ſhall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falſtalffe, he falls downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth,
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me,

They

22. Nor ſhall —

They wound my thoughts, worſe then thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life time's foole,
And time that takes ſurnay of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could prophecie,
But that the earth and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art duſt
And food for.
Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, howe much art thou ſhrunke:
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is roome inough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtoute a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my ſelfe,
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adiew, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignominy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtalffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke, farewell,
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould haue a heauie miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie:
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Inbowel'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble Percie lie. *Exit.*

Falſtalffe riſeth vp.

Fal. Inbowel'd? if thou inbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue to powder me and eate me too to morrowe. Zblood, tw'as time to counterfet, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfet? I lie, I am no counterfet: to die is to bee a counterfet, for he is but the counterfet of a man, who hath not

 the

5. earthy and — 16 ſo dear a — 29 ſo fat a —

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the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and, Iohn of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother Iohn, full bravely hast thou flesh't
Thy mayden sword.

Iohn. But soft, whom haue we heare?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eiesight?
I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies
Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe me any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percie himselfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percie I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying. I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewesburie clocke, if I may be beleeu'd so: if not, let them that should reward valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my sword.

Iohn. This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother Iohn,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happiest termes I haue.

A retraite is sounded.

Prin. The Trumpet sounds retrait, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let vs to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are liuing, who are dead.

Exeunt.

Fal. Ile follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewardes me, God reward him. If I doe growe great, ile growe lesse, for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanely as a noble man should do.

Exit.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, With Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill spirited Worcester, did not we send grace,
Pardon, and termes of loue to all of you?
And wouldst thou turne our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans trust?
Three knights vpon our partie slaine to day,
A noble Earle and many a creature else,
Had bene aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my safety vrg'd mee to:
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded it fals on me.

King. Beare Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause vpon.
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percie slaine, and all his men
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the rest:
And falling from a hill, he was so brus'd,
That the pursuers tooke him. At my tent
The Douglas is: and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King.

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King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then, brother Iohn of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong,
Goe to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomeleſſe and free:
His valours ſhew'n vpon our Creſts to day,
Haue taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our aduerſaries.
Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curteſie,
Which I ſhall giue away immediatly.
King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power,
You ſonne Iohn, and my coſen Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend, you with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are buſily in armes:
My ſelfe, and you, ſonne Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the checke of ſuch another day.
And, ſince this buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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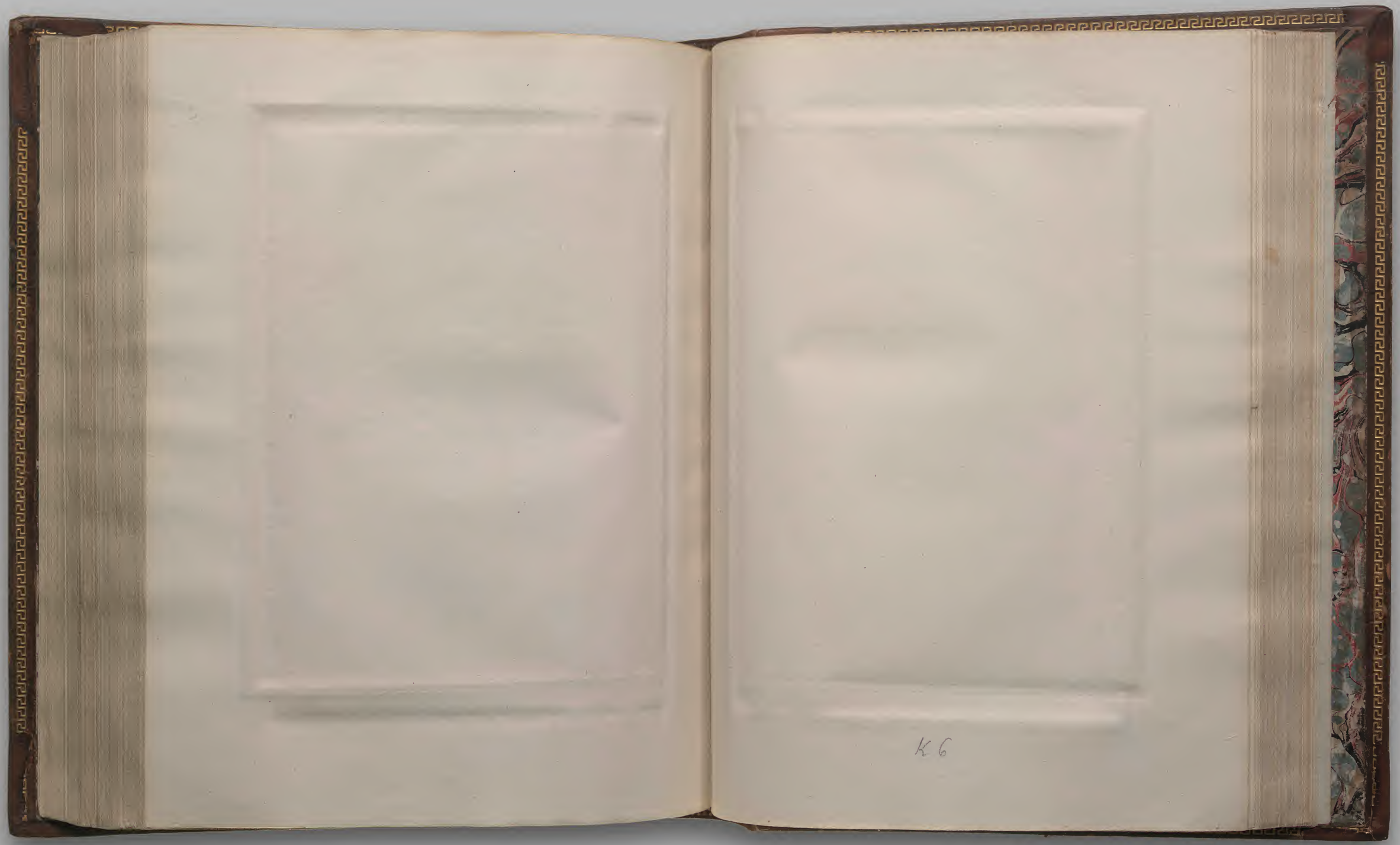

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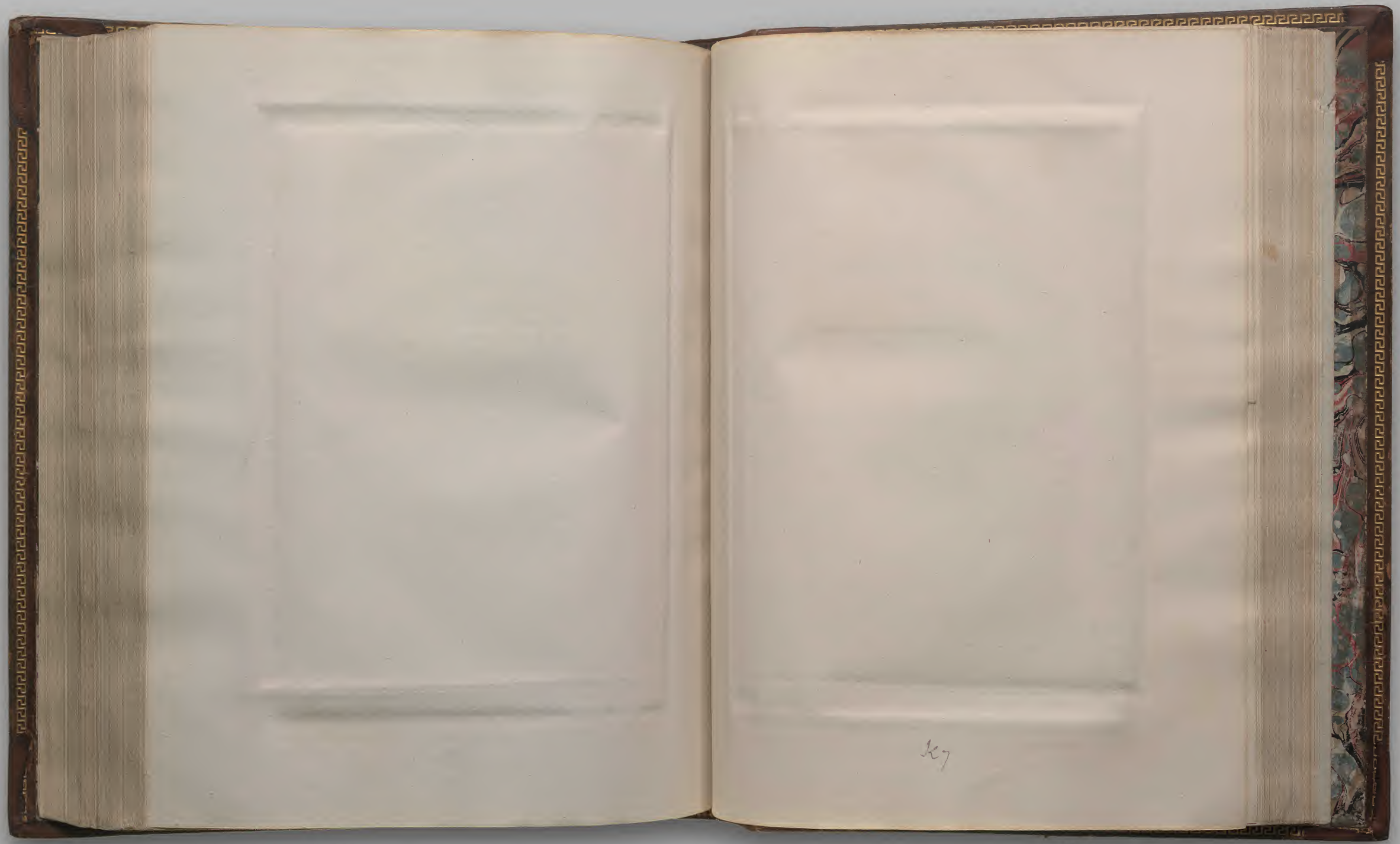

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A

A

Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*.

Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where.

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LONDON
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1602.

A pleasant conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merry Wiues of *Windsor*.

Enter Iustice Shallow, *Syr* Hugh, *Maister* Page, *and* Slender.

Shal. NEre talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it. (mee.

Pag. Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by

Slen. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons M. *Slenders*? You should heare reasons.

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.

M. *Page* I will not be wronged. For you Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

Pa. And heres my hand, and if my daughter Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match: In the meane time let me intreat you to soiourne Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake To make you friends.

Sir Hu. I pray you M. *Shallowes* let it be so.

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The matter is pud to arbitarments.
The first man is M. *Page*, videlicet M. *Page*.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar- (tyr.

Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, *and* Nim.

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.
Fal. Now M. *Shallow*, youle complaine of me to the Councell, I heare?
Shal. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper, Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.
Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.
Shal. Well this shall be answered.
Fal. Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this. This is now answred.
Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.
Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in (counsell, Youle be laught at.
Sir Hu. Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.
Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.
Slender I brake your head,
What matter haue you against mee?
Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.
Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?
Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences.

Fal.

Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*?
Pist. Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.
Slen. By this light it was he then.
Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.
Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemē,
You heare it.

Enter Mistresse Foord, *Mistresse* Page, *and her daughter* Anne.

Pa. No more now,
I thinke it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.
Fal. Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not.

Syr Iohn kisses her.

Mis. Ford. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.
Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance.
The like of you good misteris *Page*.
Mis. Pa. With all my hart sir *Iohn*.
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.
Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

Exit all, but Slender *and mistresse* Anne.

Anne.

Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You say well M. *Slender.*
But first you must giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

An. I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

An. Yes trust me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the nussell,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slender?*
The meate staies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

Enter

Enter Maister Page.

Pa. Come, come Maister *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not choose I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God misteris *Anne*, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

An. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Hugh *and* Simple, *from dinner.*

Sir Hu. Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.
I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes *Host of the Garter,*
Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

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Host. What ſes my bully Rooke?
Speake ſchollerly and wiſely.
Fal. Mine Host, I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.
Host. Diſcard bully, *Hercules* caſſire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.
Fal. I ſit at ten pound a weeke.
Host. Thou art an Emperour *Cæſar, Pheſſer* and *Keſar* bully.
Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He ſhall rap, he ſhall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector?*
Fal. Do good mine Host.
Host. I haue ſpoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*.
Let me ſee thee froth, and lyme. I am at
A word. Follow, follow.

Exit Host.

Fal. Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapſter is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered ſeruingman, a freſh Tapſter:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.
Bar. I will ſir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good ſhift to liue.

Exit Bardolfe.

Piſ. O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the ſpicket wilde?
Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.
Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almoſt out at the heeles.
Piſ. Why then let cybes inſue.
Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal.

Fal. Well I am glad I am ſo rid of this tinder Boy.
His ſtealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull finger, he kept not time.
Nym. The good humor is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.
Piſ. Tis ſo indeed *Nym*, thou haſt hit it right.
Fal. Well, afore God, I muſt cheat, I muſt cony-catch.
Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?
Piſ. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.
Fal. Well my honeſt Lads, Ile tell you what I am about.
Piſ. Two yards and more.
Fal. No gibes now *Piſtoll*: indeed I am two yards
In the waſt, but now I am about no waſt:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to *Foords* wife,
I eſpie entertainment in her. She carues, ſhe
Diſcourſes. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be conſtured rightly is, I am
Syr *Iohn Falſtaffes*.
Piſ. He hath ſtudied her well, out of honeſtie
Into Engliſh.
Fal. Now the report goes, ſhe hath all the rule
Of her husbands purſe. She hath legians of angels.
Piſ. As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy ſay I.
Fal. Heree's a Letter to her. Heeres another to miſteris *Page*.

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Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors with such a greedy intentiõ, with the beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would a scorged me vp like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They shall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to mistresse *Foord*. And thou this to mistresse *Page*. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.

Exit Falstaffe, and the Boy.

Pist. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Pist. By wit, or sword?

Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with Iallowes,

And theres the humor of it.

Pist. And I to *Foord* will likewise tell
How *Falstaffe* varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let vs about it then. (on.

Pist. Ile second thee: sir Corporall *Nym* troope

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Quickly, *and* Simple.

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you say well.
And is this Letter from sir *Yon*, about Misteris *An*,
Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So: and your Maister would haue me as it twere to speak to misteris *Anne* concerning him: I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so:
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my hands,
Or else it would be but a woe house. (hands,

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,

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Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you auiſed of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is ſuch a honeſt man, and he ſhould chance
To come home and finde a man here, we ſhould
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord bleſſe me, who knocks there?
For Gods ſake ſtep into the Counting-houſe,
While *I* goe ſee whoſe at doore.

He ſteps into the Counting-houſe.

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*,
Are you come home ſir alreadie?

And ſhe opens the doore.

Doct. *I* begar *I* be forget my oyntment,
VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Here ſir, do you call?

Doc. *I* you be *Iohn Rugbie*, and you be *Iack Rugby*
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe preſent:
Make haſt *Iohn Rugbie*. O *I* am almoſt forget
My ſimples in a boxe in de Counting-houſe:
O *Ieſhu* vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-houſe?
I tinck you be a teefe.

Quic. *Ieſhu* bleſſe me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord ſir no: *I* am no theefe,
I am a Scruingman:

My

My name is *Iohn Simple*, *I* brought a Letter ſir
From my M. *Slender*, about miſteris *Anne Page*
Sir: *I*ndeed that is my comming.

Doc. *I* begar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma pen
An *I*nck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

The Doctor writes.

Sim. O God what a furious man is this?

Quic. Nay it is well he is no worſe:
I am glad he is ſo quiet.

Doc. Here giue dat ſame to ſir *Hu*, it ber ve chalége
Begar tell him *I* will cut his naſe, will you?

Sim. *I* ſir, *I*le tell him ſo. (may.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow

Exit Doctor.

Quic. VVell my friend, *I* cannot tarry, tell your
Maiſter *I*le doo what *I* can for him,
And ſo farewell.

Sim. Mary will *I*, *I* am glad *I* am got hence.

Exit omnes.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page, *reading of a Letter.*

(reaſon,

Miſ. Pa. Miſtreſſe *Page* *I* loue you. Aske me no
Becauſe theyr impoſſible to alledge. Your faire,
And *I* am fat. Yon loue ſack, ſo do *I*:
As *I* am ſure *I* haue no mind but to loue,
So *I* know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes
A ſouldier doth not vſe many words, where a
A letter may ſerue for a ſentence. *I* loue you,
And ſo *I* leaue you.

Yours Syr Iohn Falſtaffe.

Now

Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised?
I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes
at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreasonable woolsack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gaue such assurauce with my eies, Ide pul
them out, they should neuer see more holie daies.
Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for
his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of
him. But in good time, heeres mistresse *Foord*.

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Mis.For. How now Mistris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis.Pa. O woman I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a
case in my life.

Mis.Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Mis.Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis.For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of misteris *Page*, and misteris *Foord* disagrees:
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

Mis.Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis.For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.

O Lord

O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

Mis.Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst:
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife:
When *Pistoll* lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife: (poore
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:
Page belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall

Exit Pistoll. (*Nym.*

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:
I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym.*
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese:
And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you:
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Mis.Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Pa. How now man? How do you mistris *Ford*?

Mis.For. Well I thanke you good M. *Page*.
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so me-
lancholy?

Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

Mis.For. God saue me, see who yonder is:

C Weele

Weele set her a worke in this businesse.
Mis.Pa. O sheele serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter *An* I am sure.
Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.
Mis.Pa. Come go in with me. Come Mis. *Ford.*
Mis.For. I follow you Mistresse *Page.*
Exit Mistresse Ford, *Mis.* Page, *and* Quickly.
For. M. *Page* did you heare what these fellowes
Pa. Yes M. *Ford*, what of that sir? (said?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
Enter Host and Shallow.
Pa. Here comes my ramping host of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host?
Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse
Cauelera Iustice I say. (you.
Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. M. *Ford* god den
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.

I tell

I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.
Host. Tell him cauelira Iustice: tell him bully
Ford. Mine Host a the garter: (rooke.
Host. What ses my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you sir.
Ford *and the Host talkes.*
Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport
Doctor *Caius* and sir *Hu* are to fight, (shall be,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath (care:
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your
Host: Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira:
For. None I protest: But tell him my name
Is *Rrooke*, onlie for a Iest.
Host: My hand bully: Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. *Page*:
Pa: True maister *Shallow*:
Shal: It will be found so maister *Page*:
Pa. Maister *Shallow* you your selfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:
Shal: M. *Page* I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,
I haue made them trudge Maister *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I

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Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

Exit Host and Shallow.

Pa. Come M. *Ford*, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For. No in good sadnesse not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so:
Come M. *Page*, shall we to dinner?

Pa. With all my hart sir, *I*le follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll.

Fal. *I*le not lend thee a peny.

Pis. *I* will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: *I* haue beene content you
shuld lay my countenance to pawne: *I* haue grated
vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and
your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might a looked
thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. *I* am dam-
ned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good
souldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistrisse *Bri-
get* lost the handle of her Fan, *I* tooked on my ho-
thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif-
teene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue, reason.
Doest thou thinke *I*le indanger my soule gratis?
*I*n briefe, hang no more about mee, *I* am no gybit
for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner
of

of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me
you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why
thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I
can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I
my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on
the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch.
And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue.
You, you.

Pis. I do recant: what wouldst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, gotoo, away, no more.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den sir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not so ant like your worship.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother
The first houre I was borne. (was
Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne
household.

Quic. Are they so? Now God blesse them, and
make them his seruants.
Syr I come from Mistresse *Foord.*

Fal. So from Mistresse *Foord.* Goe on.

Quic. I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter, (dit.
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her cre-

Fal. Well, come Misteris *Ford*, Misteris *Ford.*

Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

Fal Nay prethy be briefe my good she *Mercury.*

Quic. Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between
eight and nine.

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Fal. So betweene eight and nine: (birding,
Quic. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a
Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her
I will not faile her: Boy giue her my purse.
Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From misteris *Page*:
Fal. From misteris *Page*? I prethy what of her?
Quic. By my troth *I* think you work by *I*nchant-
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo: (ments,
Fal. Not *I*, *I* assure thee: setting the attraction of my
Good parts aside, *I* vse no other inchantments:
Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly:
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealousie as M. *Ford* is. (*Ford*,
Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris *Page* & mistris
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?
Quic. O God no sir: there were a iest indeed.
Fal. Well farwel, commend me to misteris *Ford*,
I will not faile her say.
Quic. God be with your worship.
Exit Mistresse Quickly.
Enter Bardolfe.
Bar. Sir heer's a Gentleman,
One M. *Brooke*, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.
Fal. M. *Brooke*, hees welcome: Bid him come vp,
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:
A *Iack*, will thy old bodie yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer? Good bodie *I* thanke thee,
And *Ile* make more of thee then *I* ha done:
Ha

Ha, ha, misteris *Ford*, and misteris *Page*, haue
I caught you a the hip? go too.
Enter Foord *disguised like* Brooke.
For. God saue you sir.
Fal. And you too, would you speak with me?
Fal. Mary would *I* sir, *I* am somewhat bolde to
My name is *Brooke*. (trouble you,
Fal. Good M. *Brooke* your verie welcome.
For. *I*faith sir *I* am a gentleman and a traueller,
That haue seen somewhat. And *I* haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.
Fal. Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.
For. *I*faith sir, and *I* haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.
Fal. O Lord, would *I* could tell how to deserue
To be your porter.
For. That may you easily sir *Iohn*: I haue an ear-
Sute to you. But good sir *Iohn* when I haue (nest
Told you my griefe, cast one eie of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.
Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.
For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
Of this Towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.
Fal. O good sir. (loue
For. Nay beleeue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time. Now my
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue
I shall hardly liue.
Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means?
Ford. No neuer Sir.
Fal. Of

Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue then?

Ford. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation. (me?

Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to-

For. O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state (all:
Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detectiō, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that sheele stand vpon.

Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie
of your affection, (ioy?
That another should possesse what you would en-
Meethinks you prescribe verie propostrously
To your selfe.

For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be cer-
taine of that which I now misdoubt.

Fal. Well M. *Brooke*, Ile first make bold with your
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

For. O good sir.

Fal. M. *Brooke*, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no mony Syr *Iohn*, you shall want

Fal. Want no Misteris *Ford* M. *Brooke*, (none.
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how
I speed M. *Brooke*.

Ford.

Ford. Sir do you know *Ford?* (him not,

Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

Ford. Meethinkes sir it were very good that you
Ford, that you might shun him. (knew

Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. *Brooke*
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night.

Exit Falstaffe.

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:
Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thē my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

Exit Ford.

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Enter the Doctor and his man.

Doc. *Iohn Rugbie* goe looke met your eies ore de
And spie and you can see de parson. (stall,
Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a great many comming.
Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugabie*, begar
Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him. de
Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.
Pa. God saue you M. Doctor *Caius*.
Shal. How do you M. Doctor? (thee,
Host. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse
Doc. Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a?
Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reuerse, the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon? my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?
Doc. Begar de preest be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.
Host. Thou art a castallian king vrinall.
Hector of *Greece* my boy.
Shal. He hath showne himselfe the wiser man:
M. Doctor:
Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must
Goe with me M. Doctor.
Host. Pardon bully Iustice. A word monsire
Doc. Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.
Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully, vallor.

Doc.

Doc. Begar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglish Iack dog, knaue.
Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.
Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?
Host. That is, he will make thee amends.
Doc. Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. *Shallow*,
And eke cauellira *Slender*, go you all ouer the fields to Frogmore?
Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?
Host. He is there: goe see what humor hee is in,
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields:
Will it do well?
Shal. We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor.
Exit all but the Host and Doctor.
Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.
Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,
Throw cold water on your collor, com go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris *An Page* is a feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried gaine: sed *I* wel bully
Doc. Begar excellent vel: and if you speak pour moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentelmē mon patinces. I begar *I* sall.
Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary
To misteris *An Page*: Sed *I* well?
Doc. I begar excellent.
Host. Let vs wag then.
Doc. Alon, alon, alon.
Exit omnes.

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Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do so much as see if you can (espie
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.
Sim. I will Sir.
Sir Hu. Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and
And then she made him bedes of Roses, (trobes,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To shallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.
Sim. Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as fast as they can. (sword,
Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary I put vp my
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter Page, shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God saue you Sir *Hugh*.
Shal. God saue you M. parson. (now.
Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake
Pa. What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?
Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things, I warrant you now.
Pa. Well Sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.
Sir Hu. What is I pray you?
Pa. Ifaith tis this sir *Hugh*. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with

with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily grieue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler well red, and verie perswasiue, we would intreate you to see if you could intreat him to patience.
Sir Hu. I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.
Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.
Sir Hu. I had as leeue you should tel me of a messe
He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,
And he is a coward beside.
Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Host, they offer to fight.

Shal. Keep them asunder, take away their wea-
Host. Disarme, let them question. (pons.
Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our English.
Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de Iack, coward preest.
Sir Hu. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments.
Doc. O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *John Rogoby*,
Haue I not met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?
Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Host of the garter. (place,
Host. Peace I say gawle and gawlia, Freneh and
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Wealch,
Doc. This is verie braue, excellent.
Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,

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Am I wise? am I politicke? am I Matchauil?
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiõs
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir *Hu*?
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

Doc. I begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,
We be all friends:
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

Doc. I dat be vell begar I be friends. *(Exit omnes*

Enter M. Foord.

For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my
Well wife, you had best worke closely, (house,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
And in good time see where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor, and sir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. *Ford.*

For. Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page* I hope I haue your consent
For Misteris *Anne*? *Pa.*

Pa. You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maister Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:

Host. But what say you to yong Maister *Fenton*?
He capers, he dounces, he writes verses, he smelles
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

Pa. My host not with my cõsent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her simply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me
M. *Page*, and so shall you sir *Hugh*, and you Maister
Doctor. (two:

S *Hu* If there be one in the company, I shal make

Doc. And dere be ven to, I sall make de tird:

Sir Hu, In your teeth for shame, (fairer

Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the
Wooing at Maister *Pages:*

Exit Shallow and Slender,

Host Ile to my honest knight sir *Iohn Falstaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

Enter Mistresse Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck basket.

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to bestow it?

Ser. I warrant you misteris. *Exit seruant.*

Mis. Ford.

Miſ. For. Go get you in. Well ſir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I ſhall ſerue you ſuch a trick,
You ſhall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. *I* haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre *I* haue deſired to ſee,
Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh,
I would thy husband were dead.

Miſ. For. Why how then ſir *Iohn?*

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.

Miſ. For. Alas ſir *Iohn*, *I* ſhould be a verie ſimple Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I ſee how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ſhip tire, the tire vellet,
Or anie Venetian attire, I ſee it. (better.

Miſ. For. A plaine kercher ſir *Iohn*, would fit me

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to ſaie ſo:
What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee
Ther's ſomewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too
I loue thee:
Miſtris *Ford*, *I* cannot cog, *I* cannot prate, like one
Of theſe fellowes that ſmels like Bucklers-berie,
In ſimple time, but *I* loue thee,
And none but thee.

Miſ. For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue miſteris

Fal. I thou mightſt as well ſaie (*Page.*
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
VVhich is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter

Enter Miſtreſſe Page.

Miſ. Pa. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, Miſ. *Ford*, where are you?

Miſ. For. O Lord ſtep aſide good ſir *Iohn*.

Falſtaffe ſtands behind the aras.

How now Miſteris *Page* whats the matter?

Miſ. Pa. Why your husband woman is cõming,
With halfe *Windſor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman that he ſes
Is hid in his houſe: his wifes ſweet hart.

Miſ. For. Speak louder. But *I* hope tis not true Miſteris *Page*.

Miſ. Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for euer.

Miſ. For. Alas miſtreſſe *Page*, what ſhall *I* do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how ſhall I do?

Miſ. Pa. Gode body woman, do not ſtand what ſhal I do, and what ſhall *I* do. Better any ſhift, rather then you ſhamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-baſket, if hee be a man of any reaſonable ſiſe, heele in here.

Miſ. For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me ſee, let me ſee, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counſell. (*A ſide.*

Miſ. Pa. Fie ſir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

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Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: F*oord meetes it, and all the reſt, Page, Doctor, Prieſt, Slender, Shallow.*

Ford. Come pray along, you ſhall ſee all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? ſet it downe.

Miſ.For. Now let it go, you had beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

F*ord.* Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maiſter *Page* take my keyes: helpe to ſearch. Good Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile ſhew you all.

Sir Hu. By Ieſhu theſe are iealoſies & diſtemperes.
Exit omnes.

Miſ.Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Miſ. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them ſet downe the basket.

Miſ.Pa. Hang him diſhoneſt ſlaue, we cannot vſe
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealouſie.

Mi.For. Alas poore ſoule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him ceaſe
His iealous fits, if *Falſtaffes* loue increaſe.

Miſ.Pa. Nay we wil ſend to *Falſtaffe* once again,
Tis great pittie we ſhould leaue him:
What wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too.

Mi.For. Shall we be cōdemnd becauſe we laugh?
Tis old, but true: ſtill ſowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

Miſ.Pa. Here comes your husband, ſtand aſide.

For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Miſ.Pa. Did you heare that? *Miſ.For.*

Miſ.For. I, I, peace.

For. Well Ile not let it go ſo, yet Ile trie further.

S.*Hu.* By Ieſhu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the cuberts, or the preſſe, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God pleſſe me:
You ſerue me well, do you not?

Pa. Fie M. F*ord* you are too blame:

Miſ.Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to ſuſpect
Her thus without cauſe.

Doc. No by my trot it be no vell:

For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. *Page* pardō me.
I ſuffer for it, *I* ſuffer for it: (now:

Sir Hu: You ſuffer for a bad conſcience looke you

F*ord:* Well *I* pray no more, another time *Ile* tell you all:
The meā time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
I am ſorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,
Another time *Ile* tell you all.

Pa: Wel let it be ſo, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my houſe to dinner: and in the morning weele,
A birding, *I* haue an excellent Hauke for the buſh.

F*ord:* Let it be ſo: Come M. *Page*, come wife:
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come

Sir Hu: By ſo kad vdgme, M. F*ordes* is (in.
Not in his right wittes:

Exit omnes:

Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal: *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle ſack preſently:

Bar: With Egges ſir?

Fal: Simply of it ſelfe, *Ile* none of theſe pullets
In my drinke: goe make haſte. (ſperme
Haue *I* liued to be carried in a basket

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and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my size I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Now whats the newes with you?

Quic. I come from misteris *Ford* forsooth.

Fal. Misteris *Ford*, I haue had Ford inough, I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

Quic. I

Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie: Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

Quic Youle not faile sir?

Exit mistresse Quickly.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. *Brooke*, I like his
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter Brooke.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. *Brooke.* You come to know how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed sir *Iohn*.

Fal. M. *Brooke* I will not lie to you sir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir?

Fal. Verie ilfauouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No M. *Brooke*, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the prologue of our incounter, who should come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly so.

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilst I was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare sir, as God would haue it,
A litle before comes me one *Pages* wife,

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Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in
With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
Ile tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horshoo hot:
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.

Ford. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

Fal. M. *Brooke*, *Ile* be throwne into Etna
As *I* haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: *I* haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford: Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

Fal: Is it? why then will *I* addresse my selfe
For my appointment: M. *Brooke* come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how *I* speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold *Foord*: Come to mee soone at
at night. *Exit Falstaffe.*

Ford

For. *Is* this a dreame? *Is* it a vision?
Maister *Ford*, maister *Ford*, awake maister *Ford*,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. *Ford*,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, *Barbason* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso.
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well *Ile* home, *I* feel it him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places: *Ile* about it,
Least I repent too late:

Exit omnes.

Enter M. *Fenton*, *Page*, *and mistresse Quickly.*

Fen: Tell me sweet *Nan*, how doest thou yet
Shall foolish *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that *I* haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. *Fenton*, you may assure your selfe
My hart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

Quic: Godes

Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. M. *Fenton* I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus,

Fen. But heare me speake sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me speak with you. *(they whisper.*

Quic. Speake to Misteris *Page*.

Fen. Pray misteris *Page* let me haue your cõsent.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith M. *Fentõ* tis as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

Quic. How say you this was my doings? (you.
I bid you speake to misteris *Page*.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. *(Exit Fen.*

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart. *(Slẽder*

Pa. Come wife, you an *I* will in, weele leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may stay sir if you please.

Exit Page *and his wife.*

Shal. Mary *I* thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith *I* know not what to say.

An. Now M. *Slender*, whats your will? *(An,*

Slen. Godeso theres a *I*est indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: *I* thãk God I am wise inough

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right, *(*for that.
O thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse
Anne. *Shal.*

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more:

Slend. I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vncle I shall haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come you, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *An.*

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit omnes but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. *Fenton*:
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter misteris Ford and her two men.

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your M. comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter Syr Iohn.

Mis. For. Syr *Iohn* welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet.

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Enter mistresse Page.

Gods body here is misteris *Page*,
Step behind the arras good sir *Iohn*.
He steps behind the arras.

Mis.Pa. Misteris *Ford*, why woman your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis.For. O God misteris *Page* the knight is here, What shall I do?

Mis.Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis.For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket, Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peeces.

Mis.*For.* There they vse to discharge their Fow-

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mi.Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For Gods sake deuise any extremitie, Rather then a mischiefe.

Mis.Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make, If there were any womans apparell would fit him, He might put on a gowne and a mufler, And so escape.

Mi.For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

Mis.Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis.For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis.Pa. Come goe with me sir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to dresse you.

Fal. Come for God sake, any thing.

Exit Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.

Enter

Enter M.Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow, the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.

For. Come along *I* pray, you shal know the cause, How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you? Set downe the basket you slaue, You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus?

Mis.For. What is the reason that you vse me

For. Come hither set downe the basket, Misteris *Ford* the modest woman, Misteris *Ford* the vertuous woman, She that hath the iealous foole to her husband, I mistrust you without cause do I not?

Mis.For. I Gods my record do you. And if you mistrust me in any ill sort.

Ford. Well sed brazen face, hold it out, You youth in a basket, come out here, Pull out the cloathes, search. (cloathes?

Hu. Iesu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues

Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are not to go abroad if you be in these fits.

Sir Hu. By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie He were put in pethlem.

For. M. P*age*, as *I* am an honest man M.P*age*, There was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

Mi.For. Come mistris P*age*, bring the old womã

For. Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

Mi.For. Why my maidens Ant, *Gillia* of *Brainford*. A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house, Alas we are simple we, we know not what

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Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and misteris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,

Sir *Hu.* By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch I espied vnder her musler a great beard.

Ford. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

Pa. Come weele go for his minds sake.

Exit omnes.

Mi.For. By my troth he beat him most extreamly.

Mi.Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?

Mi.For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

Mi. Pa. Content, come weele goe tell them all, And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.

Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

Bar. Ile call them to you sir.

Host. No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them: They haue had my house a weeke at command, I haue turned away my other guesse, They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*, They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.

Ford.

Ford. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I hnue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done, Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Pa. I misteris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the griefe, And in this knaueric my wife was the chiefe.

Mi.Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde *Falstaffe* so?

Mis.Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.

Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not

Mis.Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.
Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the house,
Weele send him word to meet vs in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.

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And then to make a period to the Ieſt,
Tell *Falſtaffe* all, I thinke this will do beſt.
Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,
Shall like a little Fayrie be diſguiſed.
Miſ. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor
ſteale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes?
Miſ. For. But who will buy the ſilkes to tyre the
Pa. That will *I* do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertiſe *Stender*
To know her by that ſigne, and ſteale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, ſhall marrie her.
Hu. So kad vdge me the deuiſes is excellent.
I will alſo be there, and be like a Iackanapes,
And pinch him moſt cruelly for his lecheries.
Miſ. Pa. Why then we are reuenged ſufficiently.
Firſt he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, *I* am ſure youle witnes that.
Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.
Pa. Well lets about this ſtratagem, I long
To ſee deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.
For, Well ſend to *Falſtaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs ſmile and laugh one moneth togi-
ther. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Hoſt and Simple. (ſkin?

Hoſt. What would thou haue boore, what thick-
Speake, breath, diſcus, ſhort, quick, briefe, ſnap.
Sim. Sir, I am ſent frō my M. to ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Hoſt. Sir *Iohn*, theres his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed,
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with
the ſtory of the prodigall, freſh and new, go knock,
heele ſpeak like an Antripophiginian to thee:
Knocke

Knock *I* ſay.
Sim. Sir I ſhould ſpeak with an old woman that
went vp into his chamber.
Hoſt. An old woman, the knight may be robbed,
Ile call bully knight, bully ſir *Iohn*. Speake from thy
Lungs military: it is thine hoſt, thy Epheſian calls.
Fal. Now mine Hoſt.
Hoſt: Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her deſcēd
bully, let her deſcend, my chambers are honorable,
pah priuaſie, fie.
Fal. Indeed mine hoſt there was a fat woman with
But ſhe is gone. (me,

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray ſir was it not the wiſe woman of *Brain-*
ford?
Fal. Marry was it Muſſelſhell, what would you?
Sim. Marry ſir my maiſter *Slender* ſent me to her,
To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine,
Couſoned him of it, or no.
Fal. I talked with the woman about it.
Sim. And I pray ſir what ſes ſhe?
Fal. Marry ſhe ſes the very ſame man that
Beguiled maiſter *Slender* of his chaine,
Couſoned him of it.
Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maiſter ſo ſir?
Fal. I tike, who more bolde.
Sim. I thanke you ſir, I ſhall make my maiſter a
glad man at theſe tydings, God be with you ſir.
Hoſt. Thou art clarkly ſir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wiſe woman with thee?
Fal. Marry was there mine hoſt, one that taught
Me

Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

Host. Why man, where be my horses? where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horses:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They flung me in a slow of myre, & away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where be my Host de gartyre?

Host. O here sir in perplexitie.

Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you vanting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has cosened all de host of *Branford*,
And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter Sir *Hugh.*

Sir Hu. Where is mine Host of the gartyr?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly lowsie knaue beside:
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host. *Exit.*

Host. I am cosened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweet knight assist me, *I* am cosened. *Exit.*

Fal. Would all the worell were cosened for me,
For

For I am cousoned and beaten too.
Well, *I* neuer prospered since I forswore
My selfe at *Primero*: and my winde
Were but long inough to say my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both bestowed.
I haue endured more for their sakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorowfulst creatures
That euer liued: specially mistresse *Ford*,
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all
Blacke and blew poore soule.

Fal. What tellest me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my escape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and set in the stockes.

Quic. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Host and Fenton.

Host. Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,
Ihaue had a great losse.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your counsell.

Fen. The thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,

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The feruent loue *I* beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutally her loue againe to mee:
But her father still against her choise,
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mightie scare,
Must *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother still against that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

Host. Now which means she to deceiue, father or mother?

Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among thē?

Host. But how will you come to steale her from

Fen. That hath sweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall *I* euermore be bound vnto thee.
Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good luck in old numbers,
Ioue transformed himselfe into a bull,

And *I* am here a Stag, and *I* thinke the fattest
In all *Windsor* forrest: well *I* stand here
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter mistris Page, *and mistris* Ford.

Mis. Pa. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I sir *Iohn*, *I* see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do *I* speake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

Mis. Pa. God forgiue me, what noise is this?

There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.

Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.

(groues,

Quic: You Fayries that do haunt these shady
Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither Peane, go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,

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And ſweare to mend her ſluttiſh huſwiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hu. Where is *Pead?* go you & ſee where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their maſe, (ſleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the ſtreet,
And pinch the lowſie Seriants face:
Spare none of theſe when they are a bed,
But ſuch whoſe noſe lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.
Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
Hir Hu. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue ſpied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now, and I care (not.
Quic. Go ſtrait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers endes,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſhure he is full of ſin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They

They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.
Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quic. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well, and after ſing.

Here they pinch him, and ſing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales miſtris Anne, being in white. And a noyſe of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falſtaffe pulles of his bucks head, and riſes vp. And enters M. *Page,* M. *Ford, and their wiues,* M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?
Shal. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Sir Hu. God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn,* God pleſſe you.
Pa. Why how now ſir *Iohn,* what a pair of horns in your hand?
Ford. Thoſe hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
And M. *Brooke* and he ſhould be the men:
Why how now ſir *Iohn,* why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you ſo,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

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And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.
Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
Hir Hu. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue ſpied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now, and I care (not.
Quic. Go ſtrait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers endes,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſhure he is full of ſin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They

They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.
Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quic. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well, and after ſing.

Here they pinch him, and ſing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales miſtris Anne, being in white. And a noyſe of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falſtaffe pulles of his bucks head, and riſes vp. And enters M. *Page,* M. *Ford, and their wiues,* M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?
Shal. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Sir Hu. God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn,* God pleſſe you.
Pa. Why how now ſir *Iohn,* what a pair of horns in your hand?
Ford. Thoſe hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
And M. *Brooke* and he ſhould be the men:
Why how now ſir *Iohn,* why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you ſo,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

And whats to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Mi.Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishoneſt meanes
To call our credits into queſtion,
Did make vs vndertake to our beſt,
To turne your leaud luſt to a merry Ieſt.
Fal. Ieſt, tis well, haue I liued to theſe yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then theſe were not *Fairies?*
Miſ.Pa. No ſir *Iohn* but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thriſe in the mind
They were not, and yet the groſneſſe
Of the fopperie perſwaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle ſo whip me with their keene Ieſts,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my greaſe. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I truſt me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was
Alſo a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the ſtart of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toaſted cheeſe?
Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheeſe ſir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet ſir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir *Iohn*,
And it muſt be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn*.
Mi.For. Nay husband let that go to make amẽds,
Forgiue that ſum, and ſo weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at laſt.
Fal. It hath coſt me well,
I haue bene well pinched and waſhed.

Enter

Enter the Doctor.

Mi. Pa. Now M. Doctor, ſonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorſon garſon lack boy.
Miſ.Pa. How a boy?
Doct. I begar a boy.
Pa. Nay be not angry wife, *I*le tell thee true,
*I*t was my plot to deceiue thee ſo:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. *Slender*, and ſee where he comes.

Enter Slender.

Now ſonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd *I* thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that croſſe fortune that *I* haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.
Pa. Why whats the matter ſonne *Slender*?
Slen. Sonne, nay by God *I* am none of your ſon.
Pa. No, why ſo? (married.
Slen. Why ſo God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue
Pa. How a boy? why did you miſtake the word?
Slen. No neither, for *I* came to her in red as you bad me, and *I* cried muin, and hee cried budget, ſo well as euer you heard; and I haue married him.
Sir Hu. Ieſhu M. *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marrie boyes?
Pa. O *I* am vext at hart, what ſhal I do?

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Miſ.Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued vs all:
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (
An. At Curch forſooth.
Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?

Fen.

Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
Ford: Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced
Mi. For. Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet *I* am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hu: Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.
Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-
Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.
Sir Hu. I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-
Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors iest.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

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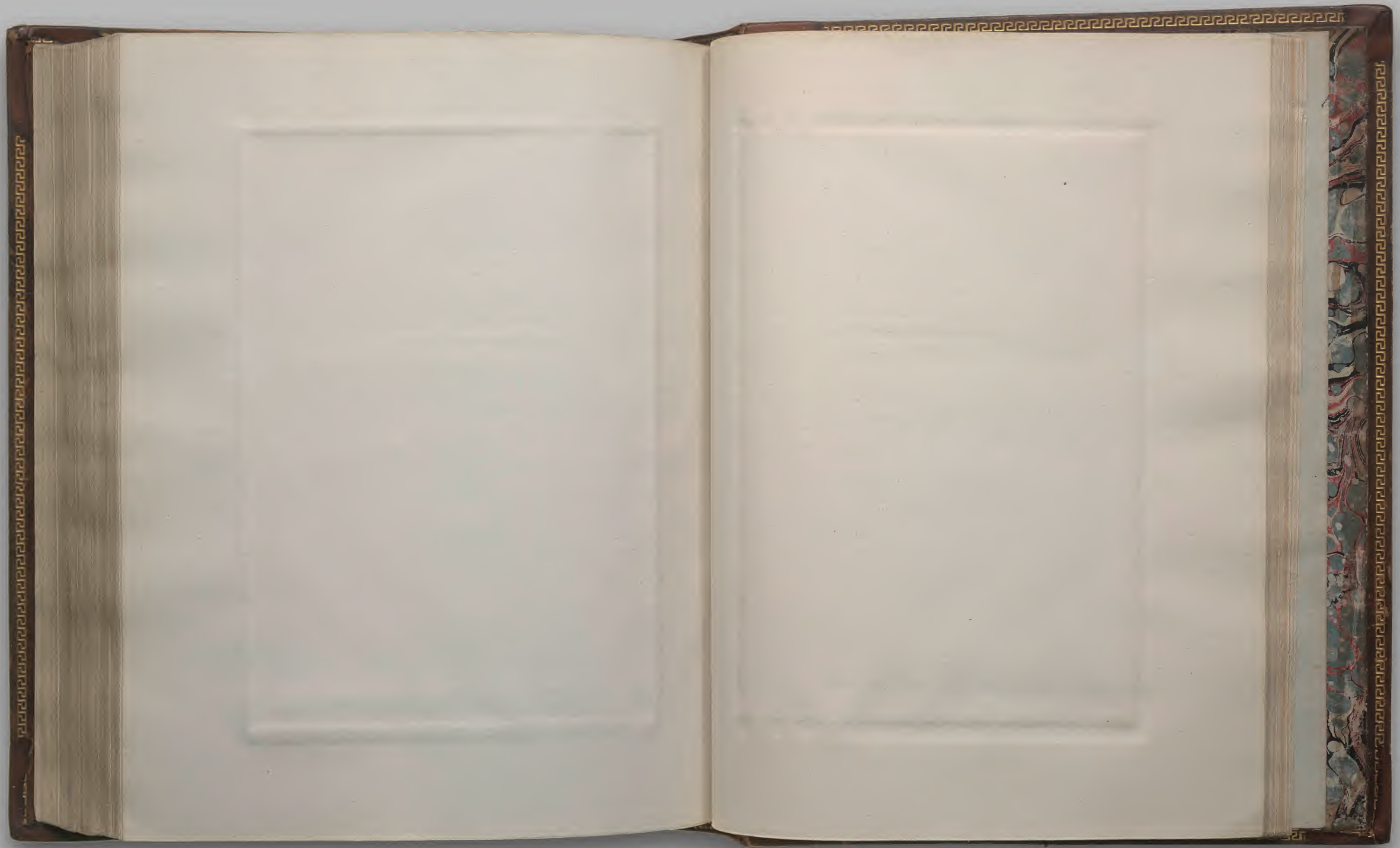

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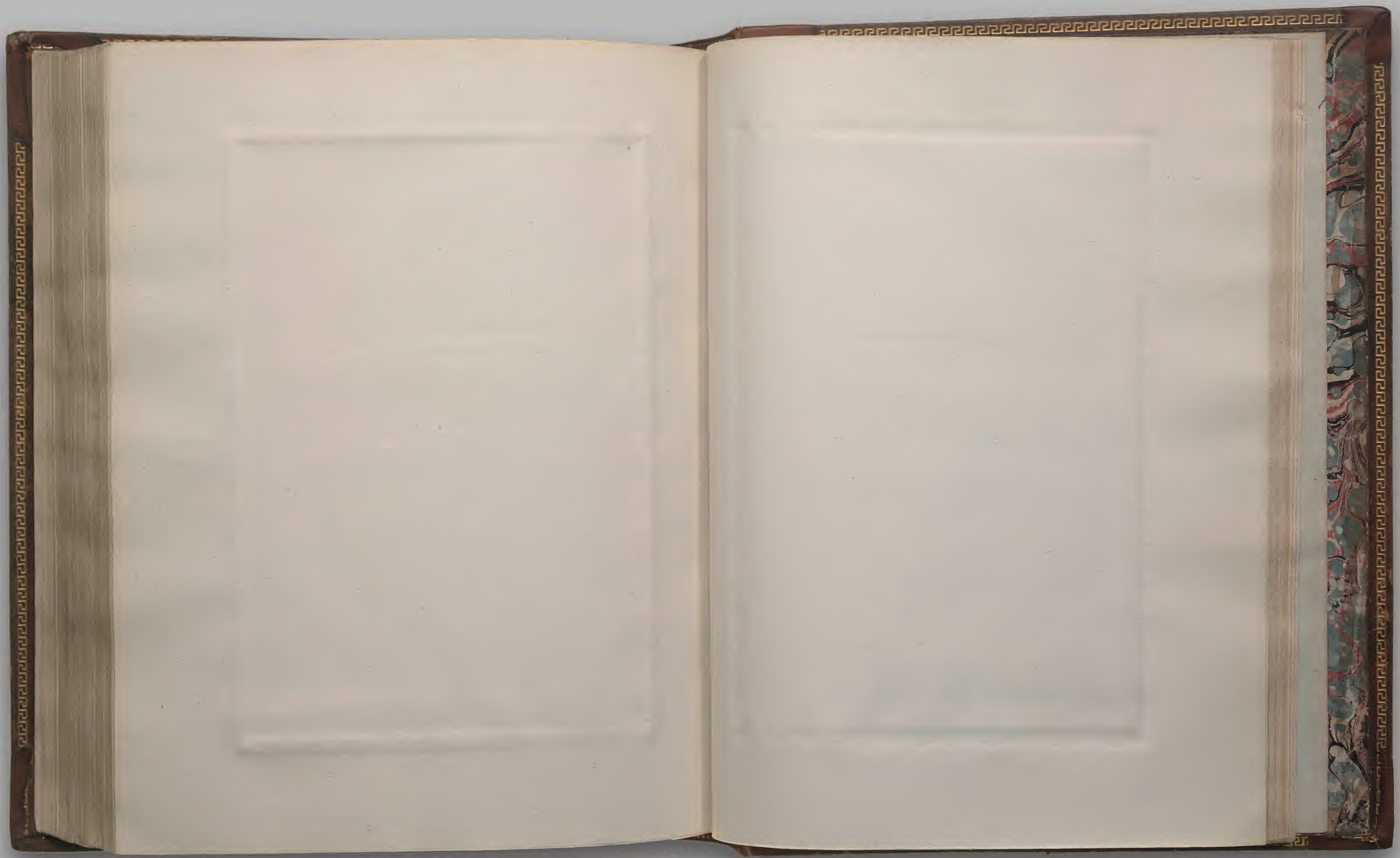

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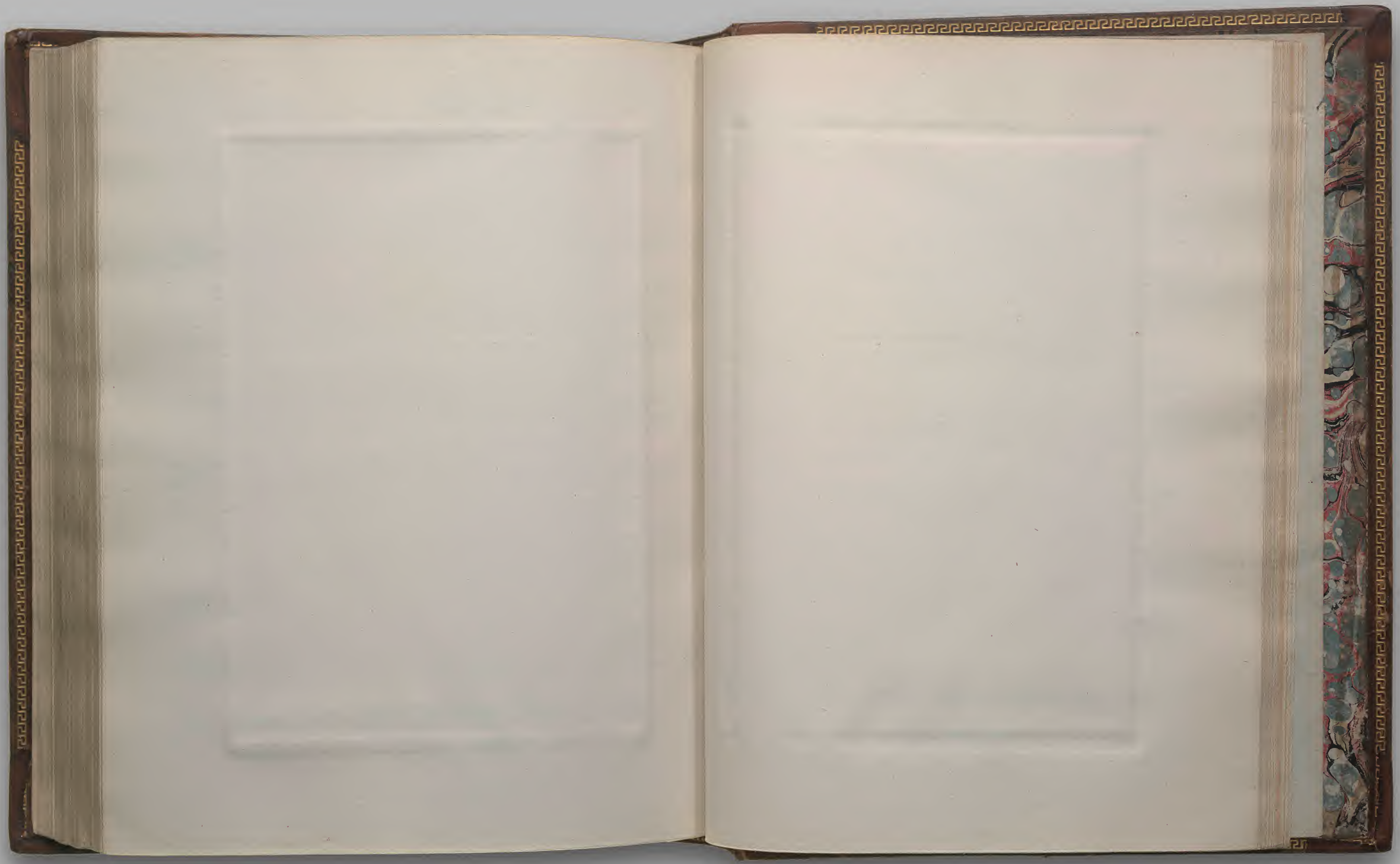

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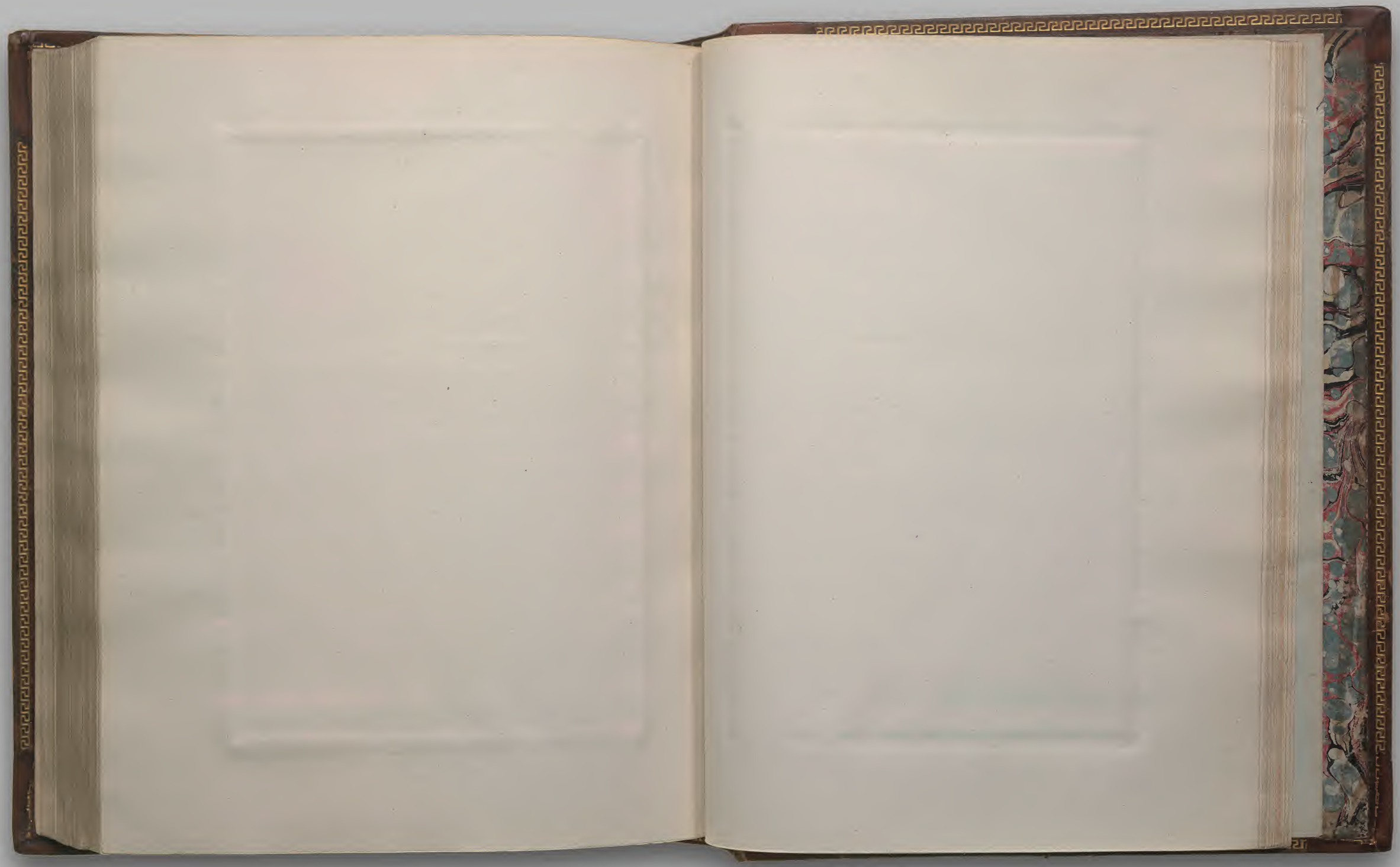

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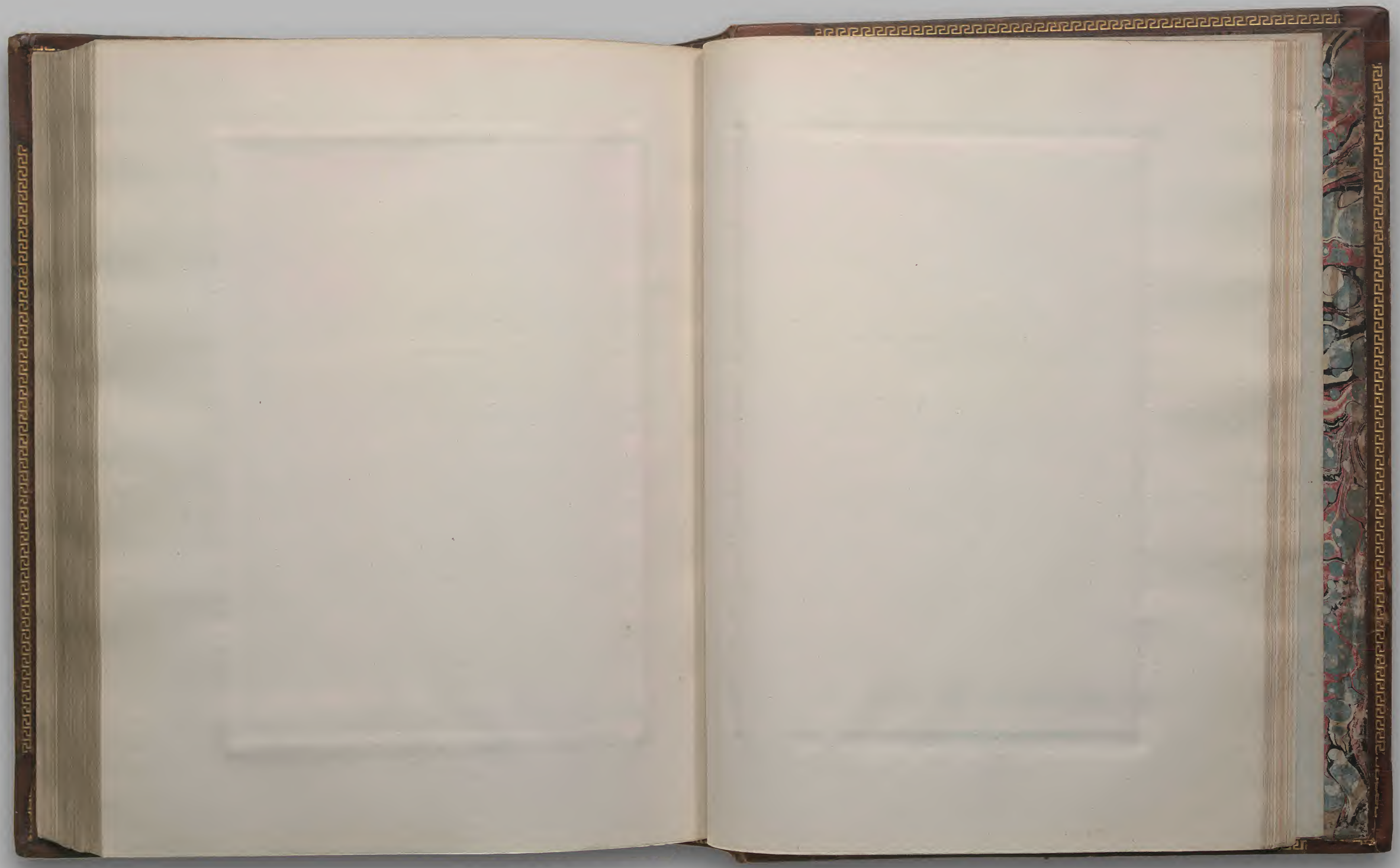

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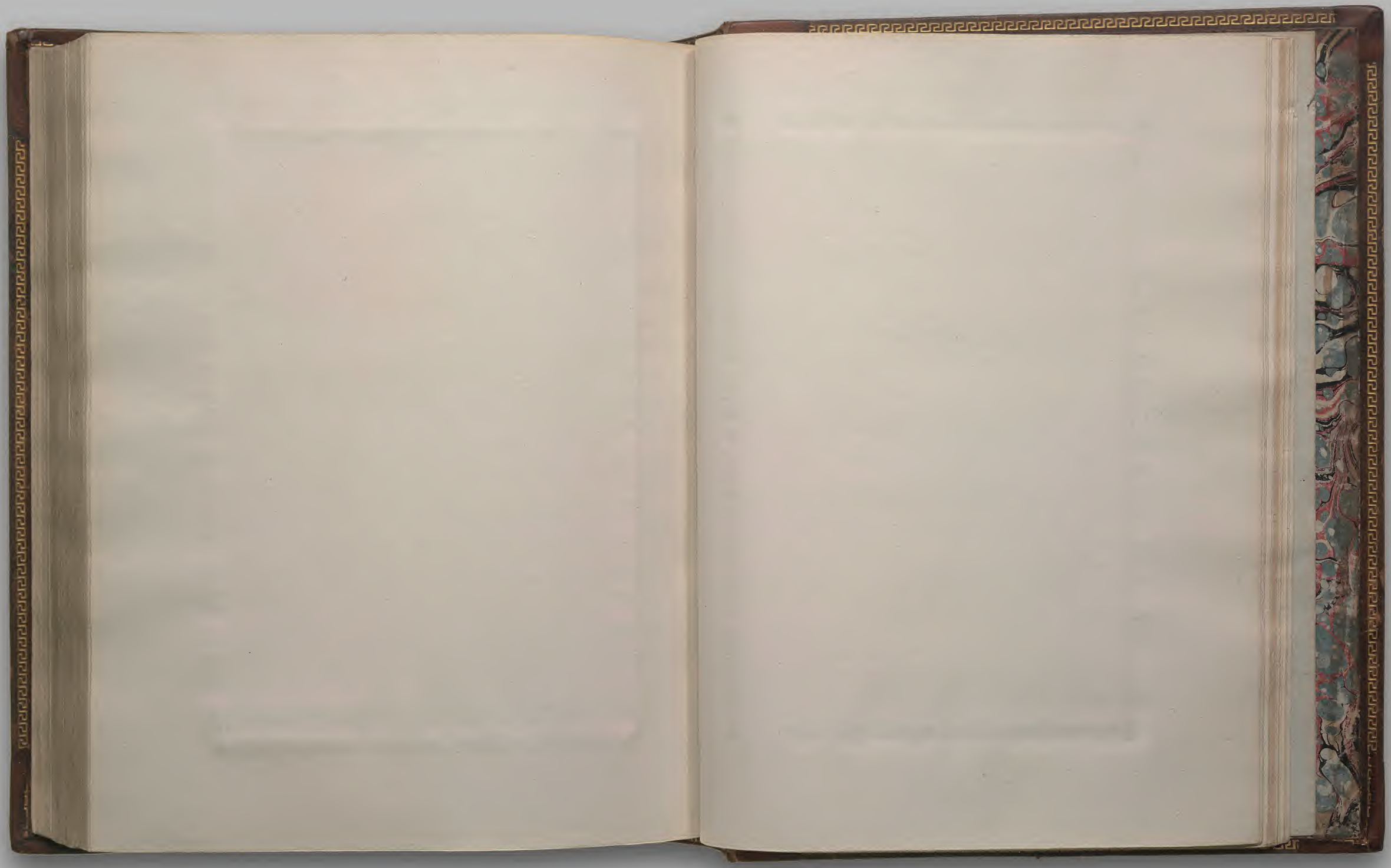

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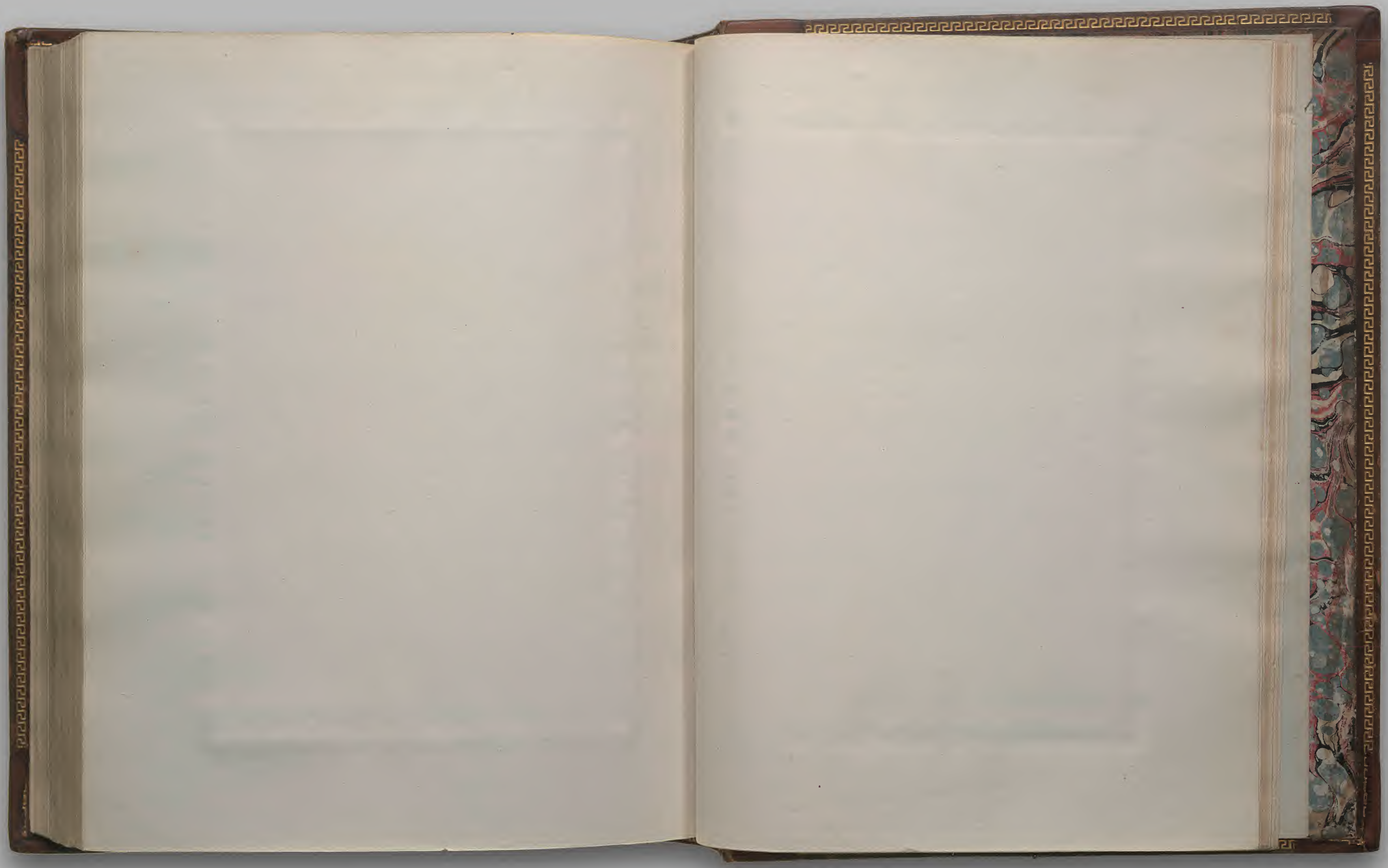

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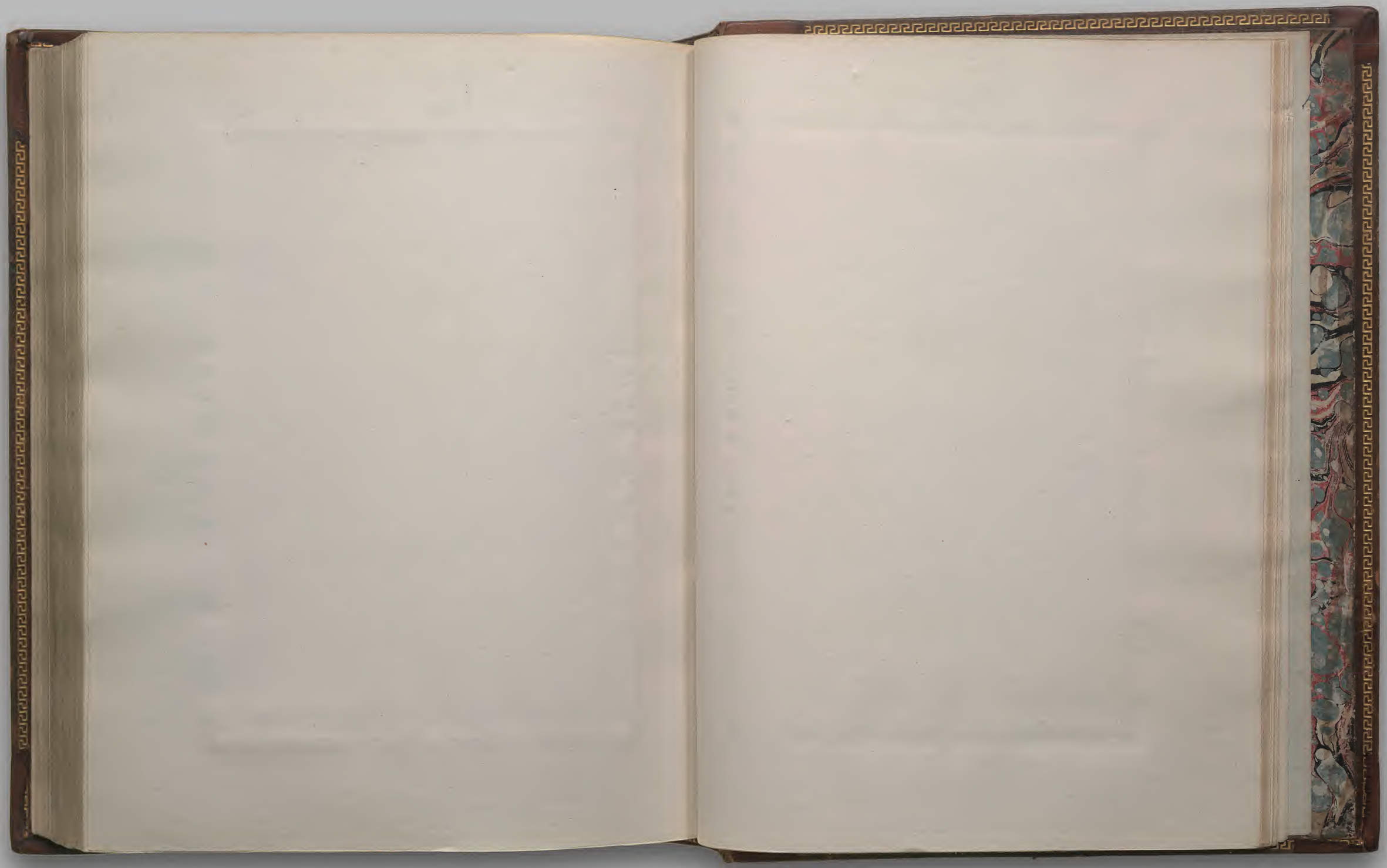

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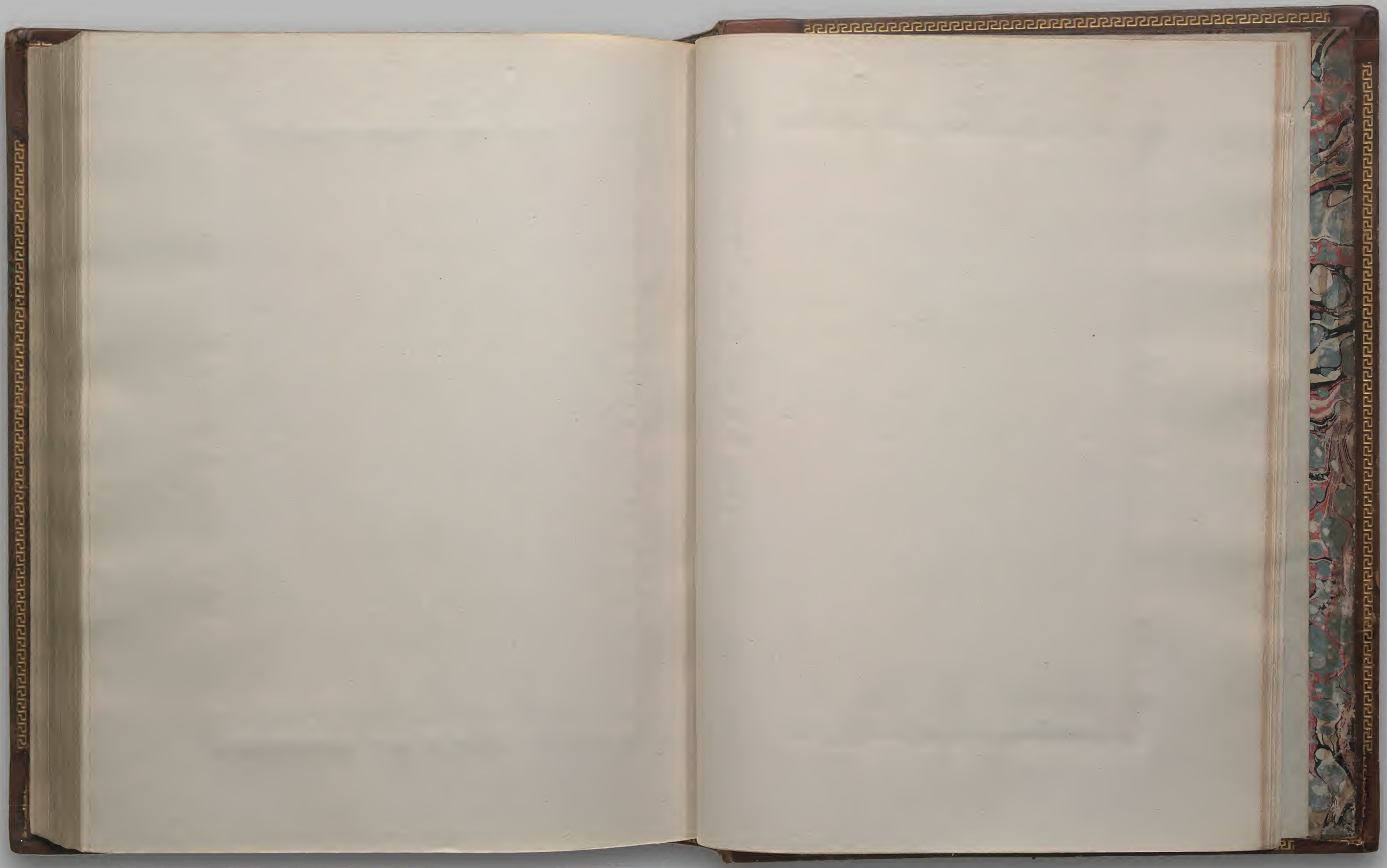

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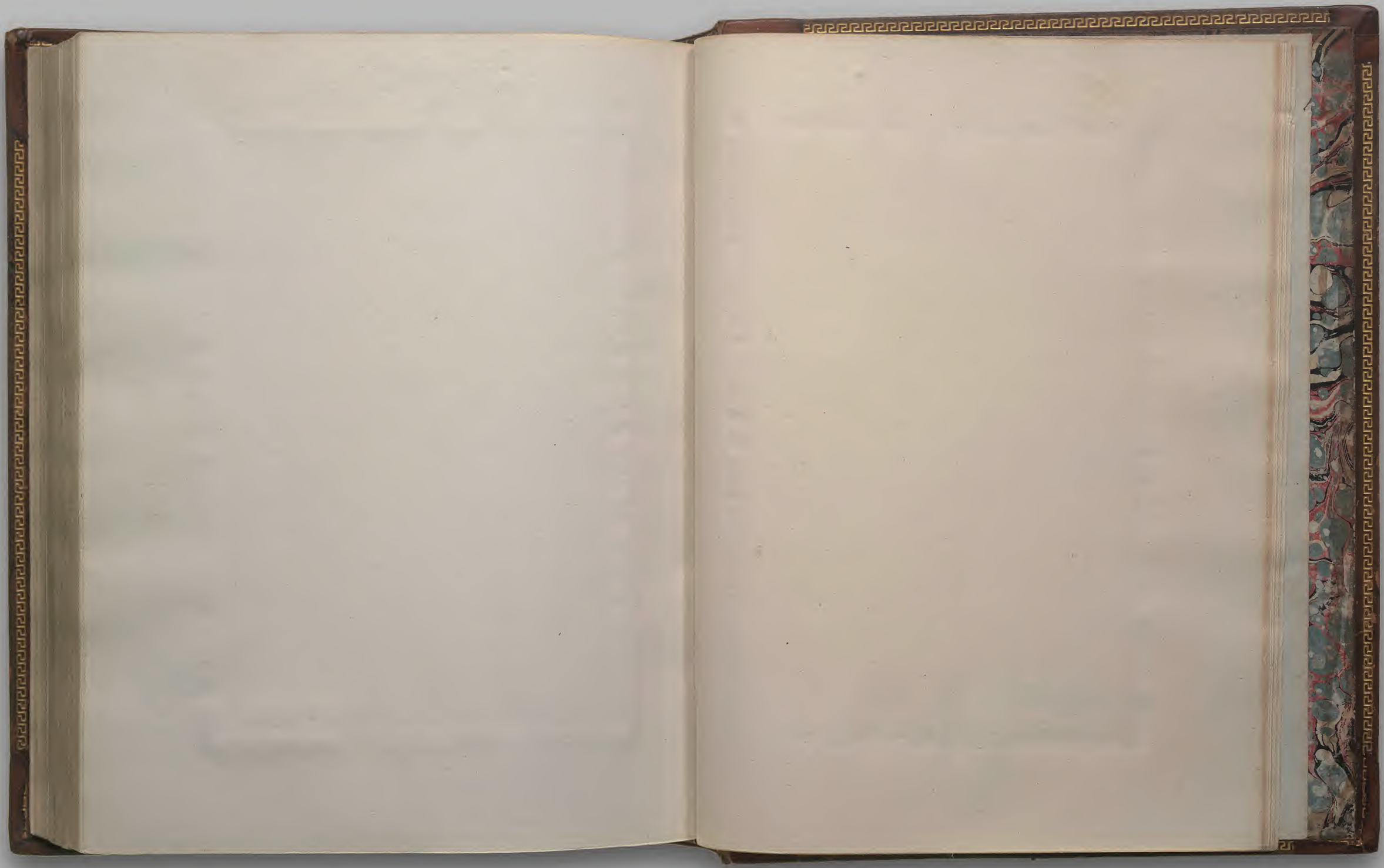

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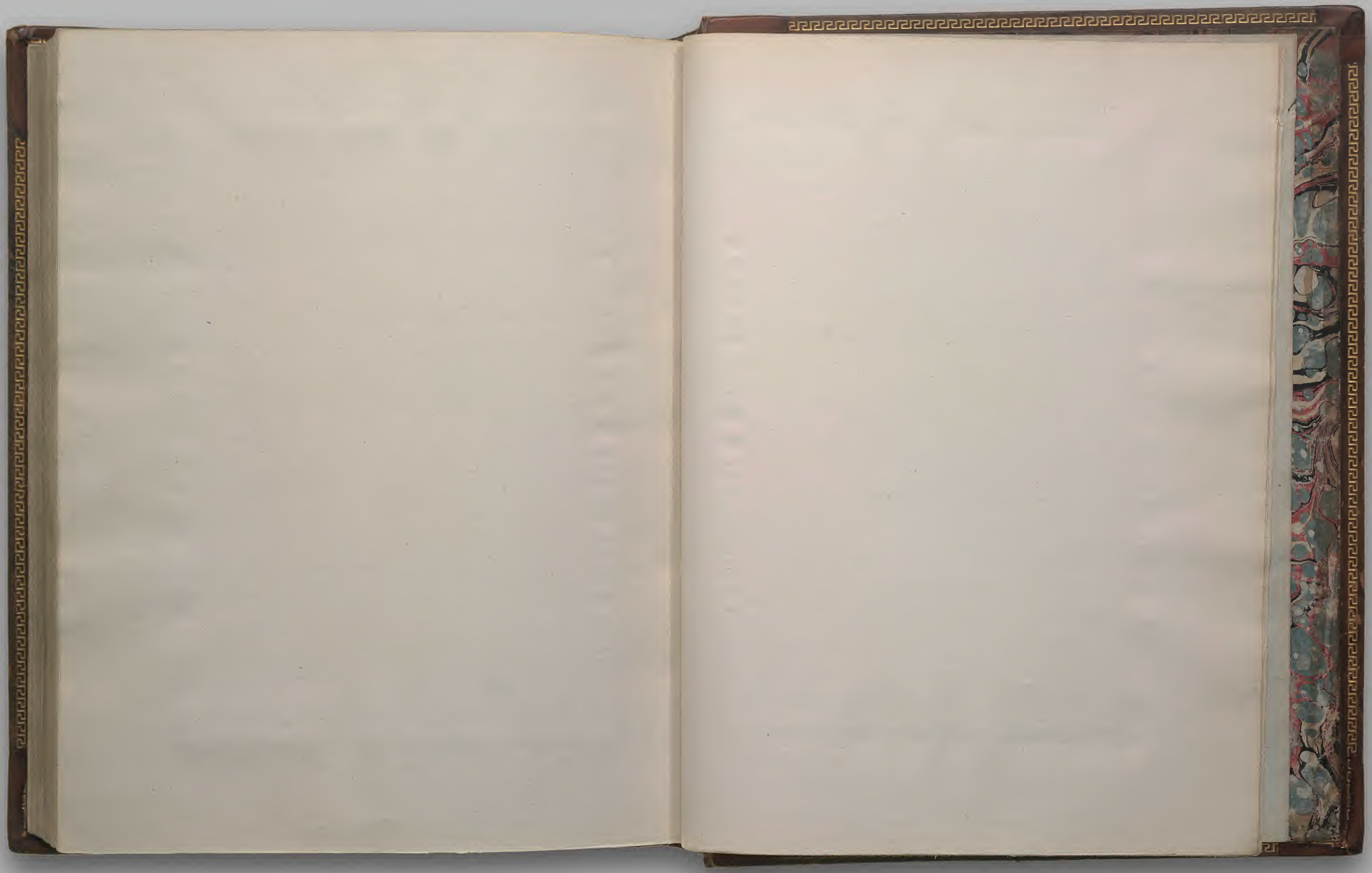

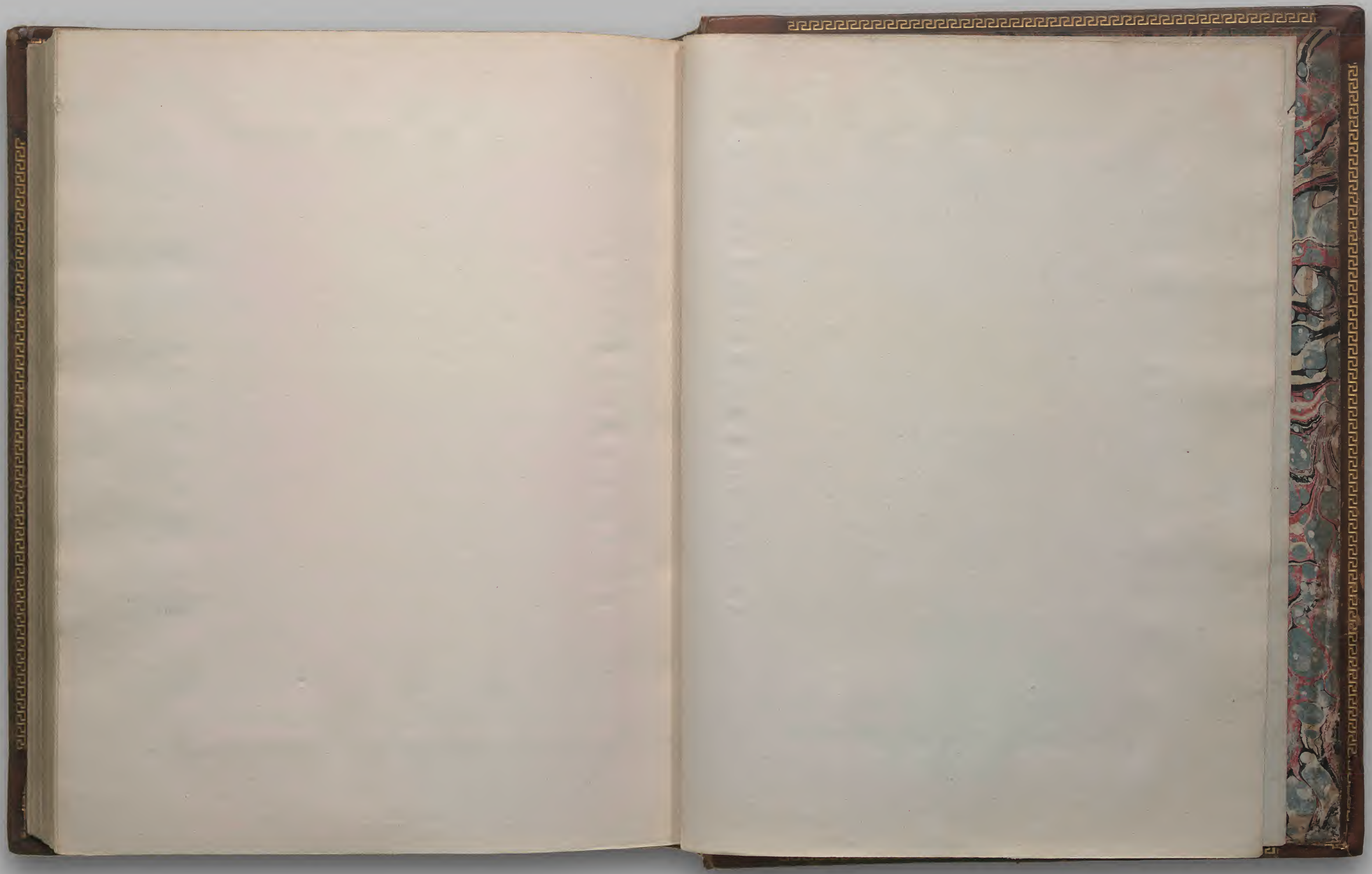

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